

MODERN SCREEN

DECEMBER

10¢

What I Know About
DOUG and MARY

By Elinor Glyn

**THE LOVES OF
CLARK GABLE**



Greta Garbo
and
Clark Gable

WHATEVER CALLS FOR COLOR CALLS FOR TINTEX

All Wearables and Household Fabrics
Can Be Made Freshly Colorful
In a Mere Matter of Moments!



TINTEX will bring new color-beauty to *any* fabric that can be washed, or will restore its old color, if you like.

It is not only for wearables—it is for any and every fabric that needs fresh color.

Try Tintex On Any of These

Stockings	Underthings	Curtains	Bed-Spreads
Dresses	Gloves	Drapes	Table-Runners
Slips	Sweaters	Doilies	Slip-Covers
Scarfs	Child's Clothes	Blankets	Table-Linen
Blouses	Babies' Things	Cushions	Lamp Shades

See the Tintex Color Card on display at any Drug or Notion Counter. There are 35 smart colors from which to choose—from pale pastels to deep, dark colors.

And Tintex is so quick, so easy, so perfect in results!

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

TINTEX COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark frock (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex in any shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

PN1993
M334

Modern Screen

The YELLOW TICKET

She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace...through love, she won victory...Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi...exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore...polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier...suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

WATCH
FOR
THESE
TWO
GREAT
PICTURES
FROM



OVER THE HILL

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action... And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers...first time together since never-to-be-forgotten "Bad Girl." Mae Marsh...idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!

MODERN SCREEN

FEATURES

- | | | |
|---|-------------------------------|-----------|
| The True Story of Sylvia Sidney
<i>Beginning the fascinating life story of this talented newcomer</i> | Adele Whitely Fletcher | 26 |
| What I Know About Doug and Mary
<i>A famous author's memoirs of the King and Queen of movieland</i> | Elinor Glyn | 30 |
| Whither These Four?
<i>Discerning the accuracy of the Doug-Mary and Doug., Jr.-Joan rumors</i> | Harriet Parsons | 33 |
| The Loves of Clark Gable
<i>This new heartbreaker tells of the women he has known</i> | Walter Ramsey | 34 |
| Hollywood Divorces by Mail
<i>An amazing revelation about those quick movie divorces</i> | Jack Jamison | 44 |
| Big Sister (Fiction) (Illustrated by Carl Mueller)
<i>The moment arrives when sacrifice must come to an end</i> | Hagar Wilde | 46 |
| Self-Made Marian
<i>A contradiction of reports as to how Marian Marsh became a success</i> | Faith Baldwin | 50 |
| Broken Hearts of Hollywood
<i>Claiming that movie people are not as invulnerable as they seem</i> | Carter Bruce | 52 |
| Family Man
<i>For a comedian, Buster Keaton is strangely lacking in temperament</i> | Roy Harper | 54 |
| Paul Lukas on Trial
<i>How this player met the greatest assignment of his life</i> | Carter Bruce | 60 |
| Refutation
<i>Elissa Landi is not the granddaughter of an empress, says this author</i> | Princess Radziwill | 62 |
| What the Future Holds
<i>Our astrologer foretells the destiny of Ricardo Cortez</i> | Wynn | 64 |
| Loretta Young's Wardrobe
<i>In beautiful pictures with detailed description by a famous fashion expert</i> | Virginia T. Lane | 66 |
| Is Hollywood Coming to Life? (Illustrated by Russell Patterson)
<i>The signs indicate that the old town is a little fed up with over-respectability</i> | Walter Ramsey | 74 |
| She Thought She Had Failed
<i>Conchita Montenegro's dissatisfaction with herself is a sign of greatness</i> | Dorothy Spensley | 78 |
| The Most Dynamic Woman in Hollywood
<i>The amazing exploits of an amazing woman</i> | Jack Jamison | 80 |
| I'm Proud to be a Mother
<i>So says Ann Harding, who has never denied publicity to her motherhood</i> | Rosa Strider Reilly | 85 |
| The Most Misunderstood Man in Hollywood
<i>A splendid answer to the film city's criticisms of Ivan Lebedeff</i> | Alfred Crane | 86 |

DEPARTMENTS

- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Modern Screen Directory: Pictures
<i>Information the fan can't afford to be without</i> | 6 |
| The Modern Hostess
<i>How to make the most of your Thanksgiving dinner</i> | 10 |
| Beauty Advice
<i>Keep that complexion perfect through fall and winter</i> | Mary Biddle 11 |
| Between You and Me
<i>Amusing letters from the fans to the editor</i> | 12 |
| Film Gossip of the Month
<i>That latest Hollywood tattle—or, if you prefer—chit-chat</i> | 16, 72, 92 |
| All Joking Aside
<i>More unbelievable facts about the stars</i> | Jack Welch 43 |
| Modern Screen Reviews
<i>Our guide to the current films</i> | 56 |
| Know Them?
<i>This month's caricatures</i> | Riveron 94 |

And also: Welcoming Marion Home, 14; Unposed portraits, 22-25; La Fiesta, Pageant of Jewels, 36; Gallery of Honor, 81; Birthday Party, 88; Scoops of the Month, 90.

Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor*

Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative*

Modern Screen

Wave your own hair...

RESET YOUR PERMANENT THIS SMART WAY

WITH hats that show half your hair, your wave is more important than ever before. It must be firmly set, with hardly a hair out of place... yet it must be soft, feminine, and above all, *natural*.

Thousands of smart women are finding they can easily wave their own hair and re-set their permanents with Wildroot Wave-Set. It gives a smooth, lasting, natural wave... and is actually *good* for your hair! Greaseless, free from gum or sugar, it does not leave the hair sticky, nor does it leave those annoying white flakes... *a pure vegetable product*. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH YOUR HAIR?

Try a 10 cent bottle of Wildroot Wave-Set to-day. See how easy it is to give your hair a lovely, soft, natural wave.

For sale at all S. S. Kresge Company stores. Larger bottles, 35¢ and 60¢ at drug and department stores, hairdressers, barber shops. Insist on the genuine. The Wildroot name is your protection. Wildroot Company Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



THEY'RE TWINS! THEY'RE SMART!

And you can get just as good results with your own hair, if you use Wildroot Wave-Set.

WILDROOT WAVE SET

The SAFE wave setting fluid

10¢

ACTUAL SIZE BOTTLE
FOR SALE AT ALL
S. S. KRESGE CO.
STORES.



The MODERN SCREEN Directory (PICTURES)



Edward G. Robinson, Ona Munson, Aline McMahon, and Boris Karloff in that splendid exposé of newspaper dealings, "Five Star Final." It's a mixture of excellent realism and strong drama.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (Warner)—Reviewed on page 57. Good—children will not be particularly interested, although they ought to be.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (Paramount)—Theodore Dreiser's famous novel in talkie form with Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sydney handling the leading rôles very capably. If you like good court room stuff you should see it by all means. Very good—but better leave the tots at home.

BAD GIRL (Fox)—Vina Delmar's famous story of an average couple and their trials and tribulations in early married life. Sally Eilers and James Dunn lend the portrayal of the young couple some magnificent realism. Excellent—but children may be bored by it.

THE BARGAIN (First National)—All about a father who wants his son to be an artist because it was once his own ambition which he was unable to fulfill. The son, however, would rather be a business man. In other words, the usual order of things reversed. Good—children will be bored by it.

BOUGHT! (Warner)—Constance Bennett as a modern girl who thinks that money is everything until—Richard Bennett, Connie's father, and Ben Lyon are in it, too. Very good—but not for the tots.

BRANDED (Columbia)—A good Western—the chief element of which is the hero being mistaken for a man guilty of theft through circumstantial evidence. It's an old story but it's done well. Buck Jones is in it. Very good (if you are a Western fan)—splendid for children.

BROADMINDED (First National)—Another hilarious comedy starring Joe E. Brown. It is one of his best. Very good—the kids will eat it up.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers as a business man who goes into the desert to corner the market on Damascus steel. Some highly amusing comedy results. Excellent—children will like parts of it.

CAUGHT PLASTERED (RKO-Radio)—There was a time when Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey were funny. Since that time, however, they have been put into one dreary picture after another. This one is one of their funniest. Poor—kids may get a laugh out of it.

THE 'CISCO KID (Fox)—Reviewed on page 58. Very good—children will love it.

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE (RKO-Radio)—Reviewed on page 56. Good, but children won't care for it.

DADDY LONG LEGS (Fox)—Janet Gaynor as the little orphan in this famous story with Warner Baxter playing the guardian. Janet's work in this will thrill you and bring the well known tears to your eyes. Excellent—little girls will adore it.

A DANGEROUS AFFAIR (Columbia)—Reviewed on page 58. Very good, and children will like it.

... WE are continuing our method of classifying pictures which we started some time ago. Those pictures which are particularly suitable for children we are marking accordingly. And those which are unsuitable for children—either because the subject is not desirable or merely not interesting to young ones—we are also indicating. This ought to be an excellent guide for any grown-up who is seeking the right entertainment for the children as well as himself.

DEVOTION (RKO-Pathe)—Reviewed on page 56. Very good, but the children would be bored.

DIE LUSTIGEN WEIBER VON WIEN (Super Films)—A comedy entirely in German with some excellent music. You will enjoy it even if you

don't know one word of German. Very good—children will like most of it.

DIRIGIBLE (Columbia)—An air epic of impressive proportions. All the air stuff is so good that you can overlook the worn-out love story. Jack Holt is good in it. Very good—the kids will like it.

THE DREYFUS CASE (Columbia)—A sincere interpretation of the famous military trial which caused so much indignation, particularly among Jews, in the nineties. The story is enacted by a set of English actors (the film was made in England) all of whom bring excellent characterizations to their rôles. Very good—but children will be bored by it.

EAST OF BORNEO (Universal)—A melodrama which has to do with a husband who, thinking his wife is unfaithful, goes to the far East to forget. The exciting events which happen there will have you out of your seat—in spite of a slight tendency to seem unconvincing. Fair—children will like the thrilling moments.

EX-BAD BOY (Universal)—Robert Armstrong as a fellow who manufactures a past because the girl he is in love with thinks he is too tame. Some amusing consequences result. Good—but children won't care for it much.

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP (Columbia)—A well-photographed story which revolves around two divers who earn a living salvaging wrecked ships. The under-water sections are thrilling. Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell have the leading rôles. Very good—grand for children.

FIVE STAR FINAL (First National)—A thrilling story of the amazing lengths to which a newspaper will go in order to boost its circulation. Edward G. Robinson heads a splendid cast which includes, among others, H. B. Warner and Frances Starr. Excellent—don't take the kids.

A FREE SOUL (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer as the sophisticated young lady who decides that there's no reason why she shouldn't fall in love with a gangster if she wants to. This leads up to some rather disastrous situations. Clark Gable is good. Very good—not for the tots.

THE GALLOPING GHOST (Mascot)—A serial with the ex-football champion, Red Grange, in the

(Continued on page 8)

“Tonight” . . .

Tsarakov murmured



TSARAKOV, the mad genius, plotted! Nothing must stand in the way of his success. And *what* a success—for the great dancer he had hoped to be, danced on another's legs!

A cripple, he could never attain the ambition which dominated all his dreams. Instead he reared Fedor, a small boy whom he had rescued from a cruel foster father, and made a great dancer of him.

But Tsarakov erred, for he was molding more than clay. He had not counted on living, breathing, pulsating youth—and love. And when the lovely Nana captured Fedor's heart, Tsarakov shuddered at the thought of a ruined career—*his* career.

Yes, he won his point. He parted the pair . . . but at what a price . . . and with what permanence?

You'll thrill to the story of John Barrymore's newest masterpiece, “THE MAD GENIUS.” In every page you'll see his figure, as the ruthless Tsarakov, limping through this powerful story. It's in the December SCREEN ROMANCES—on sale now.

You'll find, too, the complete stories of many other leading motion picture hits of the month in the same issue:

“THE GUARDSMAN,” for instance, the first motion picture to be made by that famous pair, *Alfred Lunt* and *Lynn Fontanne*. It's the cleverest story you've read in years!

“DEVOTION,” in which *Ann Harding* and *Leslie Howard* demonstrate what happens when a beautiful young girl masquerades as a plain, middle-aged governess to be near the man she loves.

“THE RULING VOICE,” featuring *Walter Huston* in the hard-boiled rôle of a big racketeer. *Loretta Young* plays his daughter, and *David Manners*, *Doris Kenyon*, and *Dudley Digges* are in the supporting cast.

“LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE,” a passionate story of border love, in which *Leo Carillo* as a wealthy half-breed, and *John Mack Brown* as a Texas Ranger, form two sides of the eternal triangle. *Dorothy Burgess* is the other side.

Other stories in the same issue include “THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE,” *William Powell's* first picture for Warner Brothers; “RICH MAN'S FOLLY,” *George Bancroft's* first picture in much-too-long-a-time; “HELL DIVERS,” a navy story featuring *Clark Gable*, *Dorothy Jordan*, and *Wallace Beery*; “WICKED” a most interesting story for *Elissa Landi* and *Victor MacLaglen*.

If you haven't discovered SCREEN ROMANCES yet, you're in for a new delight. It is a different kind of movie magazine because it is the only all-screen-fiction magazine. Buy it this month—for hours of absorbing reading, and know all about the stories that everybody's talking about. GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

Screen Romances

—the Only All Screen Fiction
Magazine

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 6)

TANGEE



WORLD'S GREATEST FASHION AUTHORITIES

Harper's Bazaar of New York
Tatler, and Sketch of London
Jardin des Modes of Paris

ALL APPROVE TANGEE

Let these great fashion magazines tell you about TANGEE... how this famous lipstick and rouge give you that *natural* color which is so much in vogue today!

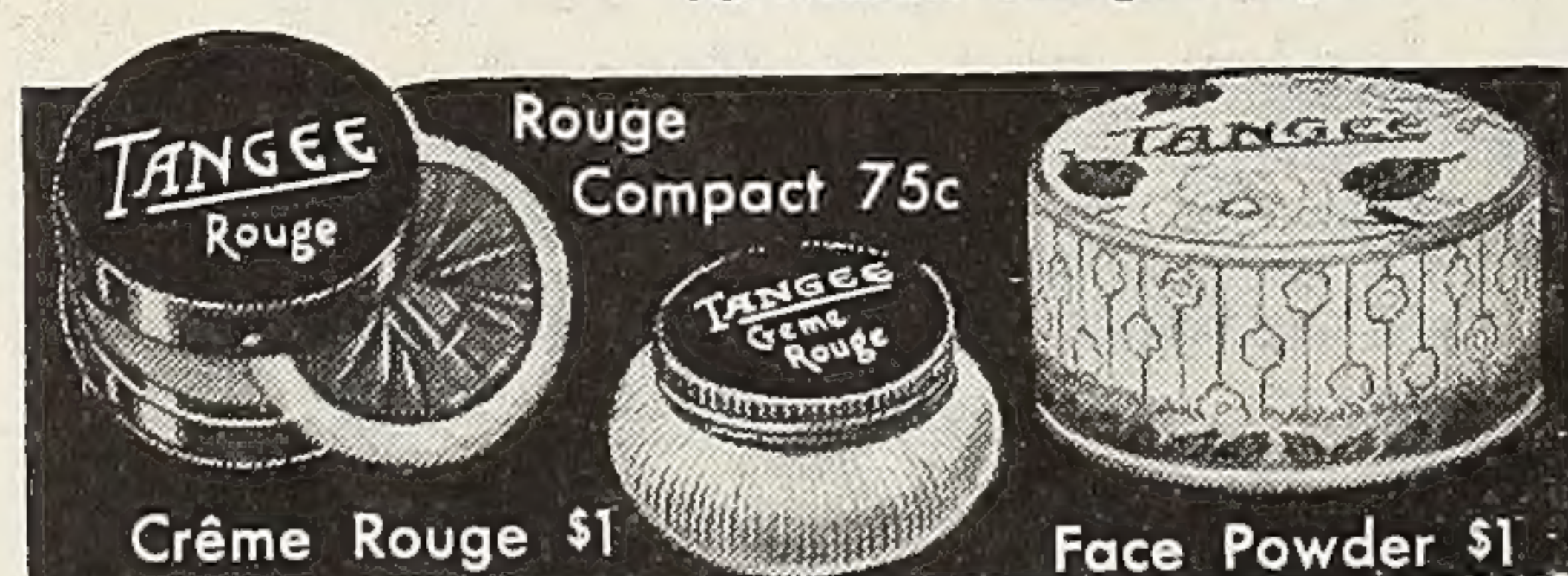
"Natural color is the mode of the moment," says HARPER'S BAZAAR. "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do."

"Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble," says LE JARDIN DES MODES OF PARIS. "The fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE well answers these requirements because it blends with your individual, natural coloring."

"Vivid, artificial looking make-up is entirely out of harmony," says SKETCH. "Tangee suits the smart woman of every type, whether blonde, brunette or Titian." And TATLER adds, "Tangee gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth... so rich in color and yet so natural!"

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy! NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of TANGEE LIPSTICK and ROUGE COMPACT for professional and evening use.

To Match Tangee Lipstick!



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. K-9

417 Fifth Avenue

New York

Name _____

Address _____

leading rôle. We are including this serial in our list of pictures because it is good and well worth seeing. **Very good—excellent for kids.**

THE GAY DIPLOMAT (RKO-Radio)—An international spy story with Ivan Lebedeff, one of Hollywood's new crop of heartbreakers, in the leading rôle. Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin handle the leading feminine rôles very well. **Good—children will like it.**

GOLDIE (Fox)—Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy in a Flagg-Quirt thing which somehow doesn't come up to the other pictures of the same type. **Fair—not for the kiddies.**

THE GUARDSMAN (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent—but it will bore children.**

GUILTY HANDS (M-G-M)—This is an unusual sort of mystery story in which you actually know who committed the murder. The suspense in the story is created by the murderer's efforts to confound the police. Lionel Barrymore and Kay Francis are fine in the leading rôles. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

A HOLY TERROR (Fox)—Combination Western and mystery story with George O'Brien as the dashing hero. **Good—especially so for children.**

THE HOMICIDE SQUAD (Universal)—Here's another one of those gangster things. Leo Carillo, who was so good in "Hell Bound," plays a beer baron with his usual cleverness. It is he, really, who makes it an unusual picture. **Good—okay for kids if you don't mind their seeing gangster stuff.**

HUCKLEBERRY FINN (Paramount)—Every bit as good as its predecessor, "Tom Sawyer." Junior Durkin, Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl again do their stuff in their "bestest" fashion. **Excellent—both for grown-ups and the kids.**

I LIKE YOUR NERVE (First National)—For the first time in his movie career, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., does a Douglas Fairbanks. Yes, the intellectual Doug, actually goes athletic like his dad. It's something different, anyway, for his fans. **Good—grand for children.**

KARAMOZOV (Tobis)—The famous Dostoyevski novel, "The Brothers Karamozov," as a German talkie. Fritz Kortner is excellent as the jealous son who will do anything to prevent his aged father from marrying the girl they both love. You won't get much out of this unless you understand German. **Excellent—not for children.**

LARCENY LANE (Warner)—Reviewed on page 58. **Good—the children might like parts of it.**

THE LAST FLIGHT (First National)—Dick Barthelmess, Elliot Nugent, Johnny Mack Brown, David Manners and Helen Chandler in a story of four aviators who are trying to get over what the war did to them. The film doesn't quite accomplish what its stars set out to do but nevertheless it's entertaining. **Very good—children will be bored.**

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—John Barrymore goes Lon Chaney again, in this one. As a crazy Russian ballet master he raves and rants and generally has a swell time. If you liked him in "Svengali," you'll like him in this. **Good—children won't like it.**

THE MAD PARADE (Liberty)—An attempt to show the woman's side of the war—the women, that is, who were at the front in various posts. **Poor.**

THE MAN IN POSSESSION (M-G-M)—A highly amusing story which revolves around a bailiff's man who acts as a butler for the lady in the piece. Robert Montgomery is the butler. **Excellent—but better send the children to see a Western.**

MANY A SLIP (Universal)—About a girl who uses a despicable trick to force the man she loves to marry her. **Poor—not for children.**

MEN ARE LIKE THAT (Columbia)—All about an army officer who jilts a girl and finds himself on the spot when the girl marries his superior officer. **Poor.**

THE MILLIONAIRE (Warner)—George Arliss as a business man who retires for the sake of his health only to discover that he's better off when he's working and so, against doctor's orders, he finds a way to work. **Very good—suitable for children.**

MONKEY BUSINESS (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent. Couldn't be better for the kids.**

MURDER BY THE CLOCK (Paramount)—This is an unusual sort of a mystery story which will hold your interest from beginning to end. Lilyan Tashman gives a wonderful performance. **Very good—children will be thrilled by it.**

THE MIRACLE WOMAN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a girl who becomes an insincere evangelist because she has lost faith in human nature. **Fair.**

MONTANA KID (First Division)—A fair Western with rather a lack of riding in it. **Fair for Western fans.**

MY SIN (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead's second American picture. It's one of those things where

she makes a mistake and spends the rest of her life trying to live down her past. **Fair.**

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE (Universal)—This is an illustrated lecture on evolution by Clarence Darrow. It may sound dull, but it isn't at all. If science and the evolution of the human being interests you in the least you should see it. **Very good of its kind.**

THE NIGHT ANGEL (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll in something or other about Vienna. **Poor—children won't like it.**

NIGHT NURSE (Warner)—A wildly impossible story of a night nurse's experiences. Clark Gable is in it—he plays a character so ridiculously villainous that it's silly. But he does as well as he could. **Fair.**

NIGHT LIFE IN RENO (First Division)—A story which revolves around night life in the Reno divorce colony. **Fair.**

PAGAN LADY (Columbia)—All about a wicked vamp who lures the innocent son of an evangelist. **Fair—not for children.**

PALMY DAYS (United Artists)—Reviewed on page 58. **Very good. Children will eat it up.**

PARDON US (M-G-M)—Comedians Laurel and Hardy make their bow in their first feature length comedy. Some of the gags are new, others are more or less repetition of their old stuff. Most of the action concerns their adventures in jail. **Good—okay for the kids.**

PENROD AND SAM (First National)—Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent. Just made to order for youngsters of all ages.**

PERSONAL MAID (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll as a maid who falls in love with her employer's son. There's a lot more to it than that, though. Nancy is cute but the picture is a little slow. **Fair.**

POLITICS (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a story about a couple of women who decide to clean up the town in their own way. **Very good—children will like some of it.**

REBOUND (RKO-Pathé)—A sophisticated story of a woman who gets her man on the rebound. Ina Claire and Robert Ames are excellent in the leading rôles. **Excellent sophisticated movie—but children will be bored by it.**

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE (Fox)—This story seems sort of old fashioned by this time. George O'Brien, however, he of the splendid muscular development, manages to make it plausible. **Good—children will like it.**

THE ROAD TO RENO (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 58. **Good, but keep the young ones at home that day.**

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE (Warner)—William Powell in a hero-villain sort of rôle which has to do with his winning another man's wife. **Very good—but children won't think much of it.**

THE RUNAROUND (Columbia)—Mary Brian as a chorus girl, no less. That's about all there is to this picture. **Fair—not for children.**

THE SECRET CALL (Paramount)—A telephone operator's revenge. Peggy Shannon and Richard Arlen. **Good—children will like it.**

SIDE SHOW (Warner)—Winnie Lightner as a circus performer who loves and sacrifices. Mixed up with the romantic elements is some of Winnie's best comedy. **Very good—children will like it.**

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK (M-G-M)—A grand cuckoo comedy with Buster Keaton grabbing all the laugh honors. **Very good—very suitable for children.**

SILENCE (Paramount)—Clive Brook, Peggy Shannon, Marjorie Rambeau and John Wray make this somewhat old-fashioned story seem alive. **Good—but children won't like it much.**

SKIPPY (Paramount)—We don't have to tell you this is good. **Excellent—couldn't be better for children.**

SMART MONEY (First National)—Edward G. Robinson as a small town gambler who does well until he hits the big town. James Cagney is in it, too. **Very good—but not for children.**

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT (Paramount)—Chevalier's latest screen offering. Directed by Lubitsch. **Very good—but children won't like it much.**

SOB SISTER (Fox)—Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent. Children will like parts of it.**

SON OF INDIA (M-G-M)—An Indian Prince falls in love with a western girl. Ramon Novarro is the Prince. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

THE SPIDER (Fox)—Thrilling mystery story based upon a murder which takes place in a theater. Edmund Lowe is the leading character. **Very good—children will like its thrills.**

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME (Universal)—Reviewed on page 57. **Very good and quite suitable for children.**

THE SQUAW MAN (M-G-M)—A talkie revival of the old-time story. Warner Baxter, Eleanor Boardman, Lupe Velez and Charles Bickford are in it, among others. **Very good**—children will like parts of it.

THE STAR WITNESS (First National)—Story of a family who were terrorized because they had witnessed a gangster's murder and the gangsters were afraid they'd be testified against. Chic Sale's performance as the old grandfather who defies the gangsters is magnificent. **Excellent—okay for children.**

STREET SCENE (United Artists)—Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent, but not good talkie fare for children.**

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent, but the children would be bored by it.**

SVENGALI (Warner)—"Trilby" in the talkies. John Barrymore plays Svengali and Marian Marsh, Trilby. **Very good—but children won't know what it's all about.**

SWEEPSTAKES (RKO-Pathé)—Racetrack story with Eddie Quillan playing the honest jockey who appears to be dishonest. **Fair—children will go for it.**

TABU (Paramount)—Fascinating picture showing life in the South Seas. **Very good—children will like it.**

THIS MODERN AGE (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford once more becomes the jazz-mad girl. **Poor.**

TOO MANY COOKS (RKO-Radio)—Robert Woolsey without Bert Wheeler. **Poor—children may like it.**

TRANSATLANTIC (Fox)—A big-hearted gentleman-crook aboard a liner—and how he affects the lives of some people aboard. Edmund Lowe is the gentlemanly-crook. **Very good—suitable for children.**

TRAVELING HUSBANDS (RKO-Radio)—In spite of the husbands this in an effective murder melodrama with Frank Albertson and Evelyn Brent. **Very good—children will be thrilled by it.**

THE UNHOLY GARDEN (United Artists)—Ronald Colman's latest is hardly more than a program picture. The star, however, with his usual charm, makes the leading character fascinating. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

WATERLOO BRIDGE (Universal)—Reviewed on page 58. **Excellent, but not for the little ones.**

A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE (RKO-Pathé)—Helen Twelvetrees gives up her accustomed little girl rôles and becomes a cagey spy in this one. Perhaps it would have been better if they had left her in the little girl rôles and given the rôle to someone like Dietrich. **Poor.**

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER (Tiffany)—A story laid in a boarding house and which includes the nefarious schemes of a racketeer in addition to the human interest of the regular boarding house types. **Good—harmless for children.**

WICKED (Fox)—An over-sentimental piece with Elissa Landi doing her best in the leading rôle. **Poor.**

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL (Fox)—In which Will Rogers, as a successful business man, hits upon a new scheme to interest his pleasure-loving sons in his business. Fifi Dorsay is in it, too. **Good—suitable for children.**

YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID (RKO-Radio)—This is an old-fashioned sort of crook film—but no less good, for all that. Richard Dix and Jackie Cooper will have you cheering for the way in which they portray their rôles. **Very good—children will love it.**

WE'RE AWFULLY SORRY— but owing to the inclusion of several last minute articles we were forced to leave out our Directory of Players this month. We simply hadn't room for it.

But it will be in our January issue and if you can't wait you can get a copy of the latest Directory in our November issue by mailing us your request with 10c in stamps.



IT IS EVERY GIRL'S right and desire to *attract*. And everyone knows that a smile that reveals glistening, white teeth is the *most* attractive single feature of the face. That is why you should ask yourself the question "Are my teeth as *beautiful* as they can be?" Are they as white as nature intended? Are they highly polished? Do they reflect flashing points of light?

It is easy to find out whether you have achieved the utmost in the beauty of your teeth. Prophylactic Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder will help you to prove it. This is how. Examine the appearance of your teeth *critically* in your mirror. Then use Prophylactic for a few days (paste or powder, as you prefer). Now—look into your mirror again! Notice that your teeth are *by far*

whiter, more brilliant. Probably for the first time you are seeing their *natural* color and gleam.

Because of their scientific formulae, either of the Prophylactic dentifrices cleanses the teeth safely and with astonishing thoroughness—removing discoloring film and unsightly stains. And what a polish is imparted to the enamel!—it takes on a lustre it never had before.

Begin the experiment today. No matter what dentifrices you have used, you will be glad you made this test. For you will be *delighted* with the results! Prophylactic Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder can be obtained in large 35¢ sizes at drug and department stores. Or in trial sizes at 5¢ and 10¢ stores. If you are unable to obtain them in your neighborhood, use the coupon below. Send it today!

ASK YOURSELF ANOTHER QUESTION

"Is My Breath Above Reproach?"

To be safe, use Prophylactic Mouth Wash, the marvelous new antiseptic and deodorant. Kills mouth-bacteria, stimulates mouth-tissue and assures you a clean, sweet breath. Generous 25¢ size at drug and dept. stores.



Prophylactic Products Corp., 420 Lexington Ave., New York
Send 10¢ size Tooth Paste; 10¢ size Tooth Powder;
10¢ size Mouth Wash—for which I enclose 10¢.
Check items wanted. Tear off this corner of the page.
Print your name and address plainly on the margin.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

James Cagney loves the old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Here's how to make your menfolk feel the same

IF, when you think of movie gangsters you think of James Cagney, you may find it just a bit hard to visualize him placidly acting as host at a Thanksgiving feast. You no doubt find it far easier to picture him smiling cynically over a restaurant steak than to think of him lovingly and skilfully carving the festive bird.

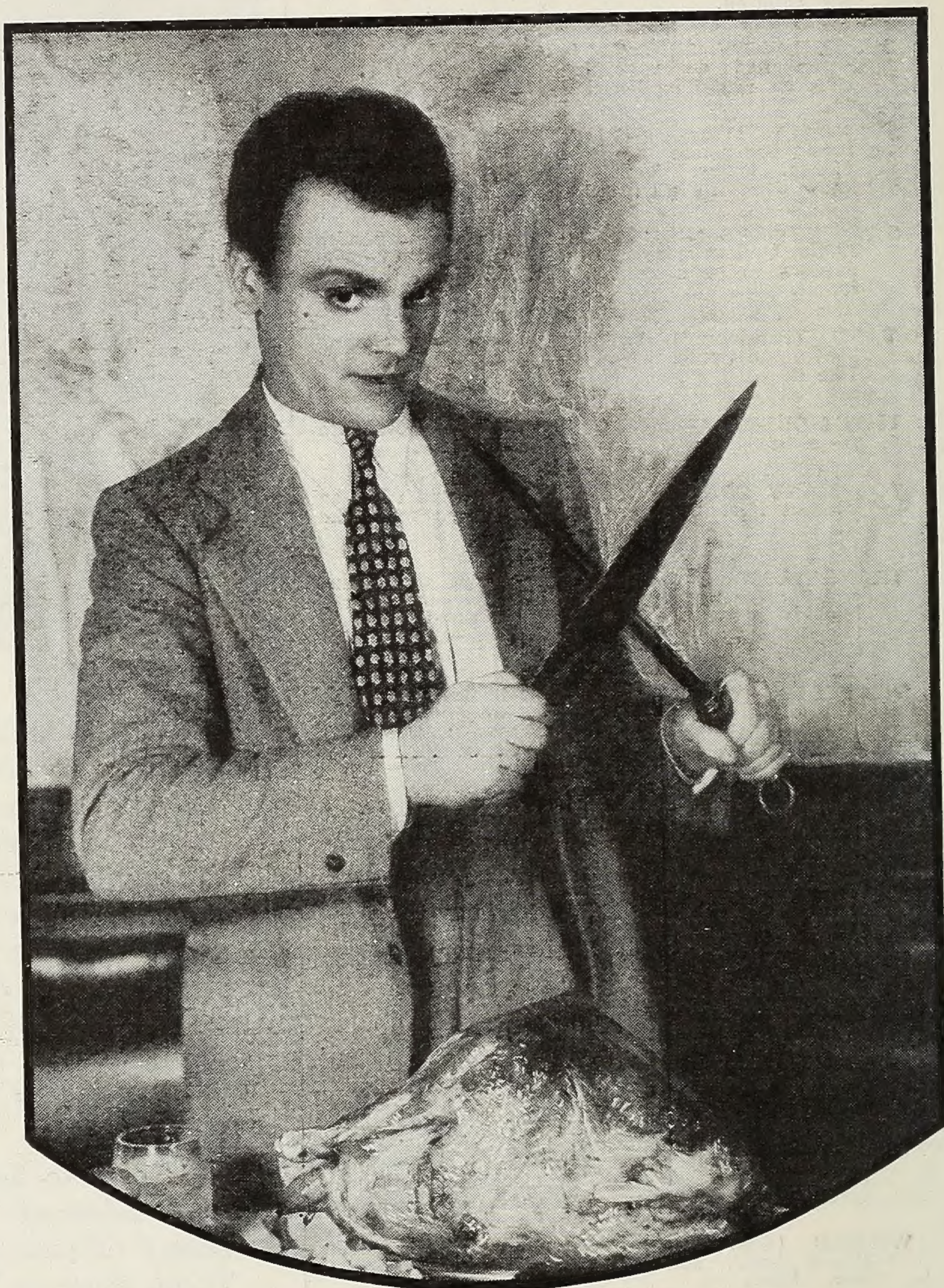
But, no—Jimmy wants his Thanksgiving dinner at home. And he wants it to be bountiful and hearty and old-fashioned. The versatile Cagney countenance became almost beatific as he described his ideal Thanksgiving feast.

"Just because I play gangster rôles," he said, "I suppose it's all wrong for me to appreciate a good dinner at home. But I refuse to live up to my tough rôles in that respect."

A genial and witty young man, we found him. Irish as it is possible for anyone to be, and very much the home-loving husband. And there we'll cease talking about Cagney himself, or else we'll be telling you the old story about his being just a dear, sweet, lovely boy—just like your brother—and so different from the villainous scamps he portrays on the screen.

Now, if you think we discovered that Jimmy Cagney liked a lot of new fangled dishes for Thanksgiving, or even wanted something just a wee bit different than the familiar and dearly loved favorites of generations past, you are doomed to disappointment, for Jimmy, with great emphasis, informed us that on Thanksgiving day he liked "good old-fashioned foods, served in good old-fashioned ways."

OF course we agreed with him absolutely, for far be it from us to seek to improve on our ancestors' menus. So when Jimmy, with a far away look in his eyes, began to get down to cases and tell us just exactly what he did like, we hastened to clutch our pencil and write down every dish he mentioned—though when we got home we had to sort it out a bit and rearrange the order, for Jimmy evidently mentioned things in the order in which they appealed to his appetite, and not in the normal se-



According to Jimmy, the way to celebrate Thanksgiving properly is by eating plenty of turkey—with cranberry sauce, white and sweet potatoes, and plenty of other vegetables and fixin's.

quence in which they would appear on the table. Here, then, is the properly arranged menu, composed of those foods which Jimmy has loved, man and boy, and which will make as big a hit with your menfolk as they do with him—and we feel sure that you believe with us that on Thanksgiving day, as on all days, we aim to please the men!

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for December for which I enclose 4c in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....
(Print in pencil.)

Address.....

Celery	Olives	Salted Nuts
	Fruit Cup	
	Cream of Tomato Soup	
Roast Turkey	Giblet Gravy	
	Cranberry Jelly	
	Scalloped Cauliflower and Tomatoes	
	Mashed Carrots	
Mashed White Potatoes	Sweet Potatoes With Apples	
	Cider	
	Pumpkin Pie With Cheese	
Coffee	Raisins	Nuts in the Shell
	Mints	Chocolates

(Continued on page 98)

BEAUTY ADVICE

Do cold wintry blasts make your skin rough and harsh? This well known beauty expert tells you how you may avoid this

Dear People:

Instead of printing pictures of your favorite stars powdering their noses or giving themselves shampoos, I'm going to use this space every now and then to jot down little items which might be of interest to you. They'll be items which are not strictly applicable to beauty, but which are applicable to the problem of more attractive, alluring individuality.

First: I've noticed here and there among smart, tastefully dressed women that violently red fingernails are still in favor. This, in spite of what beauty experts say about scarlet nail polish being passé. So you can suit yourself. Personally, I hate long, red fingernails.

I suppose you know that the Eugénie hat, as it was originally introduced into the country, is thoroughly "out." Very much modified versions of it are much more chic. The Eugénie and Renaissance influences are much in evidence in evening clothes. Short jackets are still good, so if your only fur coat is hopelessly short and you can't afford a new one, whack the old one off at the hipline and have a furrier remodel it. Wear woolen dresses and pray that the winter won't be too severe.

Blonds, they say, are favored. The hair dye business is doing rather well. Use your own judgment.

Don't make the mistake of wearing fussy clothes to any football games you may attend. Casual, but smart, sport clothes are the thing.

I'll be keeping my eyes open for more jottings for next month.

Mary Biddle

By MARY BIDDLE

I THINK I'll just ramble around a bit this month, if you don't mind. I have before me several grubby little bits of paper on which are scribbled such cryptic little reminders as "Dis. cld. wther. eff. on beaut." Which, being interpreted, means, "Discuss the effect of cold weather on beauty." And then there's "Men. new hr. ton. and hnd. crm." That means, "Mention new hair tonic and hand cream." Don't be too impatient—I'll elaborate in a moment.

First, the cold weather problem. It seems that we no sooner finish repairing the ravages of summer heat and sun than we have to commence thinking about icy winds and chapping cold. Most people, as a matter of fact, look better in the winter than they do in the summer. Make-up doesn't run away in trickles of perspiration and marcel and water-waves stay put for a much longer time. But there are definite winter problems just as there are definite

summer problems. The biggest problem is chapping of hands, face, and lips, and that horrible, raw-beef redness which assails delicate skins. You all know, of course, that it is sensible to use lotion or cream steadily to combat these ugly things. I'm not going to tell you anything as fundamental as that. But I would like to offer a few suggestions that may help to keep skins smooth and white and attractive all through the winter.

Be sure to dry your hands and face thoroughly. "Good heavens!" you say. "Anyone would have sense enough to do that!" I'm not sure. I know that for my own part, especially in the office, I often have given my hands a hasty and perfunctory dabbing on roller tissue or a coarse, unabsorbent towel and let it go at that. Take time to dry your hands and face thoroughly—and your body, too, after bathing.

As to lotions, there are a score of them, and at least half a dozen are tried and popular the world over. I

advise everyone to use a hand lotion during the winter, anyway. There's a new one that has just come to my attention which is a splendid skin softener. It's a thick liquid and you only need to use a little bit to do the trick. Mothers of small babies might note that it's excellent for chaffing. It has a slightly medicinal odor (which doesn't last after you apply it to the skin) and the base seems to be glycerine.

HAVE you ever longed for a cream which would do everything—cleanse, soften, tone up the skin, and act as a powder base? Well, cheer up. There'll be one on the market in a very good brand in just a few minutes. I'll speak of it again.

One other thing about cold weather problems: eat more—that is, unless you're very much over weight. Eat more fats and sugars. You'll not only feel better, but the results will show in your complexion, too.

Changing the subject, I want to tell you about something that I wouldn't believe if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. I ran into a friend of mine the other day whom I hadn't seen for three years. At that time she had just undergone a severe illness. Naturally, her whole system suffered but perhaps the most tragic thing of all was the effect of the illness on her beautiful hair. It had been a beautiful golden blond, and it became absolutely colorless and showed signs of becoming grey. However, when I saw her just recently, her hair was again shining and blond—not quite as light as it used to be, but lovely, just the same. "Well," I said, "so you finally decided to up and dye it." My friend said that she had not dyed it—that the steady use of a hair tonic—the name of which was entirely unknown to me before—had restored her hair to health and beauty and color. She said that she'd started to use this tonic without much hope—with that oh-well-things-couldn't-be-worse attitude. She didn't want to dye her hair and had, as a matter of fact, become resigned to her fate. She just thought the tonic might make her hair thicker, that was all. The re-

(Continued on page 103)



BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Write to the editor of
MODERN SCREEN and
express your opinions of
the talkies and the stars

This ought to keep you Joan Blondell fans happy.

There are a heap o' people who disagree with you, George

Is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., worthy of all the space allotted him by the movie magazines? Will someone please let me know what he has done to gain such? And does he or Joan Crawford think for a moment that they are doing their public an honor by providing them with so much insane love-patter? (*MODERN SCREEN* please note.) And will the M-G-M higher-ups assign a special bodyguard to Joan so that she may for a moment discard the look of fear she assumes in her eyes. You know, that jungle expression.

GEORGE K. MORAN,
New York City, N. Y.

There seems to be a difference of opinion on our Janet Gaynor story

Jack Jamison said in your October issue: "Charles Farrell would probably sink into obscurity without Janet Gaynor as team-mate."

"Liliom" and "Body and Soul" were given as examples of his box-office appeal. Even a great actor could hardly have made a success of such a fanciful story as "Liliom." A very great actor could not have made the public believe in such an unconvincing story as "Body and Soul." When Janet Gaynor plays without him she is given a rôle which enables her to retain her natural little-girlishness. When Farrell plays without her he is forced to do his best (and he does) with a story in which he is miscast or that is not too plausible.

LORETTA BROWN,
Waterbury, Conn.

Many thanks to Jack Jamison for the best story ever written on Janet Gaynor. Instead of a lot of bunk about her and Lydell Peck we have a real story about the star herself.

BETTY PROSSER,
Hazelton, Penna.

"Street Scene" answers your third question

I'd like to know who carves that ultra-swanky mustache of Ivan Lebedeff's . . . If that incomparable Phillips Holmes and wonderful little Peggy Shannon wouldn't make a swell picture . . . Why Sylvia Sidney doesn't get a good story so that she can show her acting ability . . . Why there are not more actresses like peachy lil' Joan Blondell, who has not turned mysterious. . . .

ALLENE EATY,
Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

Joan, take a bow

I have an actress in mind who is lovable and sweet, a comedienne, a bundle of true qualities with the making of a great star all wrapped up in one. It is a small bundle, in the personage of Joan Blondell. She is a small and valuable package which will grow and grow.

HILDA ELIZABETH PRICHARD,
St. Louis, Missouri.

We're printing this just to hear the Garbo fans scream with rage

So Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo co-star in "Mata Hari"! From what you printed in your last issue, Mr. No-

varro is very enthusiastic about it. Funny, isn't it, but I extend *my* congratulations to Miss Garbo. I can't understand why Novarro should be so worked up over the idea, when he has been a star for almost ten years, and will probably still be acting long after she is forgotten. . . .

A NOVARRO FAN,
New York City, N. Y.

Yes, but we're not afraid of them.

This concerns the critics that review the pictures. They make me sick with their forever harping on the past. Everything that Janet Gaynor does is compared to "Seventh Heaven." Chevalier's pictures are measured by "The Love Parade" and so it goes with other stars. . . . It might be a good idea, now that there is a supply of machine guns on hand from abandoned gangster pictures, to line up the critics—and then make it an annual occurrence to end this nuisance about the past.

If you print this letter, just sign it "Fair Play." However, I'm sure you won't dare print it because you've critics on your own staff.

FAIR PLAY,
Chicago, Illinois.

You know what you like, eh, Marie?

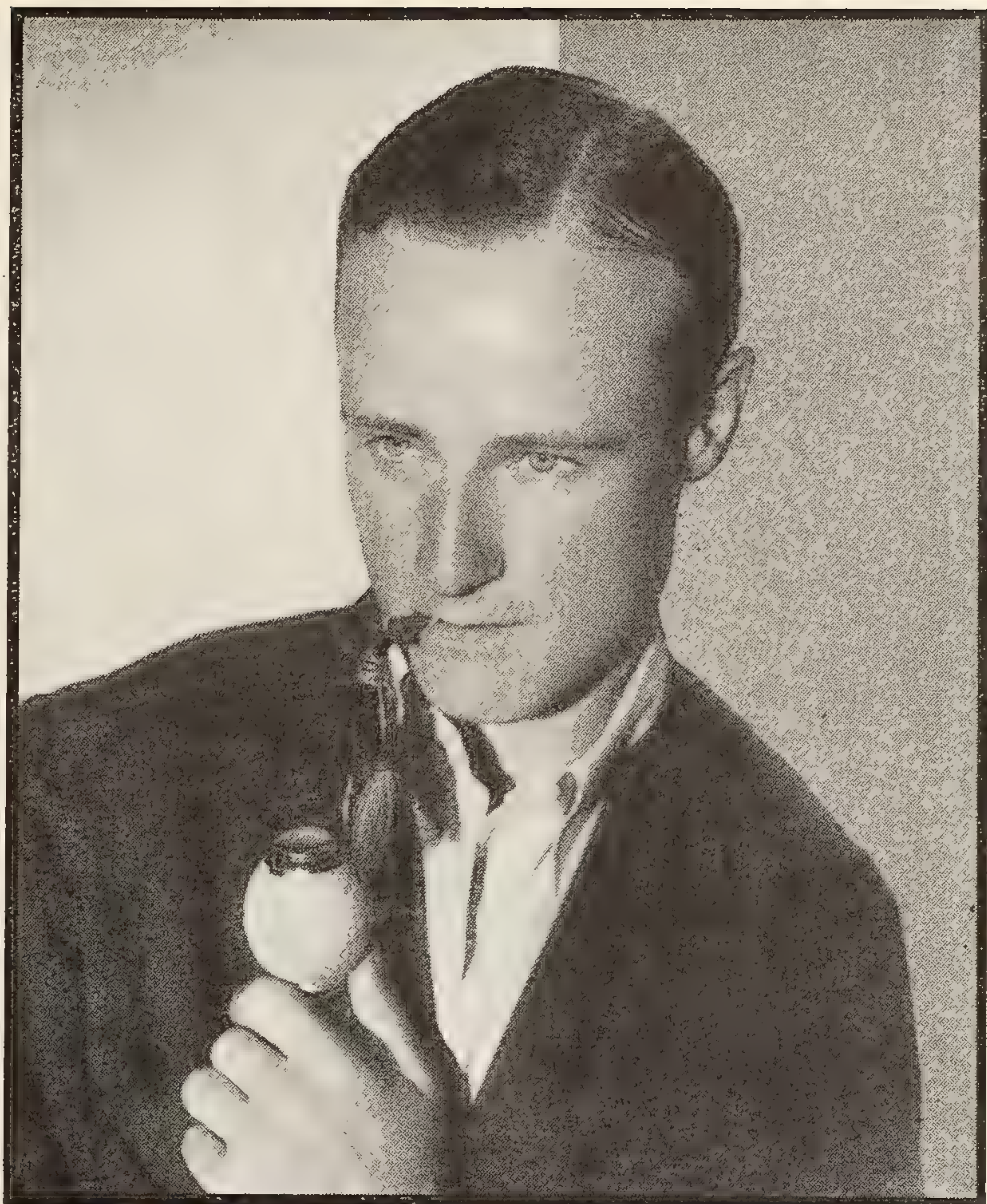
To Lionel Barrymore: Bravo for stealing the honors from Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." To Miriam Hopkins: Bravo for stealing the honors from Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant." To Clark Gable: Bravo for stealing all the scenes from the fainting Joan in "Laughing Sinners." Jean Harlow: Give lessons in sex appeal to

Dear Friends:

Well, how do you like the cover on this issue? I receive quite a few letters asking for portraits of male stars—alone—on our cover. Somehow, though, I've always been a bit doubtful about portraits of men pleasing the majority of people. At any rate, I thought we'd compromise for once. So there is Greta Garbo, certainly one of the most popular actresses, and Clark Gable, who threatens to be one of the most popular actors. How does it impress you?

Do you like a player who has been doing a definite type of rôle for a long time, suddenly to change? For instance, Clive Brook, after being the British gentleman for years, suddenly went cockney in "Silence." Was it too much of a shock? Also I'd like you to write and tell me if you have seen any pictures lately which have given you the feeling of being misled—that is, pictures whose endings were not convincing and which fooled the audience. I have seen a few. Do you know which they are?

The Editor



Don't say we're not good to you, I. D. Lee.

Norma Shearer and Marlene Dietrich. Anita Page: Kindly go home and stay there. It is about time. Constance Bennett: Stop looking so cross and cynical. We don't like it.

MARIE KROMIS,
Detroit, Michigan.

**But the pop gun went over with
a big bang**

When the movies star a little "pop gun" like Robert Montgomery—they are starved for want of talent. This is not only my opinion but many turn from the box office if they see his name.

W. O. POOLE,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Better turn to page 34, G. T. M.

Am an ardent Clark Gable fan. From the first time I noticed him some months ago, I've always looked for more and more pictures and news about him.

So far I haven't learned to know him much.

Please give us a generous write up on Clark Gable.

G. T. M.,
Youngstown, Ohio.

Do you like our cover?

There's one thing I'd be very glad to see in your magazine and that is a picture of Clark Gable, that wonderful find! That boy bears watching. Some of these days he's gonna surprise everyone by stepping right into Valentino's shoes. All he needs is the right stories.

MARY FAK,
Chicago, Illinois.

Don't you mean taking Valentino's place?

What on earth is all this talk about Clark Gable taking Johnny Mack Brown's place? It's all rot as far as I'm concerned. I like Clark Gable a lot and I think he's a fine actor *but* he or any other actor can never take Johnny Mack Brown's place.

M. R.,
Rochester, N. Y.

No, we didn't publish it, Ella

Kindly tell me if it was your magazine in which recently an article appeared on religions of the stars and can I obtain a copy.

ELLA M. STALP.

**See the review of "Devotion" on
page 56, Peggy**

In my opinion Leslie Howard is an "ace"—Mr. Howard makes you feel the part he portrays from the minute he enters into the picture—and *that's* what I call real acting.

Such an actor remains a "star" forever because his mind is on his work and he *does not* allow success to ruin him.

That's sincerely,

PERRY JOY,
Los Angeles.

**Shall we submit the idea to "Ballyhoo,"
Gertrude?**

It occurs to me that a very attractive and unique little innovation for MODERN SCREEN would be to publish every month a "true" life story of one of the stars based on *fragment* instead of *fact*.

For instance: how often we have heard such things as Sylvia Sidney, the new star of 1931, is not really young at all, but is 31, the mother of two grown children, etc.; and again, she recently eloped with a young aviator, and again, is contemplating returning to Russia, land of her birth, and again, Richard Dix was born in all of five different places. The reason he has never married is all of 101 different reasons . . .

I believe if you gave a brilliant writer like "Izzy Benglegotz" who simply knows *all* about Hollywood, and permit him to base his life stories on fragment instead of fact, it would furnish a near riot of laughter for your reading public.

GERTRUDE LOIS READ,
Dallas, Texas.

**We heartily check on all the items' except
numbers 8 and 9. Think of the
work that last item means to us!**

Here are a few things I'd like to see: Something about Anita Louise in your magazine.

John Gilbert in a story worthy of his talents.

Myrna Loy starred.

Victor Varconi oftener.

Clark Gable stick to gangster rôles.

Jack Kerrigan in a talkie version of "Captain Blood."

More movie stars back again.

Most of the stage stars return to the stage.

MODERN SCREEN *twice* a month.

N. M. BRADHURST,
St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued on page 93)

WELCOMING MARION HOME



Richard Barthelmess, Anita Page and Jimmie Durante do a general Jimmie Durante pose together. Wouldn't Dick make a grand comedian?



(Left) Marion Davies, the guest of honor, and William Haines. Yes, Bill pulled his usual number of funny gags.



Courtesy of Los Angeles Herald



Sidney Smith and Lily Damita. This is the first published picture of these two together. They are flaming, you know.

Courtesy of Los Angeles Herald

Connie Bennett and her Marquis. If you read our gossip section, starting on page 16, you'll find an item in there concerning this couple.

... When Marion Davies arrived home from her European jaunt a large and gorgeous party was given in her honor at the Ambassador. Needless to say the walls echoed with the laughter and gaiety of a grand collection of Hollywood's famous names. These pictures, exclusive to us, give you an idea of who was there



Courtesy of Los Angeles Herald

Joel McCrea, Ina Claire, Cedric Gibbons and wife Dolores Del Río. The rumor hounds will have it that McCrea is burning up over Ina. Ina, of course, swears she'll never marry again.



Louella Parsons, famous columnist, with her husband, Dr. Harry Martin.

Charles Rogers, the new dramatic actor who used to be Buddy Rogers, with Joan Marsh, of M-G-M.



John Gilbert and Billie Dove. No, there are no rumors about them, my dears.

MODERN SCREEN FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

LEW AYRES met Lola Lane about a year ago while they were working at the same studio. It seemed to be love at first sight . . . or so the papers said. They became quite a legend around the colony and were seen in each other's company constantly. And so, of course, it wasn't long until they were rumored engaged. Lew took the hint like a real trouser and soon Lola was seen wearing a large diamond on the correct finger.

But . . . "The course of true romance ran true to form in this case, too" and it was only a few weeks when the engaged couple gave statements to the press that they were in no way contemplating marriage . . . in fact they were not seeing each other so much any more.

Lew started on a round of new romances with Jean Harlow. It was commonly thought that a real romance might develop . . . but just then Lew changed his mind to Sally Blane. And then Connie Bennett . . . and her sister Joan. Each one received his undivided attention for a few days and then it was a new celebrity.

Then Lola pulled the big coup . . . she started going places with none other than John Gilbert. First one party and then another saw these two together . . . that is, until Lew heard about it. It is said that when he learned of Lola's "unfaithfulness" he called her on the phone and asked her what she meant by going around with other fellows while she was engaged to him! Lola answered that if he wanted her so much he could come over and escort her home from the party. It is said that Gilbert had a lonesome evening. Lola just marched away with Lew.

Then a few days ago, Lew was handed a vacation by Universal just after he had finished "The Spirit of Notre Dame." It was known by his close friends that he intended taking the time for a bit of big game hunting in Wyoming. But Lew stole a march on the gang and took Lola with him.

Jack Dempsey won his suit for divorce from Estelle Taylor by default. In other words, Estelle made no appearance to defend the suit and Jack automatically became divorced. They say he's going back to the ring.

THE world premiere of "Devotion," starring Ann Harding, was a social as well as a motion picture success. Ann, the beautiful blond star, accompanied by her husband, Harry Bannister, started the evening off as she stepped from her car at the entrance of Carthay Circle Theater. As soon as her head appeared from the tonneau of the car, a small boy standing with the thousands of other fans yelled out: "I know you, Ann Harding . . . I've seen you before and I like you!" Such outspoken recognition has been known to fluster certain celebrities but Ann merely turned her head back over her shoulder and returned: "And I like you, too!" and smiled her gorgeous smile.

Later, Ann was seen standing at the head of one of the aisles autographing programs. After signing several,

the owner of the pen in use left for parts unknown. The next applicant arrived and Ann asked: "Have you a pen or pencil?..." to which the fan answered, "Why, no! Do you mean to say that you have come to your own premiere without a pencil?" Which might be a hint to other Hollywood residents.

Marlene was there with the ever-present Von Sternberg and accomplished her usual amount of autographing. Marlene is one of our very best little autographers. Connie Bennett was there with her Marquis . . . but we didn't see Gloria and her Farmer. Of course, Ivan (the sleek-looking) Lebedeff was present with Thelma Todd and both startled the crowds with their regal appearance.

After the showing of the picture . . . which was followed by a loud din of applause . . . the master of ceremonies,

according to custom, got a few of the cast to take a bow from the stage. One of the best little after-theater speeches was made by Robert Williams when he said: "I sure enjoyed making this picture . . . Miss Bennett was marvelous to work with." But maybe it wasn't a mistake . . . just one of Mr. Williams' adroit subtleties. It got the audience for a minute though. All in all, a swell premiere.

Wesley Ruggles says he will positively marry Arline Judge. Ruggles is a great director, you know (remember his "Cimarron"?) and Arline Judge is under contract to RKO-Radio, the studio for which Wesley works.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

In spite of vigorous denials, rumors persist that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan are on strained terms. Doug seems to be interested in Hope Williams.

Winnie Lightner is very sick, following strenuous reducing schedule.

Marlene Dietrich is reported to be interested in her former German leading man, Hans Trodowski.

Harold Lloyd became a hero when he put out a fire which started in his Santa Monica Beach home and which threatened injury to Mildred Gloria and little Peggy. Hot water heater started it.

Warner Baxter has been severely injured by falling glass on the lot where he is making "Surrender." He had to have six stitches taken in his leg.

Jeanette MacDonald, having returned from Europe, will play the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour With You."

Helen Hayes' M-G-M contract has been renewed, but she'll return to New York with her baby to do a play before fulfilling her talkie obligations.

Jack Pickford is critically ill and Mary is spending her entire time at his bedside.

Colleen Moore's ex, John McCormick, and Janet Gattis, his recent bride, are already divorced, just as MODERN SCREEN hinted they might be. Janet is being beau-ed by Dean Markham, one of Billie Dove's former admirers.

Joan Crawford has been named for the lead in Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen."

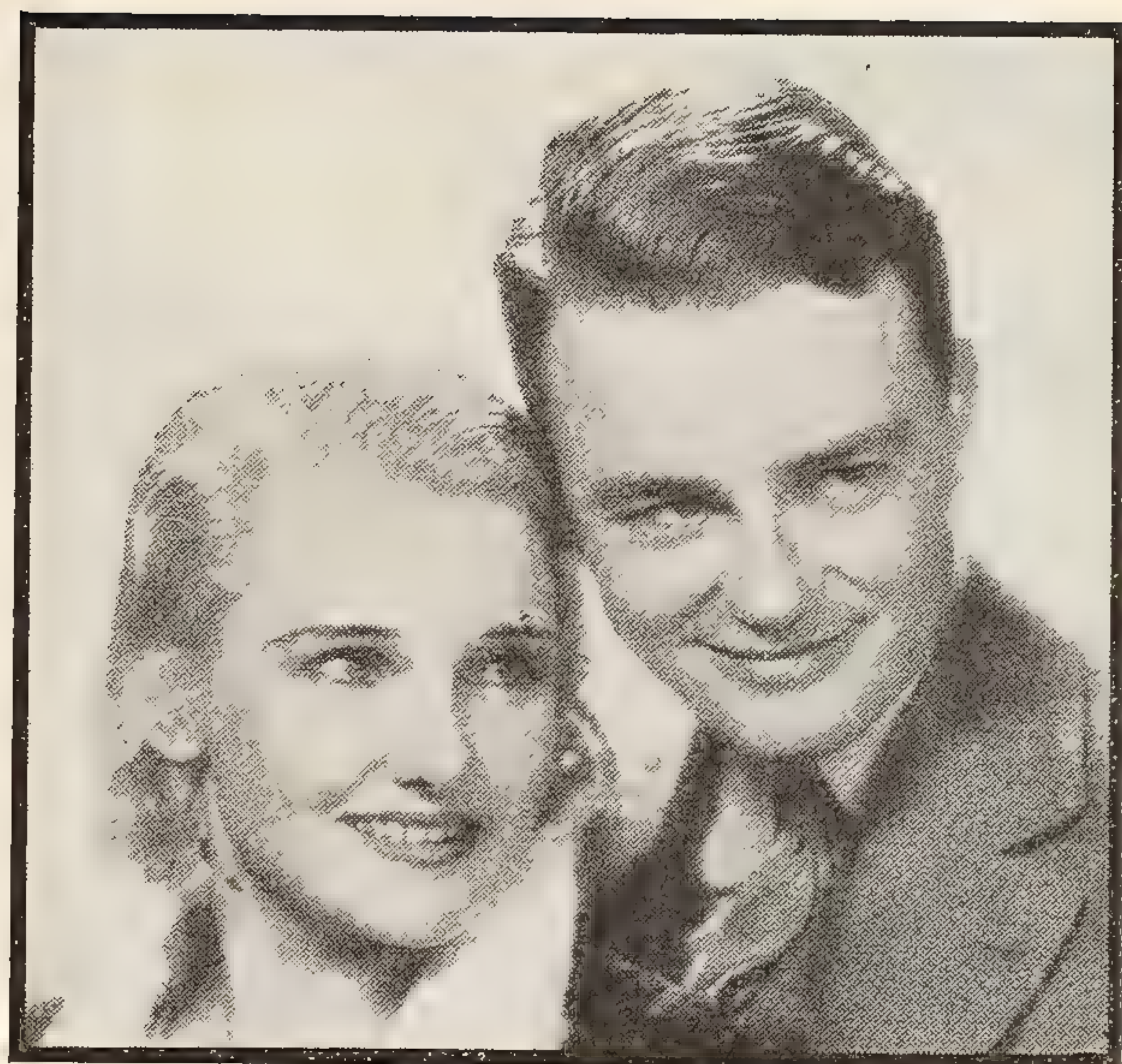
First National is trying hard to get Lewis Stone to play the lead opposite Lil Dagover in "I Spy."

All the details of the Lew Ayres-Lola Lane elopement!



Acme

Joan Bennett as she appeared at the Pacific Southwest tennis tournament. Yes, that's Joel McCrea sitting beside her. Joan is mending slowly.



Acme

Lola Lane and Lew Ayres, the latest Hollywood couple to up and visit the preacher. Lew said he was going hunting—but got married instead.

WHAT a battle was held at the Embassy Club the other day! Not a single word was spoken . . . and nary a blow exchanged, but still it was one of the best fights of the year. The contestants were Gloria Swanson and Lily Damita. It was sort of a battle-for-the-most-eyes by two of the world's greatest beauties. Sydney Smith, New York broker, led the cheering for Damita (and why not, he's in love with her) while Michael Farmer (of the Paris Farmers) tried to rouse the crowd to the potentialities of La Swanson. It was a great lunch hour for those who were fortunate enough to be present for the Battle of the Beauties.

Lew Ayres certainly showed Rudy Vallée that he wasn't the only young fellow who could steal a Hollywood "gorg" for a wife.

AT the Tennis Matches: After the first few preliminary games were over, many of the film colony were seen occupying boxes at Southwest Tennis Championships. Bill Powell was there with his new wife, Carole Lombard, who was spending her first day away from doctor's care. Carole has almost recovered from the illness that took her from the cast of "The Greeks." Joan Bennett added her beautiful presence to the convalescent atmosphere by appearing in a wheel chair (picture at top of page). Joan looked lovely in a chic sports outfit. Joel McCrea sat with her. Ronald Colman was getting a huge thrill out of the clever shots executed by the great tennis stars—you know Ronnie is quite a player himself. Others seen were: Harold Lloyd and his cameraman, George Fitzmaurice, the director, also William C. DeMille, Fredric March and many more.

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli gave a smart little dinner for some of the famous tennis stars competing at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. They also supplied a few beautiful ladies for the boys to escort to the party . . . and some of them have decided to make Hollywood their home!

THE Embassy Club must have been running a bit in the red . . . at least, when they had finished decorating their new Roof for supper dancing, they placed

a huge sign out in front: "Roof Open to the Public." So now the Boulevard in front of the once exclusive Embassy is crowded every night with tourists and countless automobiles. The commoners like you and I are now admitted into the inner sanctuary of the famous. This new plan, however, does not allow non-members to enjoy luncheon at the Club . . . as usual, that requires the little red membership card.

POLLY MORAN must have had a very interesting time on her trip East. While she was in Chicago, Polly decided to visit the scene of her early struggles. She tells of going over to a little hotel on Twelfth Street where she used to work as a maid and janitress. There she found that several of those who used to work with her still had the same jobs. Polly spent the entire day talking over old times . . . and especially of the time when she cleaned cuspidors at the little hotel.

Can you imagine the tremendous box-office appeal of this combination: Jean Harlow starring in "Platinum Blond"? Well, that is the title for Jean's picture . . . if she can finish her other engagements in time to jump over to the right studio!

A CERTAIN young Paramount star has a very angry wife on his hands these days. It seems that he has been doing quite a number of love scenes with a delectable lady of the films and the wife has come to the conclusion that ". . . the love and kisses are all too realistic" and that they must stop! From a very good source we learn that the wife really has good grounds for her stand . . . the actor actually *does* overdo the act a bit with that certain actress . . . liking her quite a deal more than any respectable married man should. It will no doubt be a thing of the past by our next issue . . . so we won't embarrass the principals by telling you their names now. But if this thing keeps up, we'll let you in on it.

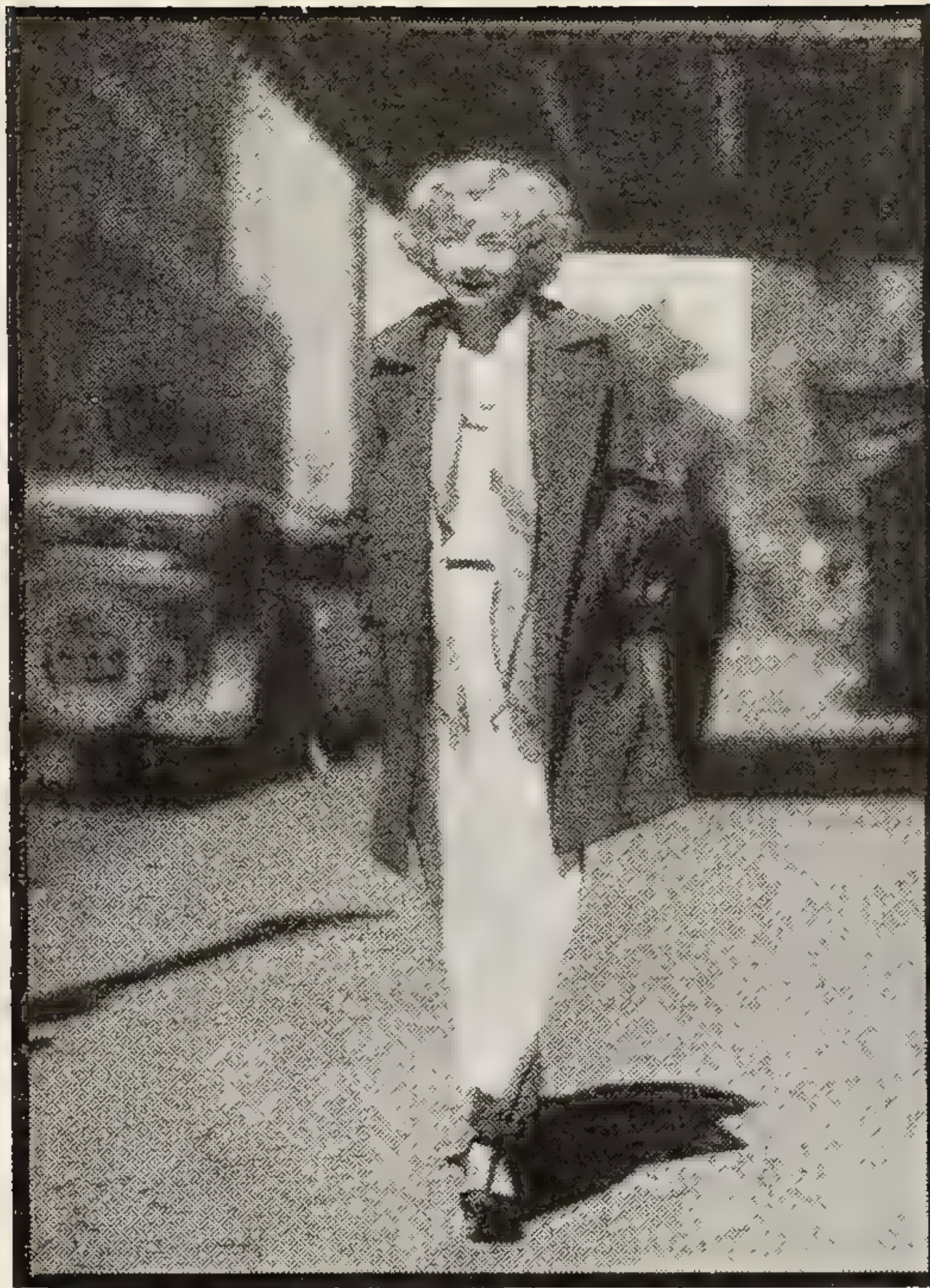
Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay manage to maintain a lot more dog than the average stars-with-chauffeur. Instead of the regular stuff, Frank drives the new phaeton with Barbara beside him . . . and the handy man occupies a lonesome back seat. Very grand.

So the Embassy Club isn't quite so snooty, these days!



Acme

Charlie Chaplin is still drifting around Europe, being entertained by eminent people. Here you see him with Winston Churchill, famous British statesman.



International

Alice White amazes staid Boston by appearing on the streets in pajamas, no less. Her vaudeville tour is going well. They say she'll return to the screen.



International

George Jessell greeting Maurice Chevalier on his return from abroad. Perhaps Maurice's trip helped cure the ailment we mentioned in a previous issue.

WILL ROGERS has certainly let his son pass him by in the matter of plain and fancy polo playing. Rogers, Jr., is now rated at better than three goals by many of the local lights and it looks as though he would do much better soon. Will says that he doesn't want the National Polo Association to rate the boy yet because: "... it will make his head swell so that he never *will* be a champion." Or maybe Will doesn't want it to get around that the kid has stolen the spotlight from under his nose! However, Will can still beat Darryl Zanuck!

Molly O'Day and that good boy of "Bad Girl," James Dunn, seem to be very much in love. Everyone was wondering who would cop the heart of this recruit from the New York stage, and most of Hollywood eligible girls were interested. But it took the Irish Noonan girl to make Jimmie interested.

BOTH "Queer People" and "Once In a Lifetime" are doomed to a temporary grave. Reason is that none of the actors want to play in them. Before Bill Haines re-signed with M-G-M, it was rumored that he would take the part of "Whitey," the erstwhile newspaperman in "Queer People," but that deal fell through at the last minute. Looks like Hollywood doesn't dare laugh at itself, even though Howard Hughes has already spent \$100,000 in preparation!

An actor, just released from prison, according to Variety, was telling a friend how he got out.

"Same old story," he said in a bored voice. "They didn't take up my option!"

NOW it comes to light that Dolores Del Rio just missed being a co-respondent in the Mary Aiken-Edwin Carewe divorce suit a couple of years ago by the skin of her teeth and the aid of her attorney.

The attorney is suing the Mexican actress for \$31,000 unpaid fees.

ALL that newspaper ballyhoo about the mystery marriage of Gloria Swanson and young Michael Farmer is so much gossip fodder. For one thing, it won't be possible for Gloria to re-marry until her divorce from the Marquis de la Falaise becomes final. And for another, we doubt very much whether either Mr. Farmer or Miss Swanson (thrice wed and divorced) want to get married. Michael's chief source of income is from a trust fund that will automatically stop if he should wed.

So we predict with quite a bit of assurance that there'll be no wedding bells for Gloria and Michael. We hope you're not disappointed. Michael and Gloria were having lunch at the Embassy when the headlines came out about their probable marriage. They just laughed!

Is Hope Williams, now in Hollywood, going to make a picture or not? Conflicting reports come to us.

BUT maybe you marriage-hounds won't be too disappointed, because the way things look now, Connie Bennett and the Marquis are planning to marry as soon as "Hank's" divorce from Gloria is final. After all was said and done, it seems that Connie and young Joel McCrea were just friends and that "Hank" has always been first in that lady's heart.

Nick, the smiling head waiter at the famous Brown Derby, is past master at not showing the surprise he oft-times feels. The other day one of the better known actors came into the Derby toting a suit-case, which he handed to Nick with reluctance.

"Do you want me to check the bag, sir?" asked the head waiter.

"Please," answered the notable, winking and smacking his lips. "If you could check it in the icebox, I'd appreciate it ever so much!"

YOU WILL FIND MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 72 and 92

There are heart rumors about James Dunn, the newest star

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Marlene Dietrich, wearing her best poker-face expression, is probably sternly suppressing a desire to beam happily over the fact that people have practically stopped comparing her with Garbo. Fans are anxiously awaiting her next picture, "Shanghai Express." Clive Brook is her leading man in that film. Following its completion, Marlene will go to Germany to do a screen version of Cleopatra's life, Josef von Sternberg directing, of course. Marlene lives in a Beverly Hills home formerly owned by Charles Mack and employs Bebe Daniels' former chauffeur. She numbers Joan Crawford and young Doug among her few friends.



Photograph by Ray Jones

Genevieve Tobin, much to her own surprise, has discovered that she's crazy about California. At first, she had a Broadway antipathy toward Hollywood and a New Yorker's natural longing for the big city. Genevieve's next picture will be "Oh, Promise Me." She lives in an exclusive apartment hotel with her mother, vacations at Santa Barbara and is planning a new home at Montecito, between Hollywood and the sea. She's a polo and football fan.



Photograph by Irving Lippman

Having finished "I Like Your Nerve," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will next make "Union Depot." He's been quite busy lately denying rumors about impending parenthood and a threatened divorce. He loves to do caricatures of his friends. And he does priceless imitations of his dad and John Barrymore. He keeps his hair cut now (Joan's influence) and eats plenty of potatoes and drinks milk to put on weight. And he's substituting a pipe for cigarettes.



Photograph by William Grimes

Did you know that Norma Shearer intended to retire after her baby's birth? However, "The Divorcée" started such a run of popular pictures that she has never gotten around to it. Her next picture will be "Private Lives" with Robert Montgomery. Yellow roses are her favorite flowers. She drives a big cream-colored Rolls-Royce.

MODERN
SCREEN'S



Photograph by Irving Lippman

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

James Cagney recently walked out of the Warner Brothers studio, demanding a salary raise, and got it—without being disagreeable, either. After "Larceny Lane" he'll do "Taxi, Please" with Loretta Young. He's devoted to Mrs. Cagney (who was his partner in his hooper days). They live simply and save money.



Photograph by Fred Hendrickson

Dorothy Lee is living in a house which she rented from ex-husband Jimmie Fidler. Dorothy keeps fit riding horseback, playing golf and tennis and working out on bar and rings in the backyard. She wants to marry again—some day—and have a family. She laughs at her own bow legs. Her next film, after "Peach o' Reno," will be "Girl Crazy."

MODERN
SCREEN'S



Photograph by Frank Powolny

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

James Dunn can't help it if he is the hit of the season—he just can't stop being a movie fan himself. He plays golf every day, because he's crazy about it, and because his contract says he must keep down to one hundred and fifty. Following his big hit in "Bad Girl," he sent for "mama" who now lives with him. After "Over the Hill" he'll do "Dance Team."

THE TRUE STORY OF SYLVIA SIDNEY



Little Sylvia (left), the misunderstood child to whom bread and butter became a menace more terrible than anyone could possibly believe. The bread and butter, in fact, brought on a crisis in Sylvia's young life. (Below) With Buster Collier, Jr., in "Street Scene," Sylvia's latest success.



By ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

IT was very still in the little room. The way it is in church when there is silent prayer. Across the crib the eyes of the young mother and father met. Then, gently, Beatrice Sidney stooped to kiss her baby's tiny hand.

"She will be free, Sigmund," Beatrice said softly. "Our little Sylvia . . ."

The man came around to his wife's side. He understood.

"Free," he said. "That is a beautiful word."

The hands of the clock on the bedside table warned him to hurry. No patient must be kept waiting in Sig-

mund Sidney's dental office a few blocks away. Especially now with Sylvia to think of, too.

Sylvia . . . she was born knowing things most people never know. As a baby she never gurgled with rapture at the rattle hung with silver bells and engraved with her pretty name. Instead she regarded it with grave green eyes. And growing older, she rarely played with her dolls. Instead she preferred a tablet of drawing paper and colored crayons. School she loathed. Boys she hated. And girls she found only a very little better. It used to worry Beatrice and Sigmund Sidney that Sylvia's voice never mingled with the voices of the neighborhood

. . . The gripping story of this little girl who just couldn't seem to adjust herself to her world is a human document every sensitive reader will understand

... Poor little Sylvia didn't want to be disobedient—it was rather that she couldn't help it. And, like a good many other parents, her mother and father did not understand her childhood and timidity and unsociability. Life was dreadfully unhappy to her as a child.



The Sylvia of today (right) has adjusted herself to her world and is the pride of her brave mother. The picture immediately above is of her mother taken not long after she left Russia—when Sylvia was not even an anticipation.



Sylvia's father, Sigmund Sidney. He was a hard-working dentist when he met Sylvia's mother, Beatrice. She was a costume designer in Wanamaker's. They fell in love at once, were married, and started house-keeping in the Bronx. Sylvia was born there.

children who roller-skated, jumped rope and indulged in all the other city, sidewalk games beneath their windows.

Sylvia was born in a free country, true enough! But she never has been altogether free. In her veins flows the blood of her father's Roumania and her mother's Russia. Therefore, if we are to understand Sylvia at all, we must know something of her parents first. She is, in truth, the fruit of her family tree. Which accounts for much of her rebellious unhappiness. Which accounts too, for her being able to play a murderess convincingly when she was only eighteen and for her being one of the most promising dramatic actresses on the screen now when she is barely twenty-one.

BEATRICE SIDNEY, Sylvia's mother, lived through the bloody horrors of indescribable Russian pogroms. Her family was forced to separate that they might hide better. And many a morning, disguised as a little peasant, Beatrice used to walk many city miles to make sure all had safely survived another long, cruel night.

Beatrice was fourteen the day the soldiers stood her brother-in-law up against a great stone wall and bayoneted him, not with one comparatively kind death-thrust but, viciously, six times. It was this that determined her to get away with as many members of the family

as she could possibly manage to take with her. Carefully, to avoid suspicion, she began selling their possessions. Her Sunday dress. Her mother's brooch. And toward the end, with every few kopecks bringing their escape appreciably nearer, the samovar went, too.

There were older sisters, but Beatrice had the stoutest heart. She managed everything. And so it came to pass that she was fifteen when, with her mother, one brother and three sisters, she stood on the deck of a steamer, America bound. Half way across the rough stretches of the Atlantic, while the ship lurched and pitched, she held tightly to her widowed sister's hand . . . It was then her niece was born; the posthumous daughter of the man the soldiers had bayoneted while he stood against that high gray wall.

Arriving in America. Beatrice had managed somehow. There was magic in the way she draped materials on figures. She was clever with her pencil. A few years of apprenticeship and learning American ways and she became one of John Wanamaker's most valued designers.

NO wonder, looking down upon her baby that August day in the year 1910, Beatrice Sidney marvelled that she should have been born free. It is, after all, only those who have endured the cruel rule of other lands who can properly value our national gift of freedom.

And it was fitting and proper, too, that Sigmund Sidney should have pronounced free a beautiful word. At seventeen he had come from Roumania. And for years thereafter he had worked by day and studied by night to win his D. D. S. Then he had met the beautiful Beatrice. And they had married and gone to live in a little flat up in the Bronx while a short distance away Sigmund had established his dental offices.

And then Sylvia came! It was perhaps for this they both had worked and dared and dreamed. That one day there might be a Sylvia. And that she might be free.

"If only," said Beatrice to Sigmund and Sigmund to Beatrice, "she would grow to be more like other children. If only she would be giggly and carefree and learn to curb her frightful temper."

But Sylvia's grandmother, who came to visit sometimes, used to shake her head at the prospect of any such transformation. Grandmother was old enough to be resigned to the inevitable, old enough to know that what is in the blood is in the blood.

"When she is much older, a young lady, then maybe she will learn to be gay sometimes," the old lady used to tell her daughter and son-in-law. "But deep within our Sylvia, even then, there will be sadness.

"Tsch! You two come to America and in one generation you expect a happy-go-lucky American. That cannot be. One generation! Tsch, it is as nothing. And you expect it to erase all the other generations that have gone before." And her voice would grow sad with her memories.

SYLVIA speaks of her grandmother who died a year or two ago with deep affection.

"My grandmother was orthodox," Sylvia says, "but never in my life have I encountered such tolerance and such understanding. Always her attitude was 'That is

not my way but it may be a good way.'

"I can remember grandmother at our table. My mother served dairy food with meat always. To my grandmother, of course, this was wrong. But she showed disapproval by no word or sign. She had her own dinner. That was all she asked.

"She cooked us Russian food sometimes. Blinis. And a spicy stew called shaschlick."

However, in spite of all that grandmother said, Beatrice and Sigmund Sidney continued to hope Sylvia would change. They were almost envious of friends whose children clattered about the house on their skates and never could be found at bedtime. They thought school might help. At five-and-a-half Sylvia was sent to kindergarten.

For an hour she sat quietly in her little yellow chair and made baskets out of strips of bright paper and drew pussy-willows. Then she decided she had had enough. Pushing back her chair with a great clatter she went to the cloak closet and finding her hat and coat, she started for the door.

"Sylvia," the teacher said, "you can't go home. School isn't over yet."

"But I'm going home just the same," Sylvia announced. And home she went.

Her mother was waiting for her. The teacher had telephoned. She had seemed a little nonplussed at the calm way in which Sylvia had ignored her authority.

TAKING Sylvia on her lap Beatrice Sidney explained that she must never do anything like that again, and when she was in school she must obey the teacher. And then she took her back. However, Sylvia never was to enjoy any part of it. And always the close smell of starched dresses and lunch boxes was to make her a little ill.

At any rate, kindergarten failed to change Sylvia one iota. Always she came directly home, as fast as her little legs could carry her. Always she came alone.

Perhaps boarding-school where Sylvia would be away from them and forced to seek companionship in other children, would effect the desired miracle. Beatrice and Sigmund Sidney decided it was worth the experiment. So, early one Sunday morning the following September Sylvia and her mother started off in a car for upper New York state where the school that had been decided upon was located.

Sylvia wore a new hat. And shiny new shoes. If she bent forward in her seat she could see her reflection in the stubby toes. It helped pass the time.

"I won't like the school, you know," she warned her mother.

Beatrice Sidney took her little hand. "Wait until you see it, Sylvia. Then decide."

That school, when they reached it late in the afternoon, was a sight to warm almost any child's heart. There were great trees under which to have secrets. Gently sloping lawns. And lovely fragrant gardens. Sylvia, however, refused to be charmed by any of it. With her eyes down and holding tightly to her mother's hand she walked up the gravel pathway. To her it was a place of possible exile. She still hoped her mother really wouldn't leave her.

INSIDE, the chatter and laughter of the girls walking through the wide hall filled Sylvia with anything but



Beatrice Sidney, Sylvia's mother, at the time of Sylvia's first real conquest of the theater—about five years ago. Although she did not at first understand Sylvia, Beatrice tried in every way to help her. That is part of Sylvia Sidney's wonderful success.

delight. The refectory with six to a dozen children at each table appalled her. She ate no dinner. Even though ice cream was the tempting dessert. She hoped her mother would be impressed by the hard way she was taking all of it and decide that boarding-school wouldn't do after all.

Upstairs in the recreation room after dinner the children gathered in a large and happy semi-circle around a teacher.

"Go over with the rest of the girls," Mrs. Sidney said. And she gave Sylvia, seemingly glued to her side, a little push. "The teacher is going to tell a bed-time story." Stories, she knew, were something Sylvia couldn't resist. Slowly Sylvia left her side and seated herself, her slim legs curled under her, tailor fashion, a little off from the group. Like the period under a question mark. Apart. That was Sylvia, always.

"Once upon a time," the teacher began, "there was a little boy who lived in Holland. His grandfather had told him all about the heavy dykes that held back the sea..."

Sylvia listened intently. Here was a new story. It had been a long time since her mother or her grandmother had had a new story to tell her. But the old ones, told and retold, they were good, too.

"If the sea should overflow," (Continued on page 112)

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT DOUG AND MARY



Who does not remember Mary as Little Lord Fauntleroy? Madame Glyn, however, liked this perhaps the least of Mary's films. She tells you why in the story.



A busy young executive, trying not to look too earnest. Yes, it's Doug when he was about twenty-one. This was in the days before the films—and Mary—knew him.

IT is ten years since I first met Douglas and Mary. I remember I was just coming off one of the stages of the old Paramount lot on Vine Street when Mr. Cecil DeMille introduced a very dark, slim young man. This was the Douglas Fairbanks of whom I had heard so much!

I was so new to everything concerned with moving pictures that I was still at the stage when I judged people by European standards; and I remember I thought Douglas looked just like any one of the young nobles at the Spanish Court where I had been a guest immediately before coming to Hollywood.

I felt I ought to speak to him in Spanish, which I hardly knew! But he greeted me in good American, and said he hoped I would like California, and that I must meet Mary.

And a few days after that I dined with them in their bungalow in Beverly Hills. In those days it was so far out in the wilds that the chauffeur of the car I hired could not find the road. We seemed to wander about, and at last we found ourselves back at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and from there procured a guide! On my return journey my host and hostess kindly sent their car back with me as far as Sunset Boulevard, as it was then hardly

safe for one car in those lonely lanes late at night; indeed, often for several winters after that, driving back alone, or with Mrs. Pickford, we used to take off our rings and pearl necklaces and hide them under the rug on the floor in case of accidents!

MY first impression of Pickfair was gained during my arrival under a tunnel archway and being admitted at the bottom of a steep little stair! But having mounted that I entered a pretty hall and down two or three steps found a cosy sitting room. It had a simple, rather English country look, some comfortable chairs and sofas covered with cretonne, while part of the walls had white painted bookshelves with quantities of books in them. Then there was a big open fireplace with friendly burning logs, and everywhere there were lovely flowers.

The whole atmosphere was full of peace and love—For there stood Mary!

She was certainly the youngest looking married woman one had ever seen! She appeared to me then as just a child of fourteen or so, and though perfectly lovely—immature as well!

I was astonished to see how small she was! For the reason, I suppose, that the average English girl is about

• • • With sympathy and insight, this famous writer recalls intimate and revealing memories about the King and Queen of Movieland

By ELINOR GLYN

Elinor Glyn—famous writer of many novels, widely traveled cosmopolite and student of human nature—has met and known intimately famous folk in all walks of life. She numbers Doug and Mary among her many friends and in this story she gives you a vivid and charming picture of them.



(Left) A bold, bad pirate and his lass, up to no good. Or, in other words, an exceedingly informal snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks—caught on the Pickford-Fairbanks lot some years ago. (Above) Mary and Doug and Edward Knoblock, the well known playwright, snapped on the lot when Mary was making "Rosita."

five feet seven or eight. She greeted me so kindly, she guessed I must be very lonely in a strange land.

I loved Mary from the first moment.

My amazement never ceased at hearing real considered wisdom emerging from those baby lips. No one could listen to Mary without being struck by her intelligence, her common sense, shrewdness and quiet dignity. Her eyes were like stars, and her dear little face expressed character and determination.

At dinner she and Douglas sat side by side, and often held hands. They were really in love and not ashamed to show it.

EVERYTHING was very simple in their home then, but well done and charming and, as in those days

Hollywood was rather velvety, with pseudo-Spanish horrors of furniture and enormous mammoth upholstered armchairs, the fresh cretonne seemed a delicious relief.

Their conversation, too, was quite different in tone from any I had yet heard in Movieland. They were interested in outside things, and Douglas, especially, talked of world events and foreign peoples.

We saw a picture afterwards, which was the invariable custom—and it was delightful to sit upon a comfortable sofa covered with a warm rug. (It is always cold watching pictures!)

The screen drew down over the end window. Douglas and Mary always sat together, and sometimes the dear tired little thing would go to sleep on her husband's shoulder, cuddled in his arms like a child.

I remember being so struck with Mary's adoration of her mother. She went off to telephone to her twice in that first evening. Coming from Europe so lately where there are sometimes not these matriarchal devotions, I

An old picture (below) of Doug and Mary and one of their several beautiful police dogs. The picture was taken in April, 1920, soon after they were married. Madame Glyn says in the story that she has never seen a more devoted couple. "They were really in love," she writes.



International

(Above) This picture was taken last June when Mary and Doug returned aboard the "Empress of Britain" from Europe. Eleven years have brought the Fairbankses many changes—many more than the bobbing of the famous and beautiful Pickford curls.

was much interested in Mary's filial devotion. This evening was the forerunner of many happy hours and week-ends.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was often one of the party, which never consisted of more than six or eight people. And what delicious make-believe he and Douglas used to put over! I remember one Christmas in those early days when they played judge and prisoner in a murder case, which made us laugh so we nearly had hysterics.

Everyone was friendly and joyous and carefree in those old days.

And I never in all my travels over the world have seen such true love and devotion as Douglas and Mary showed toward each other.

For me they were the kindest friends, always sympathetic about my struggles to get reality into the pictures I was doing. Douglas had just made "The Mark of Zorro"—the most entrancing movie I have ever seen (I stood on line three times to enjoy it again and again!). He was now beginning "The Three Musketeers." Mary was making "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I could not bear that, because of her portraying both "Dearest" and

"Fauntleroy." No artist playing two rôles can arouse emotion in an audience, because all reality is lost, and the only feeling is one of admiration for the cleverness shown, or one of curiosity as to how the trick is done.

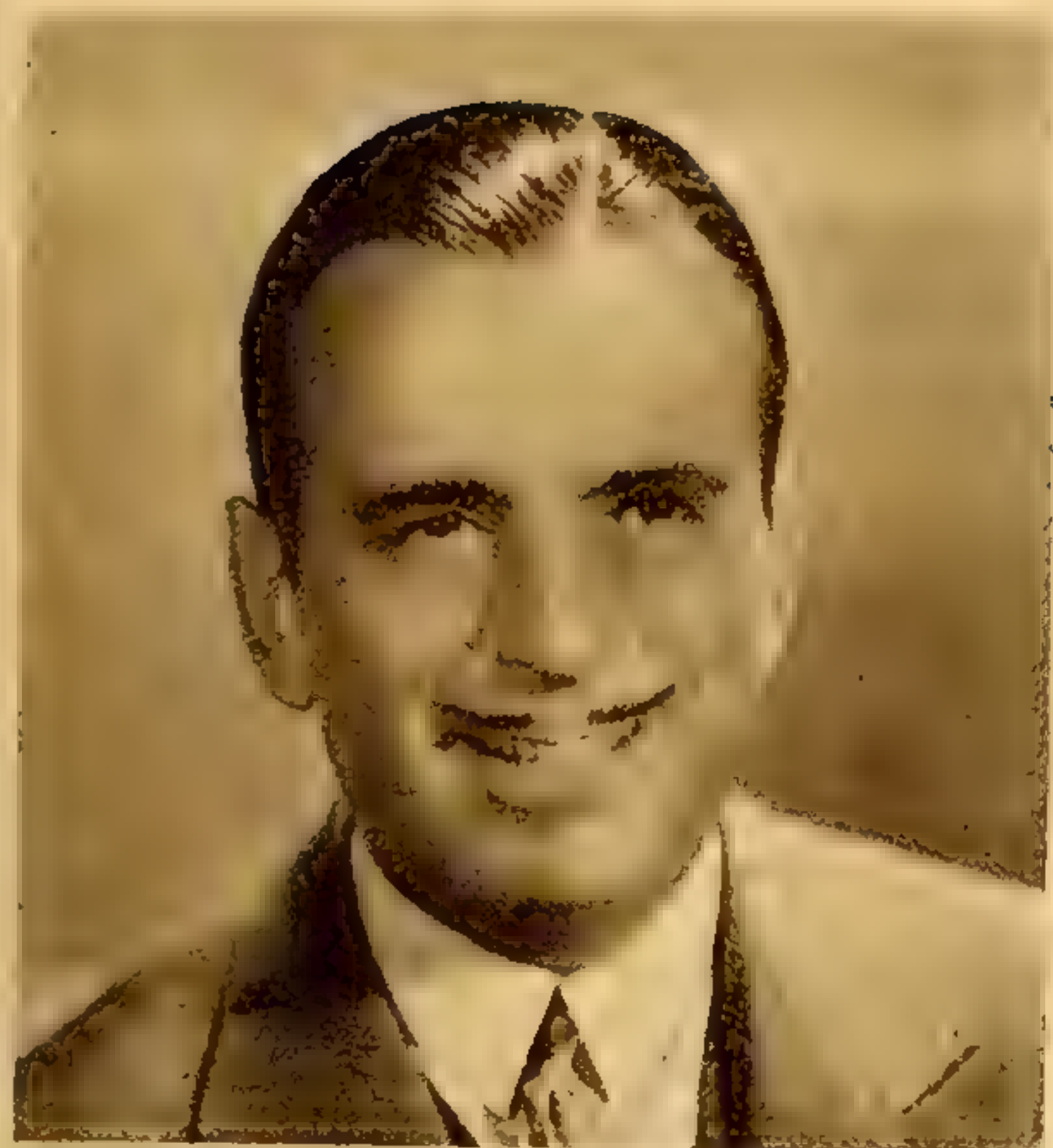
I DO not think the subconscious mind of Mary's fans has ever quite recovered from the shock of having adoration for Mary's personality destroyed by seeing her demonstrating cold technical ability instead of causing the usual real heart throbs.

I remember when I first went round the sets with her I longed to ask her to scrap the whole thing—but I did not know her well enough then.

My next admiration for Mary came from the marvelous way she learned French so rapidly. After about a year of constant, patient study taken in off half-hours on the set or in her bungalow, Mary acquired perfect French, both in accent and grammar, and could talk fluently. The pluck to do this when very busy and often very tired!

We all crossed over to Europe together one time—I think it was Mary's second visit there—and it was so delightful to see the reception they were given. Mrs. Pickford was with them then, such a kind woman.

The aspect of Pickfair began (Continued on page 118)



WHITHER THESE FOUR?

. . . What of Mary and Doug? And the younger Doug and Joan? Do their futures bode happiness? Or will it be . . . ?

By HARRIET PARSONS

THE past year has brought repeated rumors of the shattering of filmdom's greatest romance—that of Queen Mary and King Doug of Pickfair. Rumors which rocked Hollywood and the world and have not been laid at rest yet. And now, strangely, a parallel rumor hovers over the second generation of Hollywood's royal family—Prince Doug, the Second, and Princess Joan. The junior Fairbanks followed in the footsteps of Mary and Doug in their romantic marriage, their passionate and idealistic devotion to one another, and the sweeping publicity which accompanied it. And now, if reports can be believed, they are following again in the threatened breaking up of their marriage.

Just how much credence can be lent to these reports that the two most publicized unions in motion picture history are approaching dissolution? Just what is the present situation between Mary and Doug—between Doug and Joan? Will there be divorce in the Fairbanks dynasty? Will there, perhaps, be two divorces? Or will these two world-famous couples adjust their problems and keep their marriages intact?

This much I know—that in spite of all denials and statements to the press there are marital complications and problems—serious ones—in both households. That there have been vital emotional situations to be faced and difficult adjustments to be made and that this marriage drama of the four Fairbanks is still going on, and no one can make more than a shrewd guess at its outcome.

NOW, Doug, Jr., and Joan have grown more sensible in the past year. They go out more often. They see more of other people. There is less of the puppy love attitude about them. They seem to have passed through their adolescent and infatuated period of baby talk and public love-making and settled down into a more normal married life. In fact, much of this talk

On the preceding pages, Elinor Glyn told her memories of Doug and Mary. Now Harriet Parsons tells what she knows—of their present emotional tangles. And Joan and young Doug's. A keen and sympathetic account of four people's problems

of a separation between them is due to that very fact. If, in the first months of their marriage they had not spread things on quite so thickly and shown their feelings so much publicly, people would not notice so much now that they are less frantically doting. Curious, but much the same thing that happened to Mary and

Doug is now happening to the younger Fairbanks. Mary and Doug were devotedly—almost frantically—absorbed in one another for many years. They kept their marriage at a romantic pitch for so long and built it into such a tradition that when, normally and inevitably, they ceased to feel and behave quite so feverishly, it caused a furor. Joan and Doug, Jr., started out to make the same mistake—but their adjustment has apparently come much sooner.

Joan and Doug began their married life under serious handicaps. There was first of all the fact that they were news—that their every move was in the limelight. This is the same handicap which has bitterly hampered Mary and Doug in bringing their marriage through a difficult and trying, but perfectly natural, period of adjustment. There was also the fact that so much had been written and said about Doug, Sr.'s disapproval of his son's match. Doug, Jr., was such a youngster—and Joan had rather a gay reputation. The general attitude was that she had set her cap for the young scion of the royal family and that ambition and not love was her ruling motive in marrying him.

NOW Joan is a very intense person. She goes in for everything—from a new dance step to marriage—with complete passionate earnestness. During the first months of her marriage to young Doug she set out to prove to the world that their marriage was a real love match. She was determined to show beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was serious, and that she could make a success of matrimony and (Continued on page 107)



THE LOVES OF CLARK GABLE

Norma was the name of the second girl whose charms captivated Clark Gable. She lived in Akron, Ohio, and although she was a pretty and attractive girl it was her voice, really, with which Gable fell in love—her speaking voice. He always remembered it.



. . . The whole world is interested in the women Clark Gable has loved. Here he gives the facts about his romances for the first—and last—time

By WALTER RAMSEY



Says Gable, "Some I have tried to forget—with just as much difficulty as trying to remember others. . . . A few reached the point of romance. . . ."

ALMOST since the day Clark Gable's first picture was shown in Hollywood, he has been asked to give his views on women, love, marriage and divorce. His answer has always been "No!" But in this statement, exclusive to MODERN SCREEN, he tells for the first time all of his thoughts, ideals and illusions with regard to the many women he has known—a few of whom he has learned to love.

"Right at the outset," he said, "I want it understood by those who read this magazine that I have been married *twice*—not four times, as an erroneous report has it. Nor have I a son—as another report stated. I would have absolutely no reason to be untruthful about the subject in any way . . . many persons have been married a number of times and in most instances married people have children. But I haven't . . . so far."

I was quite impressed with this opening statement of Clark Gable's for the reason that it proved him the type of man who likes to put "his cards on the table" . . . and that is the type of man I have learned to believe. The sincerity with which he portrays a character on the screen isn't lost one whit in his off-screen attitude. He has the same tone of conviction over a luncheon table that you have learned to enjoy over the microphone. He is a splendid fellow, personally, and a real gentleman. I asked him, rather hesitantly, to tell me of all the women he had known in his life . . . right from the beginning. He had promised me the story and he came through. But the manner in which Clark Gable tells of the women he has known, stamps him all the deeper as a gentleman. *You* be the judge!

Clark's first experience with love will thrill you with its charming sincerity and youthfulness. Treela was her name. Clark even went to church on her account. Other loves followed that first one, but its memory lingered on for many years

THE first *woman* I ever knew," he began with a smile, "made a new man of me! She was seven and I was eight. She was short . . . dark . . . beautiful . . . and brown-eyed. Her name was Treela . . . and since she is now happily married I shall keep her other name a secret. Why it was that I suddenly found myself thinking about her during every waking hour . . . and dreaming about her at night, I don't know. Up until the time I first saw her I always had utter disdain for 'gurls' and had laughed at any of the boys in the gang who gave the opposite sex the slightest glance or thought.

"Two weeks after I met Treela, however, I found my-

self in a church pew listening with one ear to the Sunday school sermon . . . and watching Treela with both eyes. It rather startled me, I remember, to find myself in church . . . mostly, I suppose, because I had always gone fishing instead. Sunday school had been another thing the gang had always avoided . . . religiously! So, as I said, the first woman I ever knew made a new man of me.

"And believe me, ours was more than a puppy love affair. We swore undying love to each other. Appeared haughty when asked to play Post Office or any of the other games that all the kids went in for. We told each other than it would 'cheapen our love.' And I really believe it *was* more sincere than most youngsters' love affairs . . . it lasted five years . . . and I still call that more than a passing acquaintance! It was Treela who set the styles—as far as women have been concerned in my life. She was distinctly feminine . . . quite short . . . dark brown hair and the same shade of eyes. She has always remained in my mind as a little old-fashioned girl.

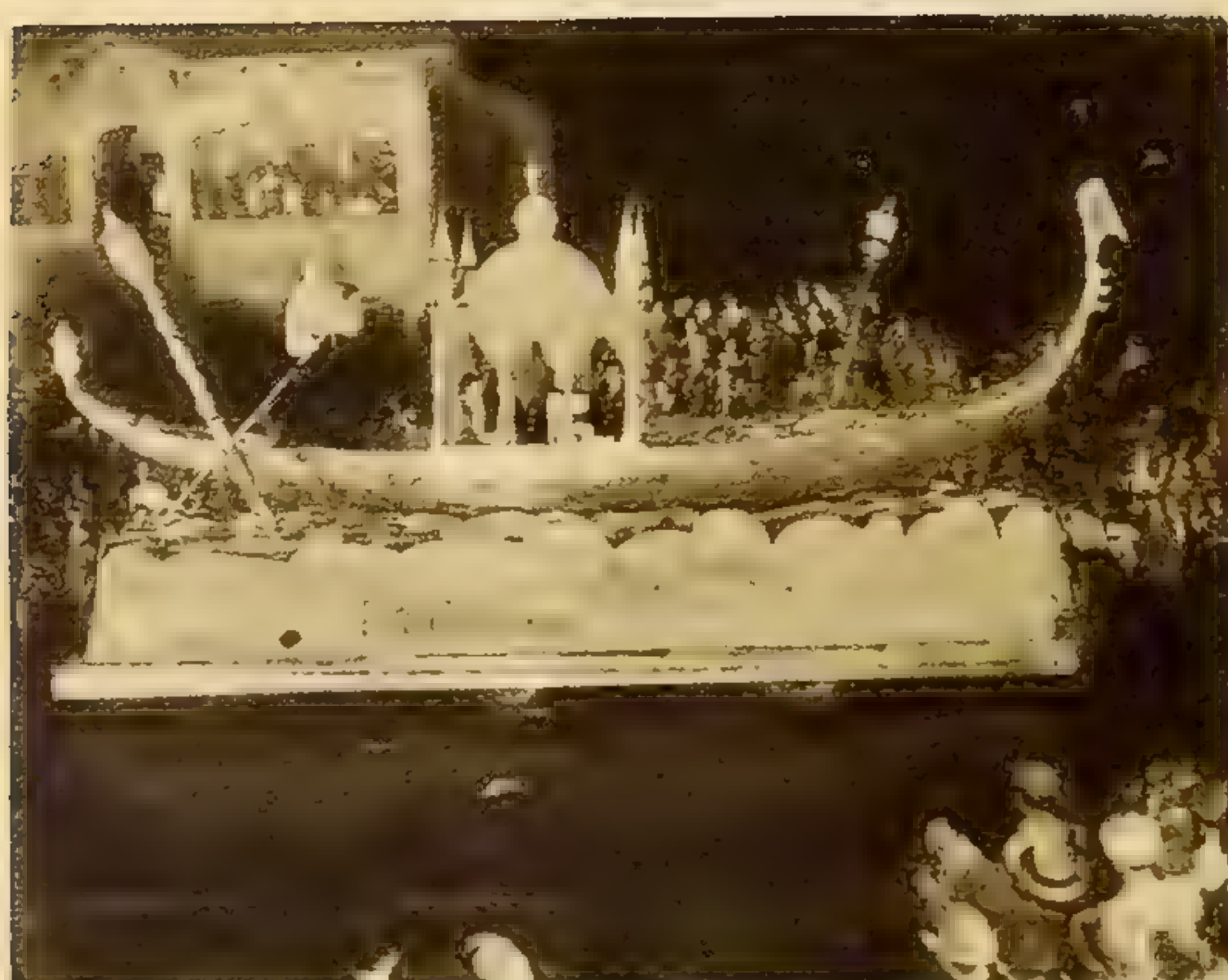
"To show you how much she impressed me, I can truthfully say that until a short time ago I thought of her every day of my life! In fact, so often did my mind wander back over the memories of the five years that Treela and I 'went steady' as kid sweethearts, that I decided at one time that I would have to go back to the small town in Ohio and see if she still remembered me.

"I went back to the little place where I had been born and brought up—and I found Treela! Not the same little girl I had been carrying in my memory for all the years . . . but a grown woman. A woman who had been married for quite some time and who introduced me to her husband and two of the cutest little kiddies I've ever seen. But I lost something by going back. I replaced the beautiful memory of a little girl . . . with a vivid recollection of a mature woman. The little girl (Continued on page 130)



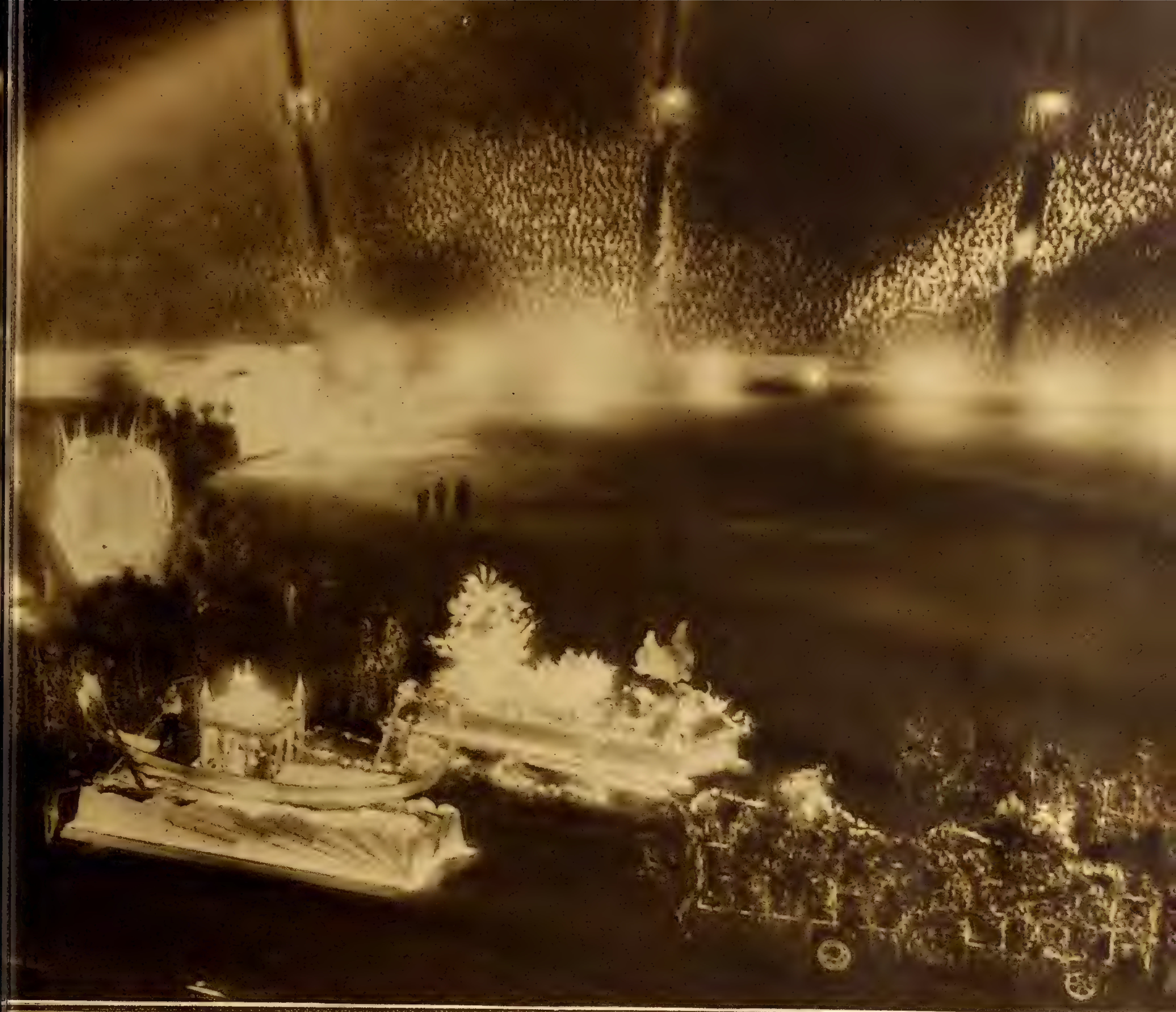
LA FIESTA

PAGEANT OF JEWELS

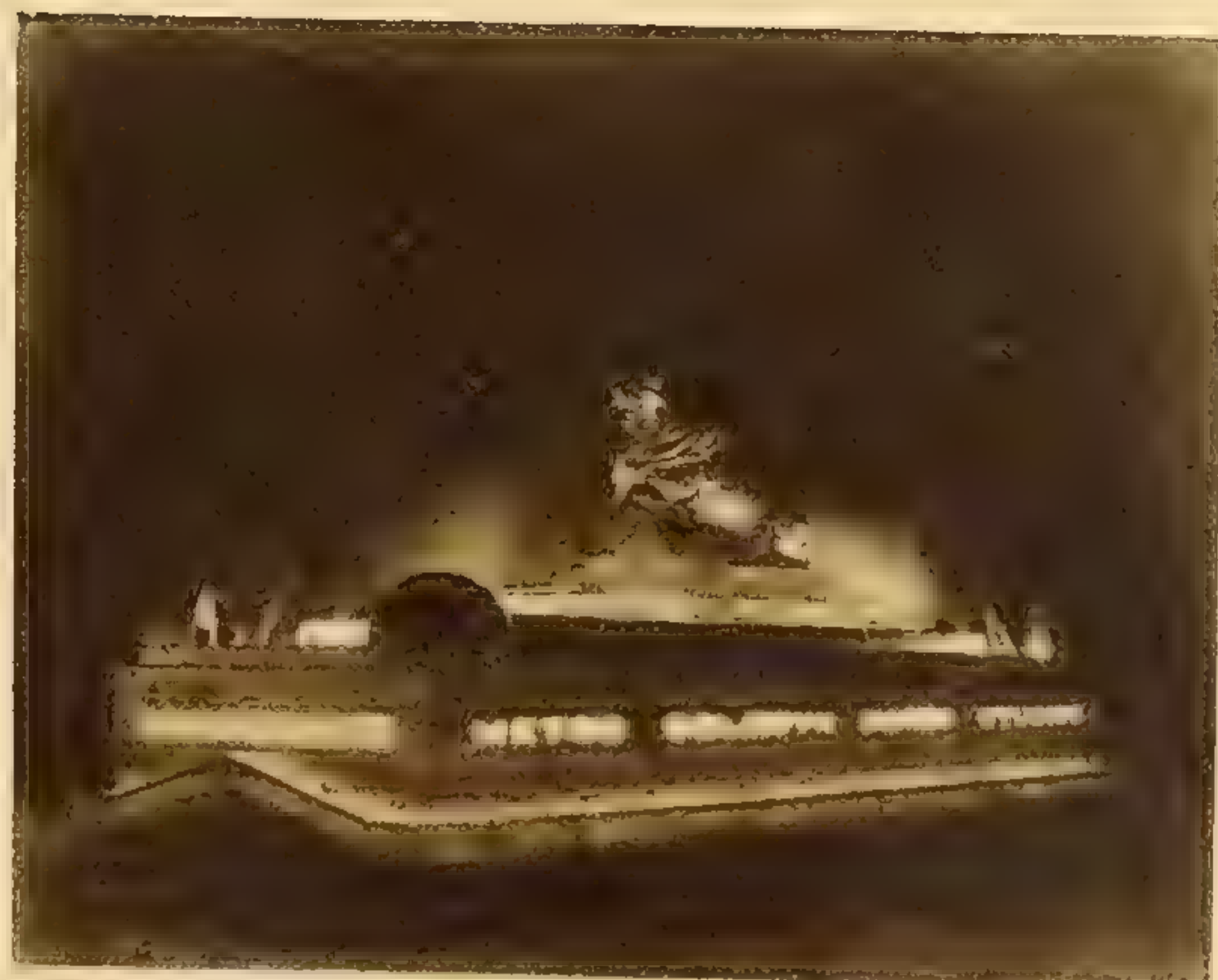
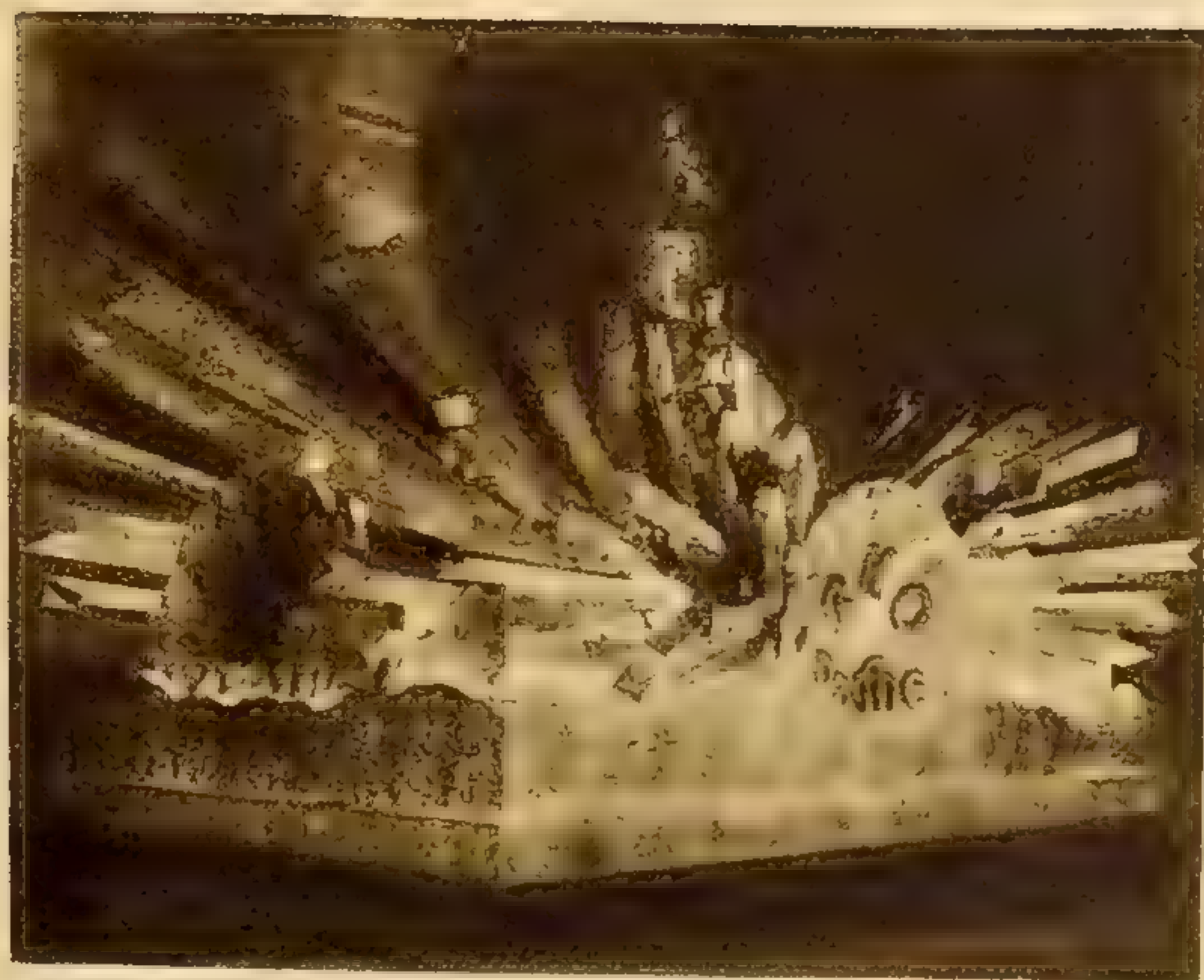


THE Pageant of Jewels was the movie companies' splendid contribution to the celebration of Los Angeles' One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary. Every movie company sent a beautifully decorated float and many of the most famous stars were there in person to take part in the celebrations.

Above, across the top of the page, is a general view of the Los Angeles Stadium where the celebration was held. The small pictures are some of the floats. They are, reading from left to right: Howard Hughes (Caddo Company), Warner Brothers, Paramount, RKO-Radio, RKO-Pathé, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



. . . On this and the following pages we present the finest collection of impressive and intimate pictures of movie night at the Los Angeles Sesqui-Centennial



Harold Lloyd was the Grand Marshal of the parade. Conrad Nagel was the radio Master of Ceremonies. Preceding the floats a string of cars appeared bearing many stars, among them: Dick Barthelmess, William Powell, Reginald Denny, Robert Montgomery, Warner Baxter, Elissa Landi (you'll find pictures on pages 40 and 41).

One of the most important contributions to the festivities was the presence of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1931. Dolores Del Rio was their hostess.

Altogether it was one of the greatest public events Los Angeles has ever seen. The city was full of gratitude to the movie companies for their assistance.



Some of the Wampas Stars. Left to right: Sidney Fox, Joan Blondell, Marian Marsh, Dolores Del Rio (hostess), Anita Louise, Rochelle Hudson. The couple with backs turned are Joan Marsh and Clark Gable.



You know all about Fox's own Débutante Stars of Tomorrow, of course. You see them here (left) as they appeared in the parade. Left to right: Conchita Montenegro, Helen Mack and Linda Watkins. (Above) Conrad with Karen Morley and Joan Marsh, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Wampas Stars.

. . . The pretty Wampas Baby Stars, shown on these pages, were much in evidence at the Pageant of Jewels



Dolores Del Rio, hostess to the Wampas Baby Stars, says the customary "few words" over the microphone. Behind her is Ivan Lebedeff, her escort. To her left is John L. Johnston, President of the Wampas. At the right is Conrad Nagel, the Master of Ceremonies and announcer of the fête.

First National Studios were represented in the Wampas Baby Stars by Joan Blondell. She has already appeared in a number of pictures among which the most popular was "Illicit." No doubt you remember it very well. This lady will be doing big things these next few years.



Two extremely famous representatives of two extremely famous movie companies. In other words, Mr. William Powell, ace star of Warner Brothers Pictures, and Mr. Richard Barthelmess, ace star of First National Pictures. Of course you know they're great personal friends, these two.



Representing the Fox company, Elissa Landi and Warner Baxter rode in one of the automobiles which preceded the floats. Incidentally, we refer you to our story concerning Elissa's ancestors on page 62. We wanted to secure the truth for you on this much talked of matter. And we did!



After the cars carrying the stars which preceded the floats had circled the stadium, the stars adjourned to the boxes from where they watched the rest of the festivities. Above, reading in the customary manner from left to right, we have: Louise Fazenda, husband Hal Wallis, Richard Barthelmess, William Powell and Harold Lloyd.



(Above, left) Harold Lloyd as he appeared as Grand Marshal of the Parade. He circled the bowl at the head of the parade and got a very big hand. He had to wear his famous glasses as the public wouldn't have recognized him without them. (Above, right) Conrad Nagel doing the announcing. The Wampus Baby stars passed in review and he announced each one separately. (Right) Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey—part of the great audience, watching the Pageant of Jewels.





♦ ♦ ♦ On these pages are some of the finest specially posed intimate pictures you ever saw—the stars are watching the brilliant Pageant of Jewels

The pictures on these two pages specially posed for MODERN SCREEN (excepting Harold Lloyd in car) and photographed by Lippman through the courtesy of Warner Bros. and First National Pictures



International



You never saw such a collection of stars and well known players. Every time you turned around another famous person came into view. Above, Ralph Forbes, who, in case you've forgotten, is the husband of Ruth Chatterton, Madame Schumann-Heink, who took part in the ceremonies, and Ruth Chatterton. (Left) Glenn Tyron, Helen Mann (you may have seen her in comedies) and Bobby Vernon.



Some delightful intimate stuff taken during the evening of the Pageant of Jewels. Reading clockwise: William Powell and Richard Barthelmess with Mayor Porter. Darryl Zanuck, Warner Brothers executive and famous polo player, Harold Lloyd and Douglas Fairbanks. Will Rogers, Jr., (see any resemblance to the old man?) and Raymond Griffith, of comedy fame. And last: George Bancroft just before he spoke his radio piece.



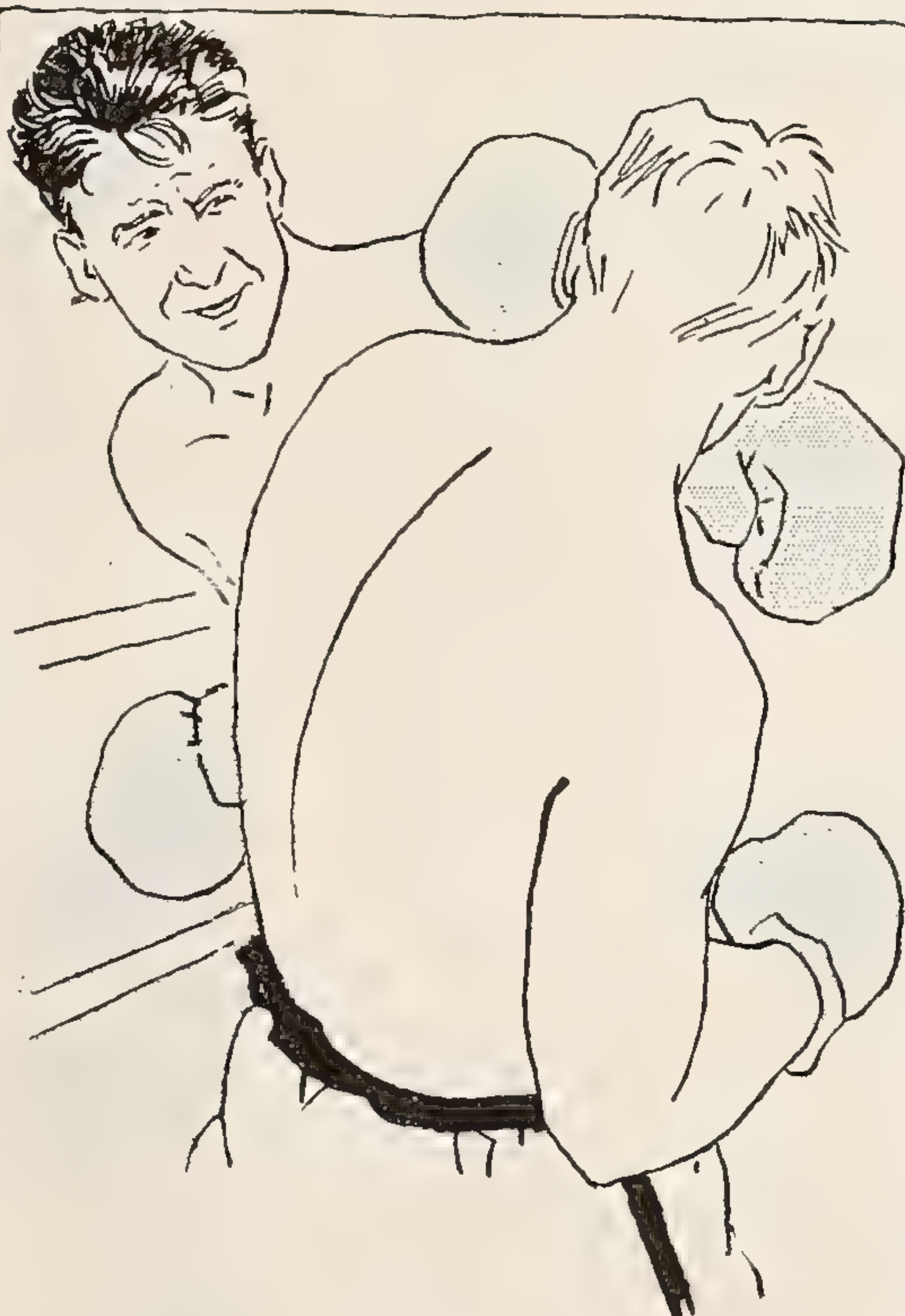
ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



IT COST A STUDIO \$11,000 PRODUCTION TIME WHEN A CAT BEING USED IN A SCENE CLIMBED UP ON A RAFTER AND REFUSED TO COME DOWN.



CONSTANCE BENNETT NEVER REMOVES THAT SILVER LINK BRACELET FROM HER RIGHT ARM. . . . WHEN IT ISN'T APPROPRIATE TO HER COSTUME SHE SENDS ANOTHER BRACELET OVER IT. . . .



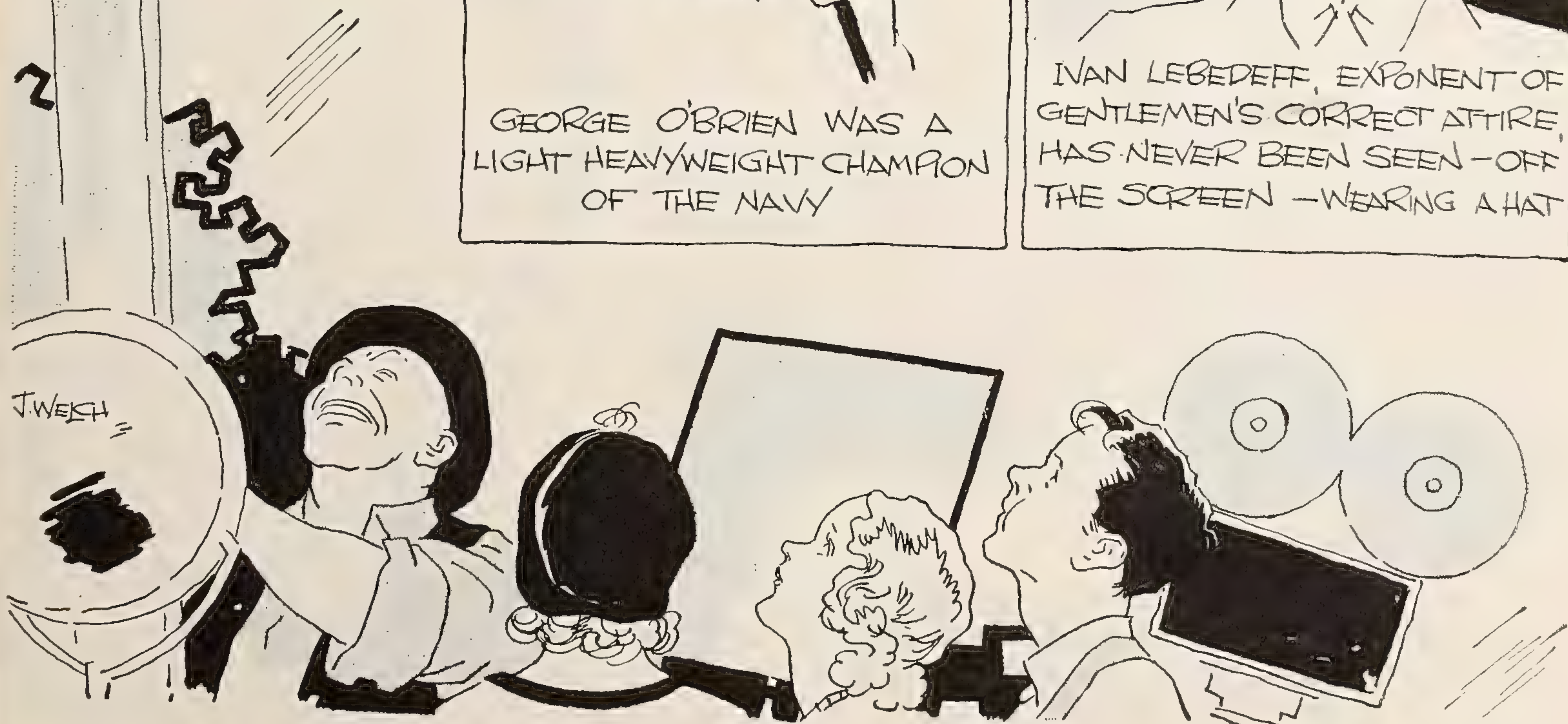
GEORGE O'BRIEN WAS A LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE NAVY



EDDIE QUILLAN HAS PLAYED GOLF TEN YEARS AND NEVER LOST A BALL! (HE'S SCOTCH)



IVAN LEBEDEFF, EXPONENT OF GENTLEMEN'S CORRECT ATTIRE, HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN — OFF THE SCREEN — WEARING A HAT



HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES BY MAIL

By JACK JAMISON

Año de 1931.

Juicio Núm. 217.

JUZGADO DE LO CIVIL



DISTRITO BRAVOS

CIUDAD JUAREZ,
CHIH.

CIVIL por DIVORCIO:

Empty rectangular boxes for case details.

Inic. el 31 de Julio de 1,931.

El Juez,

El Secretario,

C Lic. ANTONIO DEL ROSAL.

C Esteban Briones Mar

Imp. ALFA. 500 656-31



Milton Golden, a clever Hollywood lawyer, who has handled a large number of the countless movie divorces.

Republic of
State of Chi
City of Cd.

I, Everett F. Drumright, Vice Consul of
the United States of America, for the consular
district of Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, duly commissioned
and qualified, do hereby certify to the best of my
knowledge and belief that the signature and the seal
of Antonio del Rosal, Judge of the Civil Court,
Bravos District, at Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico,
appearing on the annexed document, are true and
genuine and entitled to full faith and credit.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto
subscribed my name and affixed my
official seal this 20th day of
August, 1931.

Everett F. Drumright
EVERETT F. DRUMRIGHT
Vice Consul of the United States
of America.

Service No. 4 708
Fees \$3.00



An actual Mexican decree which was obtained by mail without either of the interested parties appearing in Mexico. (Above) The first page of the absolute decree. (Right) The American Counsel's notarization.



♦ ♦ ♦ An amazing revelation as to how Hollywood obtains such very quick divorces

(Left) When Grant Withers wanted to marry Loretta Young he obtained a quick divorce from the woman who was his wife at the time. Yes, he used the post office method. (Right) And so did Nancy Carroll when she divorced Jack Kirkland.



RENO?

"Huh!" sniffs Hollywood. "We know a better way than that!"

People throw up their hands in horror over Reno, where a divorce may be got in six weeks. Hollywood knows a place where you can not only get one in four weeks, but marry again the same day!

And there is at least one case on record of a popular young leading man doing just exactly that! He filed his papers, waited the necessary month until he heard that the judge was ready to grant the decree, then rushed into court with his new bride-to-be on his arm. No sooner did the judge conclude reading the papers which marked the exit of the old wife, than he assumed the rôle of Cupid and married the young star to his new one. The whole affair took something like five minutes flat. Then the bridal party adjourned to Agua Caliente and enjoyed what is known out west as a beer bust.

Where can such things happen? To mention Agua Caliente, the famous resort to which Hollywood adjourns when it feels like betting on the ponies or squandering money at black-jack, chuckaluck, and roulette, gives away the secret. Agua Caliente, translated into English, means Hot Water. The stars get into Hot Water often enough, although that isn't what they drink when they go there. And Agua Caliente is in—

Mexico! Or, as the natives insist upon spelling it, Mejico—the divorce ground of Hollywood.

PEOPLE in Hollywood have known for a long while that, after a divorce, it was possible to re-marry in Mexico without waiting the year required by California law. You may remember that Charlie Chaplin, after his California divorce, went to Mexico to marry Lita Grey. But it is news to discover that anyone—you, or I—can get a Mexican divorce in thirty days, without so much as setting foot in Mexican territory. At first Hollywood distrusted the news: it seemed too good to be true, perhaps! One Mexican divorce had been set aside, and the question rose whether all such divorces might not be regarded as illegal in the American courts. Milton

Do you know that any American husband or wife can now obtain a divorce in thirty days?

You don't need to leave your own sitting-room to do it.

Have you often wondered how the Hollywood stars manage to get so many divorces?

MODERN SCREEN reveals here, for the first time, how the trick is done.

Golden, Hollywood's representative in the State Legislature and the friend and legal adviser of many of the stars, investigated and found out that this new kind of divorce was perfectly all right. It would hold water, he reported, in any court. That means that a star can get a divorce without losing a single day's work at the studio. Everything necessary can be done, in fact, without the star's so much as budging out of his own front parlor. A signature on a dotted line, and—presto!—Uncle Sam does all the rest, for the price of a two-cent stamp.

Indeed, a Mexican divorce is surer than a Reno one! S. S. Hahn, another favorite Hollywood lawyer, points out that Jack Dempsey's Reno divorce from Estelle Taylor—and it now seems to be quite thoroughly settled—Jack really got one—is much less water-tight than a Mexican one would be. "All Estelle has to do, if she wants to have it set aside," Hahn gives his opinion, "is to prove that Jack went to Reno for the purpose of getting the divorce. Any judge will take that as evidence that Jack was never at any time a *bona fide* resident of Nevada; and that knocks the props out from under his divorce." If Jack should marry again, in other words, Estelle could charge him with bigamy. He would be married to two women at the same time. Not that

there is much danger of Estelle trying to void the divorce, when she was the party who most wanted it. Hollywood insists that she had excellent reason to want one, though liking Jack too well to tell any tales out of school. At any rate, Estelle has taken the precaution of getting a divorce on her own hook. Complicated, these affairs are!

DIVORCE is a shameful and disastrous thing which destroys the home, many persons believe. An equal number of people think divorce should be made even easier to get than it now is. There is something to be said on both sides of the question, and MODERN SCREEN has no wish to enter into the controversy. It is the duty of a magazine merely to present (Continued on page 96)

BIG SISTER

By HAGAR WILDE

♦ ♦ ♦ There comes a time when love means more than sacrifice—and then it is that a hurricane of emotions is let loose!

CHRISTINE sat waiting. Her hands, tired, trembling, fumbled a script. She heard herself repeating lines, over and over, and realized that they meant nothing to her. With a despairing gesture, she laid the script down and put her head in her hands. Her whole body ached with weariness. Her eyes felt as though they had been burned in. She could feel the inner quivering of tired nerves. From time to time, she glanced at the clock. Two, now. Two-thirty. Two forty-five. She dozed, drawing her quilted robe close around her knees. She had to be up early in the morning—on the set.

The door closed and she started up, her heart pounding. Patsy stood in the doorway, blinking. Behind her stood one of the myriad young men who followed Patsy around. The youngster's blond hair misted off into the light of the hall and gave the effect of a halo. "Hello," Patsy said in her absurd little voice.

"Oh, hello, Patsy," Christine said. "I must have fallen asleep." She stood up, aching, aching.

Patsy came into the room. She still had the young man's heavy coat bundled around her shoulders, holding it close around her neck. Her little blond head popped out at the top. She looked like an incredibly beautiful Dresden doll.

Christine said, feeling uncomfortable and awkward because of the quilted robe, "I worked late and there wasn't a note or anything. I wondered where. . . ."

"I went to a party," Patsy said. "Didn't we, Rich?"

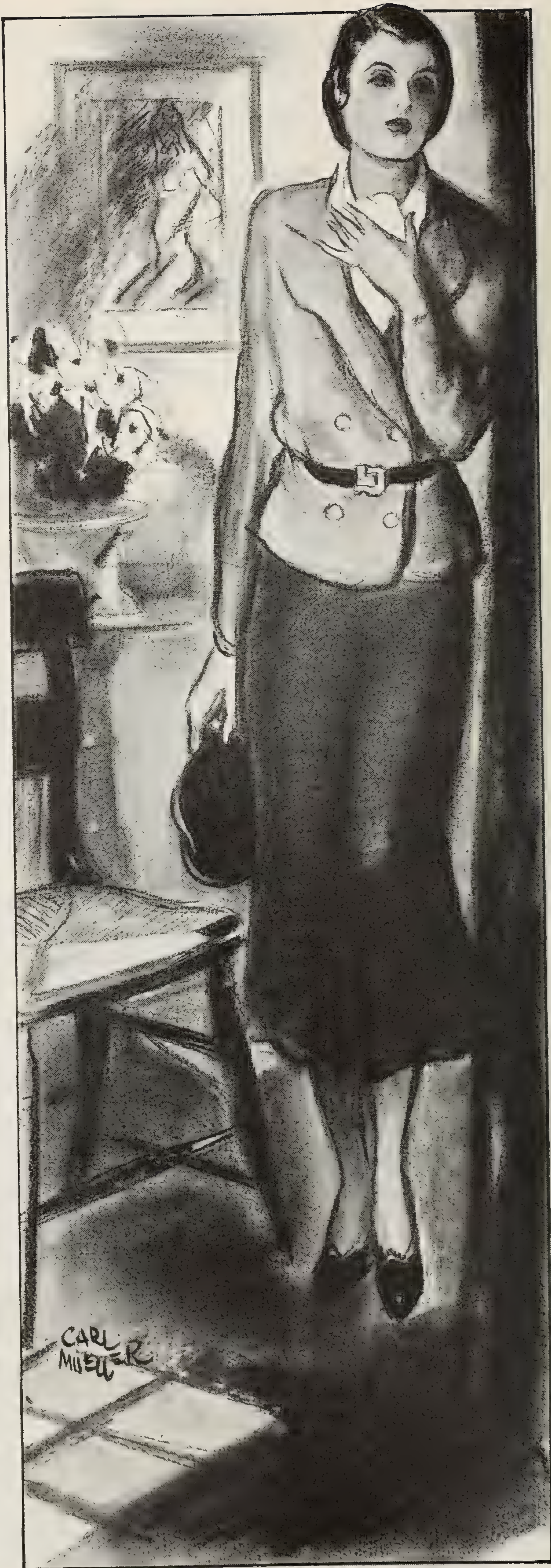
"Yep," Richie said.

"Then we went driving," said Patsy. "Didn't we, Rich?"

"Yep," said Richie.

Christine could picture them, tearing through the night, swooping around long curves on the mountain roads . . . Patsy's little pink tongue appearing between her white teeth, her head thrown back, laughing, gleeful. No thought of the hour, no thought of anything except the wild rush of air and the laughter.

"Driving," Patsy said. "Marvelous night." Suddenly, she dropped the coat from her shoulders. It plumped to the floor and lay there in a shapeless mass. That was the way with Patsy. When she was through with a thing, she dropped it. Suddenly and without warning. And that



was the way, usually, with the things Patsy dropped. They lay, in a shapeless mass, until somebody stooped over and straightened them. Christine watched the young man named Richie stoop over and straighten his coat now. He picked it up and laid it across the back of a chair.

She said, "It's late, isn't it?"

They agreed, good-naturedly, that it was late. Christine started hesitantly toward the bedroom. She *had* wanted to talk with Patsy. There was a whooping sound in the outer hall and Richie flung the door open. Other youngsters tumbled in and moved toward Patsy in a body. The party had begun. Christine went to her room silently.

THERE, she sat down in front of her mirror. Large, steady gray eyes stared back at her. Masses of dark hair framed them. A full, tender, sensitive mouth drooping slightly at the corners from weariness. She was young, much too young, to take the responsibility for Patsy. One would have had to live for centuries to reach an age whereby he might consider himself equal to Patsy and her whims. Christine gave it up

"Preacher! You're always talking as though you had a half interest in me! You've no right to tell me what to do.

I won't stand for it!"
Voices bounding out, hard and intense. Christine halted there in the hall, her heart behaving oddly.

and went to bed. She *had*, she thought drowsily, wanted to talk with Patsy. They had seen so little of each other in the past two months. Patsy was always busy with parties and Christine was working hard. . . .

From childhood, Christine had been Big Sister and Patsy had been Baby Sister. Christine's dolls went to Baby Sister when she cried for them. The cherries on Christine's dessert went to Baby Sister when she held out her dimpled, demanding little hands. Christine's devotion, her protection, her love, in all its simple dignity, went to Baby Sister.

Their first separation had come when Christine had her chance to go into a Broadway production from the local stock company in which she played. From there she had taken a Hollywood contract.

When she had been in Hollywood a year, her mother died. At the funeral, Patsy begged to be allowed to come to Hollywood. She was terrified and lonely. Christine had offered her a trip to Europe instead, but Patsy wanted to go to Hollywood and held out for it. She went.

Christine tossed in restless slumber, waking now and then to hear the muffled giggles from the living room. At dawn, she roused again. There were sounds of departure outside. She lay quiet, listening. Patsy's footsteps passed her door in the hall. Patsy was going to bed. Christine got up and opened her door, saying softly, "Patsy!"

In the dim light of the hall, Patsy turned, yawning. "You awake?" she said. Her golden hair was tousled and her eyes were heavy with



approaching sleep. Her rose-petal mouth pouted a trifle, as would that of a child who has already slept for an hour or so.

"I just happened to wake up and hear them going," Christine said. "I have to get up early and I'll be working late tomorrow. I thought perhaps you'd come and crawl in bed with me for a few minutes. We could talk a little. I haven't seen anything of you for so long. . . ."

"I'm so sle-e-epy!" Patsy wailed, rubbing her knuckles in her eyes. "I couldn't sa-ay anything at all, I'm so sleepy. I co-ouldn't ta-alk!"

"I'll just hold your head on my shoulder and you can go to sleep," Christine said. She realized how lonely she was. She wanted something of her own, something to hold to, something to love. She wanted, more than she realized, the comfort of holding Patsy's head, even asleep, on her shoulder.

"I don't sleep well unless I'm in a bi-ig bed al-l-l by myself," Patsy said, "where I can stretch out. I'll see you tomorrow some-time."

"I'm afraid . . ." Christine started.

"Oo-oh," Patsy said, stretching her little white arms toward the ceiling as though she wanted to separate them from her body and send them floating away, "I'm so-o sleepy!"

"Well," Christine said, "good-night. I hope you sleep well, darling."

"Thanks," Patsy said, "I will." She vanished, and Christine could hear the thump of her little high-heeled slippers as they were kicked off. Christine didn't realize that Patsy hadn't expressed the hope that she, Christine would sleep well, too. She went back in her room and closed the door feeling barren and tired and lonesome.

THE following morning, on the set, there were soft dark circles under her eyes. Exhaustion held her in a vise-like grip.

Jeffrey Sangster, who was featured in the same production, came over to her. "Tired, Christine?" he said. She nodded. "A little. I was up late."

He was a big, hulking fellow with a gentle, kindly, quiet voice and smile. He sat down beside her. "When we finish work, let me take you for a drive. The air will do you good. I know a little place where we can have dinner. . . ."

That evening they sat at the little place he knew. Purple mountains rose in the distance and everything was quiet. There were only two other people having dinner there. Christine relaxed under his quiet, commonplace conversation. They dined, talked, and danced once to the strains of an old victrola. She told him about Patsy. How pretty Patsy was and about her appealing little ways. She told him about Patsy's suitors and the clever things Patsy said; about the marvelous, unbelievable way that Patsy wore clothes.

He thought it was very interesting. Then he said

when she paused for breath, "Don't you ever think of anything but Patsy, Christine?"

She laughed. "Not really," she said. "Patsy's always in the back of my mind, no matter what I'm doing. I feel terribly responsible for her. Mother loved her so much . . . being the baby and all. . . ."

"You have beautiful eyes," he said.

She said: "My eyes are like my father's. Patsy has mother's eyes. Almost purple and awfully big."

"There's a light catching your hair. It makes a blue wave in it. Don't move."

"My hair's like my father's, too," said Christine. "Patsy's is blond, lighter than mother's was, and all curly. She looks like a baby."

"I'm crazy about dark hair," Jeffrey said. He leaned forward and took her hand. "Christine, have you thought much about marriage?"

"I suppose every girl thinks about marriage," Christine said. "Why?"

"I've just been sitting here thinking what a wonderful wife you'd make some man. All that love . . . all the love that's going to Patsy . . . all the care and tenderness. Patsy, of course, will go on without you. That's inevitable. It would be wonderful to see that love of yours piling up inside something. Inside four walls where it couldn't get away."

"Patsy's all I've got," Christine said. "I wouldn't think seriously of marriage until she is settled somewhere—and she's much too young yet to think of settling down to any one thing. She's experimenting."

"And while she experiments, you stay in the background," said Jeffrey.

"I don't mind," Christine said.

"That," Jeffrey said, "is the hell of it."

THE amazing thing was, she found, as they drove home through the dark, that she was in love with him. She loved the set of his head, the hard, firm line of his jaw. She loved the pucker of his brow and the quiet way he mastered his snorting, startled roadster; twisted it in and out of traffic, held it

steady when it wanted to race downhill, made it exert itself going uphill when it obviously wanted to lag, wasting time. She watched his hands and suddenly felt a wave of peace and safety sweep through her.

Occasionally, he turned and smiled his slow, steady smile at her—but he didn't talk. She was grateful for that. No effort, no thought, just the breeze against her face and the consciousness of his presence. She slept part of the way home and he woke her at the door of her bungalow.

"You'd better go in and get some sleep," he said. "You poor kid, you're worn out."

She looked at the house. The lights were all on. There were sounds of music. She said: "Patsy's having another party, I guess. Why don't you come in? I won't go to bed right away anyway."

Speculatively he looked at the lighted windows. "Can't you kick them out and get some rest?" he said.

"Oh, I feel quite rested now," she said. "The drive did me worlds of good. Please come in."

"Being polite?" he wanted to know.

She shook her head. "I want you," she said.

Together, they went into that whirling mass of kids, music and cocktails. Patsy was (Continued on page 100)





Photographs by Elmer Fryer

Marian Marsh, on a recent trip East, visited many famous buildings and had her picture "took" as she posed in front of them. We think the one above, of Marian standing in front of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, is the most interesting. The small picture, of course, shows the historic Liberty Bell. Don't forget to read the delightful story on Marian by Faith Baldwin which starts on the next page.

SELF-MADE



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

MARIAN



By FAITH BALDWIN

AND she'd like you to understand that she's serious when she says "self-made."

Not that she doesn't give full credit to her "discoverers," to the people who have helped her, to the sister whose "sacrifice" has been so widely publicized. She does. She gives them all full credit and a lot of gratitude. But she feels that it is a little unfair, and something of a handicap, to start out on a career, in which she believes with all her heart, as a sort of legend; as a sort of Cinderella person, a charming automaton, shoved around and pushed into the limelight by a whole lot of interested hands.

I sat at breakfast with her in the living room of her suite in a New York hotel. The windows were wide and gave out on a glorious view of Central Park and the lake. It was nine o'clock. Marian was up and dressed, of course—dressed in a very attractive blue frock, her blond hair loose and lovely about her shoulders and she was all made up, for as soon as breakfast was over and I had gone she would be out and away to pose for pictures.

She's pretty, of course. We all know that. But there is something very unexpected about her, quite aside from her delightful coloring, and her wide, very straightforward eyes that are not blue and not grey and not green. "Cat's eyes," she called them, laughing, when I asked her, earnestly, their exact color.

SHE has great poise for seventeen. For almost any age. She has none of the awkward, restless gestures of youth. She does not giggle, she is not slangy, and she has a very attractive speaking voice—low, a little deep, with the faintest trace of a British accent, softened by a tropical sun. And if this description sounds a little insane I will explain at once that Marian Marsh was born in Trinidad in the British West Indies.

At breakfast with us was Marian's mother. I will call her Mrs. Marsh for convenience, but Marsh is not her name any more than it is Marian's. Mrs. Marsh is as unlike the usual stage or motion picture mother as it is possible to be. She is tall and young-looking, with dark

• • • In answer to the many stories about the true responsibility for Marian's meteoric success

(Left) Marian Marsh and William Powell in a scene from "The Road to Singapore." Since John Barrymore chose Marian for the rôle of Trilby she has been greatly in demand. You'll be seeing her in "Five Star Final" and in the leading rôle in "Poor Little Ritz Girl." (Right) Marian, when she was a baby, with her nurse. This picture was taken in Trinidad.



(Left) A picture of a very happy family, taken quite recently. That's Marian's mother between the two girls, Marian and Jean Fenwick. George and Ed are standing just behind. Jean has adopted the name of Fenwick because it was the name of an old family friend.

hair, and eyes like Marian's. She has an exceptionally serene face; the face of a woman who has been very happy. She has a delightful accent, more strongly marked than Marian's. She has a quiet sense of humor. I like her a lot. I understood Marian much better after talking with her mother; and we talked together a good deal, for Marian was called to the telephone at least six times in the two hours I spent with them.

Both Marian and her mother (Continued on page 120)

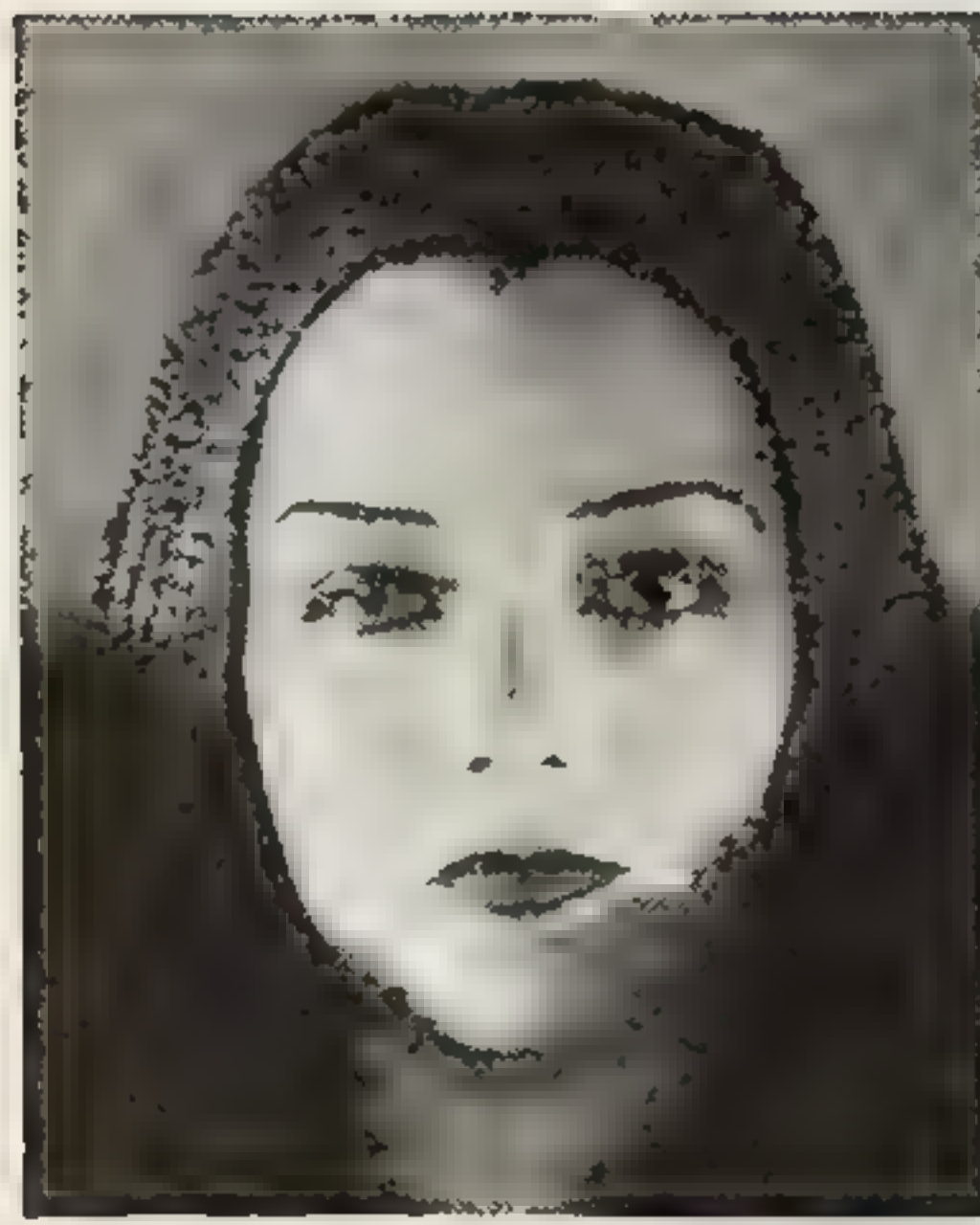
BROKEN HEARTS

. . . Some Hollywood stars seem to flit gaily from one romance to another without apparent heartbreak. But maybe all is not as it seems

By CARTER BRUCE

A BROKEN heart has always been more or less of a subject for joke or song lyrics—to all except those who suffer from it. In Hollywood, it is believed to be even more of a joke.

Hollywood . . . where Nancy Carroll is married to Bolton Mallory three weeks after her divorce from Jack Kirkland . . . where Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise are reported "engaged" six months before his divorce from Gloria Swanson becomes final . . . where Lupe Velez is reported so soon to be interested in another man after the fading of her "great romance" with Gary Cooper . . . and Coop himself is finding new interest in Tallulah Bankhead. Hollywood



Lupe Velez



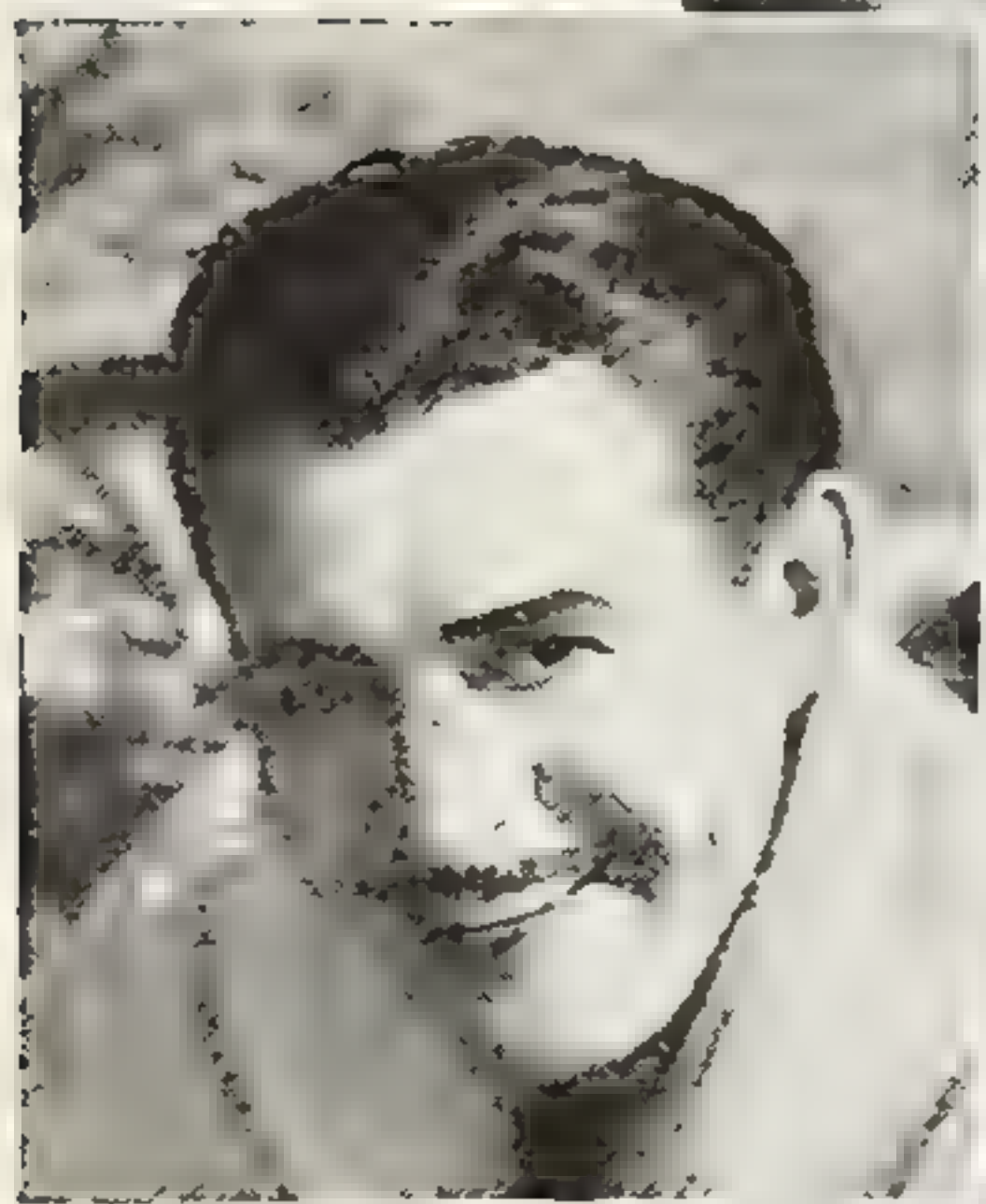
Tallulah Bankhead



When Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez parted, Gary immediately turned to Tallulah Bankhead. But was this a real, deep-felt attraction or just a gesture to show he didn't care?

. . . where marriages and romances and love affairs seem to overlap the old flame with the new.

"Broken hearts in Hollywood!" scoffs the cynic. "Poof! There isn't any such animal. The way those people can forget each other in a big hurry is something wonderful. Just a month or so ago I read a revealing story about Gary and Lupe and their 'great love.' Now here it is in the papers that Gary is hot and heavy about Tallulah Bankhead and Lupe is going places and having fun with a Big Boy from the Front Office. Is that heartbreak—I'm asking you? And look at Howard Hughes and Billie Dove. Six months ago they were reported on the brink of matrimony—now Hughes has his name coupled with three other girls and I read where Billie isn't exactly lonesome either. June Collyer was getting her name mentioned regularly with Russell Gleason right up to the time she married Stuart Erwin. Jack Gilbert's 'big moment,' the Hawaiian Princess, goes back to her Island and Marjorie King becomes the guest of honor at Jack's beach house. Dot Mackaill and Walter Byron are thata-way until Dot gets out of his sight for a week or so and meets Neil Miller. That business of 'crying my eyes out for you' is just a song so



John Gilbert



Robert Ames



When Ina Claire returned to Hollywood she announced she had not come back "to mope about that John Gilbert affair" and started going with Robert Ames. But—

OF HOLLYWOOD



Loretta
Young



Betty
Compson

After the Withers-Young marriage broke up, Grant was seen places with Betty Compson—apparently terribly interested in her. But Betty unwittingly gave away his secret.

far as fickle old Hollywood is concerned. And not a very sad song, at that."

I'M sure these words are the sentiments of many people who watch the constantly varying parade of Hollywood loves as it changes and changes.

And yet I wonder? . . .

In spite of the wicked cynics, I believe that *somebody* gets hurt, and hurt badly, even in the most casual Hollywood "break-up." Somebody figuratively buries a face in a pillow and cries it out even though pride prevents them from letting the world in on it. For actors are prouder than Lucifer. Unrequited love is a badge of defeat. The admiration, adulation and love of the world is theirs for the mere asking—and a personal failure in one's own game is ignoble. That is why movie star's wives are "good sports" about divorce. That is why ex-lovers steel themselves to speak magnanimously of the lost flames, to politely "wish them well," to attempt to part as comrades and friends.

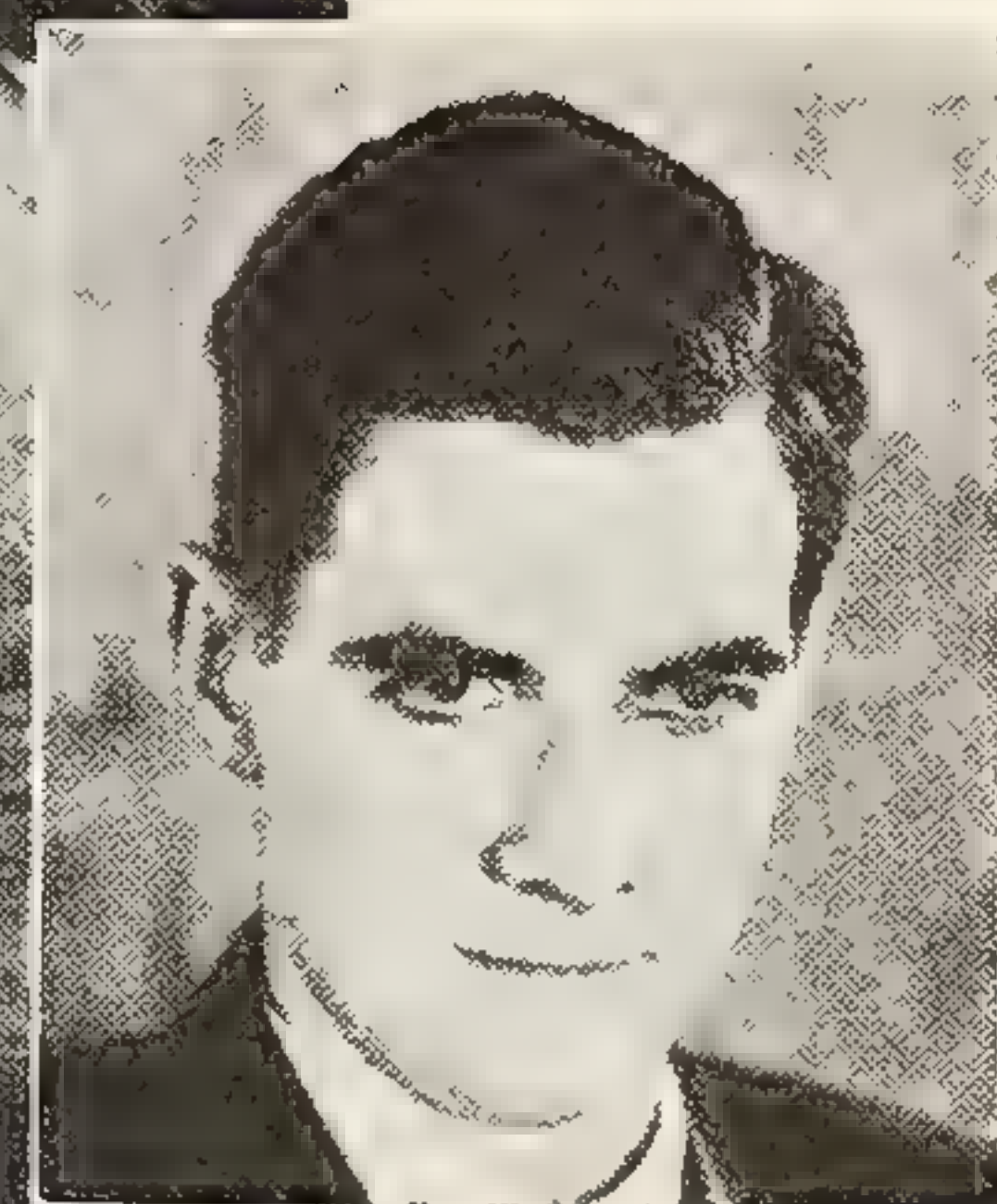
Could it have been some uncanny presentiment that prompted Lupe Velez, even at the height of her love for Gary Cooper, to deny it with joke and gibe in the public print. "Loff Garee!" she would scoff. "Sure . . .

. . . When a Hollywood couple parts they act very light-hearted and gay about it all. But what of their real, private feelings? Are they hurt?

Garee is nice boy. But Lupe would not marry heem if he is last man on earth. We are good friends . . . we are in the habit of seeing each other . . . that is all."

THOSE were Lupe's laughing, indifferent, casual words that she never lived up to. She isn't living up to them now that she is back in Hollywood in the same house where she and Gary were once so happy. People say Lupe has changed. "Nonsense," says Lupe. But it is there. Her laughter is not so quick to come.

Recently I saw Lupe at the Cocoanut Grove at the same table where she so often used to sit with Gary, and hold his hand, and snuggle her chair around closer to his. This time Lupe was with her affluent and wealthy admirer. (Continued on page 126)



Howard
Hughes



Lillian
Bond

Gossip had it that Howard Hughes was being seen places with Lillian Bond, so Billie Dove started going places with Roland McKenzie. Another gesture?



With Joe and Bob, his two sons, in the dressing room-house on the M-G-M lot. The kids are crazy about him but pay no attention at all to what he tells them.



FAMILY MAN

By JACK JAMISON

. . . On the screen Buster Keaton is a grand comedian. But off-screen he is amazingly different from what you'd expect a Hollywood funny-man to be

OFF the screen, Charlie Chaplin is an even more sensitive artist than on. Off the screen the Marx Brothers—outside of the time they are playing bridge—are insane. Off the screen Laurel and Hardy are wistful, El Brendel is stupid, and Charles Butterworth and Roland Young are cultured and cosmopolitan.

Off the screen, Buster Keaton is normal.

Buster is a normal, everyday man who happened to slide into fame on the seat of his pants. He knows it. No one will ever be able to accuse him of being high-hat. He takes no credit for anything. He got into pictures by accident. "I belonged to an organization of vaudeville

artists called "The White Rats." This was years ago, of course. About that time, vaudeville was taken over by the trusts. That made it plenty tough for all of us. "The White Rats" struck. I didn't want to get mixed up in the strike, so I quit vaudeville and signed up for a Winter Garden show. I happened to meet Joseph Schenck. 'Ever play in a movie, Buster?' he asks me. I told him 'Nope.' 'We're making a comedy with Fatty Arbuckle,' he says. 'Go down to the studio and play a bit in it, just to see if you like it.' That's how I got into pictures. That's all there was to it."

But it goes back still further than that, Buster's falling into his profession! That's what he did—literally fell

into it. As you know, he was practically born in a theatre. Did you ever stop to think that being born in a theatre doesn't necessarily make you belong there? Most of our farmers are farmers because they were born on farms. They might be a hundred times happier driving locomotives or selling ribbons in a department store. We're all lazy. We take the easiest way out. Buster was born in the theatre, so he stayed there. His parents' act was a rough-and-tumble comic one, so he became a comic. Really Buster is no more a comedian than you or I. He would be better fitted as a grocer, a shopkeeper, an undertaker—especially an undertaker, perhaps, with that dead pan of his. Instead, he learned comedy as the son of a bricklayer learns to lay bricks.

IT was no easy school. It was the school of Watch-Your-Step-Or-Get-Your-Block-Knocked-Off. That is not a figure of speech, but an actual fact. A misstep, a misgauged hand-hold, resulted in falls that made him gasp with pain. Then, sick and dizzy, he had to jump up smiling and go on with the show. Once Buster's dad misjudged a comedy kick, and landed a heavy shoe at the base of the little boy's skull. Buster was unconscious for exactly eighteen hours. Then, travelling about the country, there were freezing depots to wait in through howling blizzards, trains to be caught in rainstorms at four in the morning—a million other inconveniences, annoyances,

Devoted friends. Traitorous acquaintances. All the mad rush, the alternate exhilaration and despair, of the life of a trouper. That was Buster's childhood.

DID it make Buster a comedian, that life? Well—does it sound very comic to *you*? It taught him several things, yes. It taught him, that school of bumps and falls, that hard luck is liable to step up and kick you in the seat of your comedy pants when you least expect it. It taught him, secondly, that no matter how hard the luck is, there is almost always a way out if you keep your brain working fast. And it taught him—amazingly enough—to *enjoy* that sort of life. Why quit the show business to become a business man, when the show business paid better money and offered so much excitement? Hard knocks there might be, but it was exciting. Humdrum it was not! So, to stay where he was, with the people he knew and loved, Buster learned to lay the bricks of comedy. And the man who ought to be an undertaker or the proprietor of a music store learned that, if you sat down suddenly on the seat of your pants, people would laugh.

Sitting down suddenly on the seat of his pants is a business with Buster. There is no roguish twinkle in his eye. He does not have a humorous outlook upon life. On the contrary. It is his means of earning a living, into which he drifted as most of us drift into our lifework.

He manufactures and sells laughs as though they were articles turned out in a factory he owned. "I got a lot of laughs in that picture," he says. In the exact tone Buster uses, a business man might speak of a successfully marketed piece of merchandise. He doesn't kid himself. I have heard him come out of a studio projection room, after a preview of one of his films, and say: "That's a lousy picture. It hasn't a laugh in it. It doesn't deserve to make a dime." And he didn't care who heard him, either. How many Hollywood stars would admit such a thing about their pictures? Hollywood loves to kid itself. Buster doesn't. He is a hard-headed, clear-sighted business man.

A business man with the seat of his breeches for his stock in trade. *Oomph!* Down he goes, kerplunk! And we laugh. And pay money at the box-office.

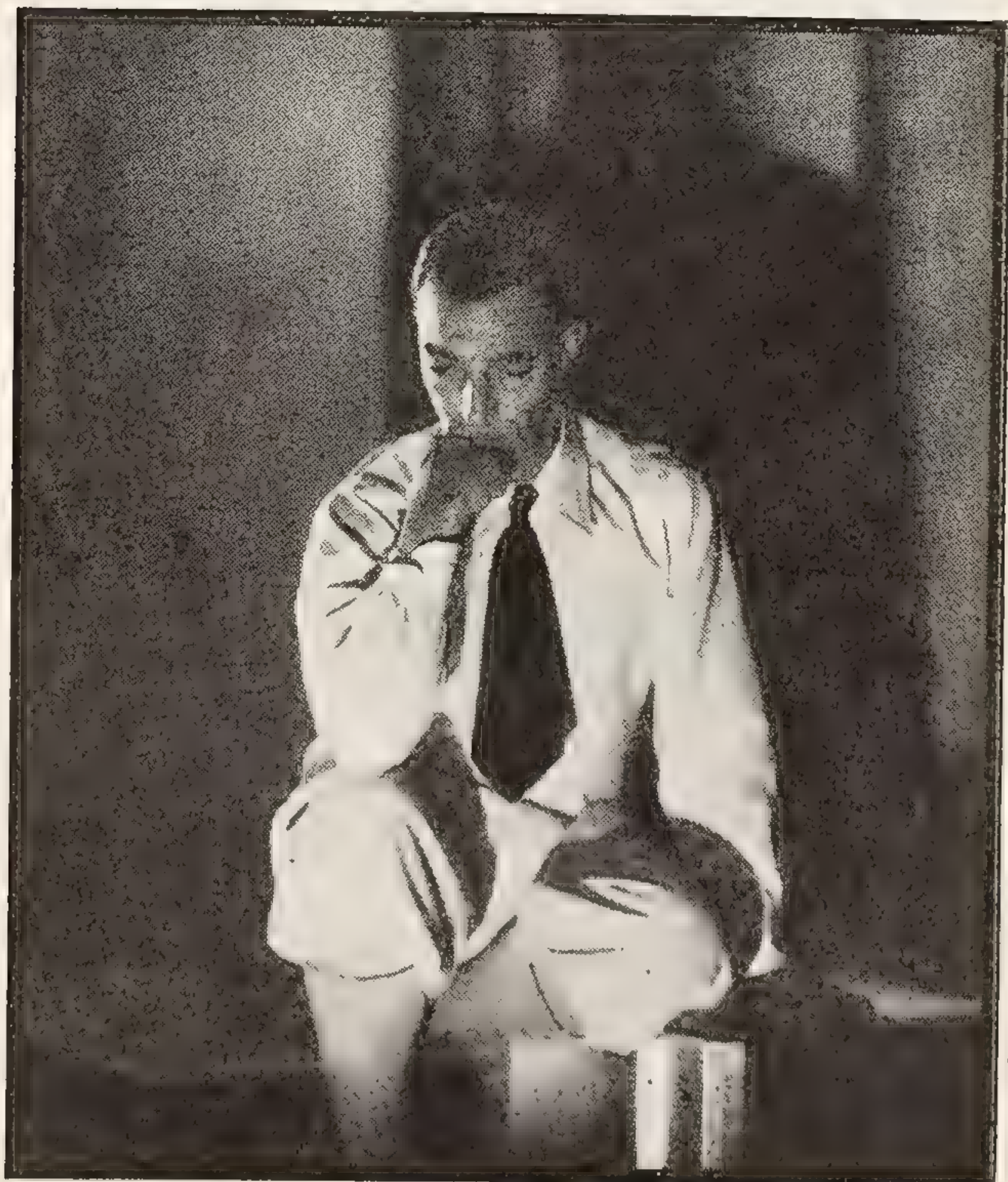
Someone ought (Continued on page 113)



The dining room of "Keaton Kennel," the dressing room-dwelling. It is in this house that he has his training quarters in which he keeps constantly fit.

downright hardships. In a single period of five months, the Keaton family had to leap from bed in the middle of the night and dash from five burning hotels. Buster saw his baby sister tumble from the second-story balcony of one of these small town hotels, strike the ground on her chin, and bite her tongue in half. (And the baby had her tongue sewed back on, and her jaw set, with no ether or cocaine to deaden the pain.) He learned that balconies—and other things, in the theatrical world—were to be scrupulously avoided if you didn't want to get hurt. It was slam, bang, crash, the Keatons' life, both on and off stage! Uncertain food. Broken bones. Accidents. Lost trunks. Missed sleep. Town to town. Good people. Bad people.

Hollywood says: "For a comedian, Buster is a pretty good family man." But how much nearer the truth it would be to say: "For a family man, Buster is a pretty good comedian."



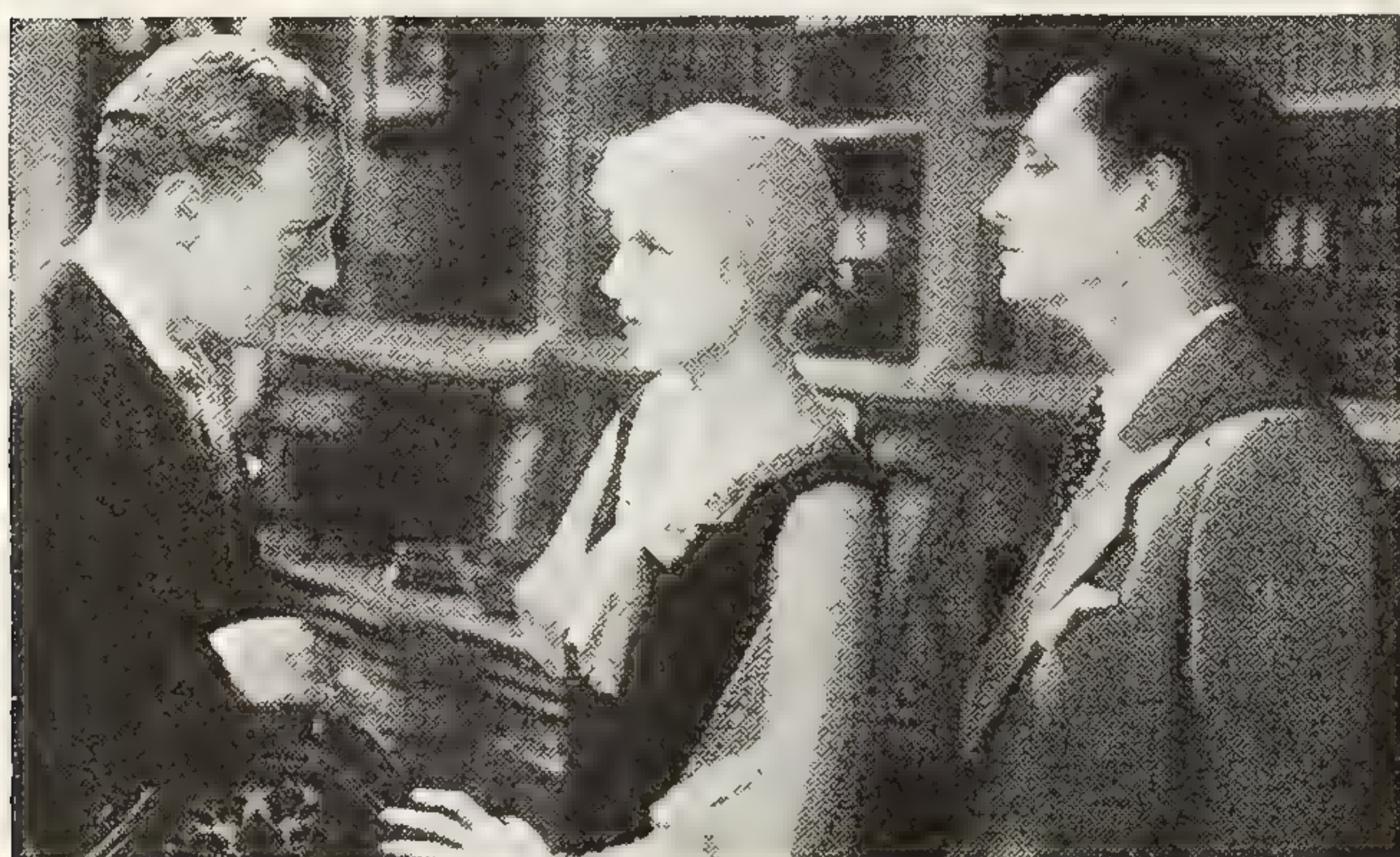
MODERN SCREEN



**SUSAN
LENOX
(M-G-M)**

The Glamorous Garbo as a flaming light o' love, plus Clark Gable as the main contender for her favors, are sufficient to make this wages o' sin film fable one you mustn't miss. It is one of the season's top-flight features, and although the topic is scorchy as well as torchy, it provides Greta with one of her finest vehicles.

As Susan Lenox she wages the uneven battle of woman against the world, encountering such menaces as Ian Keith, John Miljan, Alan Hale and Jean Hersholt in her meteoric hurtling from high places to the dance line of a South American dive. Greta, her fine supporting cast, and the beautiful production will hold you.



**DEVOTION
(RKO-Pathé)**

A sort of East Lynne-ish production, smacking more strongly of the theatre than of the screen, serves to bring us Ann Harding again. And also to help materially in establishing Leslie Howard more definitely as one of the first gentlemen in the cinema. The fable introduces the glorious Miss Harding as a girl who will do 'most anything for love—even to hiding some few of her physical charms behind spectacles and a cockney accent.

In other words, she disguises herself to be near the man she adores, her discovery, of course, paving the way to the happy ending. The aggregation of players is especially strong.



**MONKEY
BUSINESS
(Paramount)**

Those sure-shot Marx-men of the movies, Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo, score another hilarious hit in this new nonsense. The action rips along at a merry clip, hesitating only long enough to let the audience recover its breath for the next laugh. Both situations and dialogue contribute to the fun, and Marx Brothers do their utmost.

The slight story doesn't matter. But the antics of those accomplished clowns Groucho, Harpo and Chico always hold interest. Zeppo sustains the romance with Ruth Hall, while Alison Lloyd (Thelma Todd to you), Rockcliffe Fellowes and big Tom Kennedy aid and abet the "monkey business."



**SOB
SISTER
(Fox)**

This one proves that Jimmy Dunn's immense success in "Bad Girl" was no accident, for in this story of love 'n' life on a newspaper the newcomer again tops all competition. The film itself doesn't equal its predecessor, although its good scenes more than balance the great open spaces that should have been more closely knit to make a right, tight story.

Against the exciting background of city desk and press room, Mr. Dunn and Linda Watkins enact a love story spiced with snappy dialogue and situations which add thrills and laughter to the hard-boiled romance. It is, by the way, the film début of Linda Watkins. Looks as if she may fulfil the brilliant prophecies made for her.



**CONSOLATION
MARRIAGE
(RKO-Radio)**

Double-barrelled love is the theme of this thin, but expertly woven film textile. Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien are the charming people who wed one another in a moment of pique at their sweethearts, Lester Vail and Myrna Loy. Then, if you please, each of the newlyweds finds renewed interest in the discarded lover.

Now how would you solve such a situation? Yep, that's right! It's the patter of little feet that saves the couple from divorce. And that makes a happy ending. The cast is great, with Miss Dunne and John Halliday doing extremely well. The remarkable Miss Loy continues to make strides toward stardom.

REVIEWS

. . . An entertaining and helpful guide to read before you choose your talkies

Made fascinating by the artistry of George Arliss, and by the prototypes of Washington, Jefferson, and other historic figures of the Revolutionary period, this is a fine, intelligent, but unexciting motion picture. It adheres rather closely to the "Disraeli" formula, with the plot complicating Hamilton's legislative efforts through the medium of an affair with Mrs. Reynolds, impersonated by June Collyer.

Not the least of the film's value is in the startling resemblance of the players to the figures they portray. For the rest, it is all Arliss, with Doris Kenyon, Dudley Digges and Monte Love assisting. The dramatics of Hamilton's later life are neglected.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (Warner Brothers)



Glorifying the gridiron star, the first of the season's football epics features such pigskin warriors as the far-famed "Four Horsemen," Frank Carideo, Bucky O'Connor, and other illustrious names mentioned with reverence wherever the conversation turns to touchdowns. But even in such company, Lew Ayres as hero, and J. Farrell MacDonald, substituting for Knute Rockne as the Spirit of Fair Play, are strong enough to arrogate a place for themselves in the cinema sun.

The conventional love interest, intrigue, and the usual bunk with which the average football yarn has heretofore been interwoven, is pretty well abandoned here. The picture is worthy of its title.

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME (Universal)



A splendid drama, brought from stage to screen in brilliant fashion, this tense story of city streets is one of the season's finest films. The fable deals with a love-starved beauty of the tenements whose tawdry romance reaches Page One of the tabloids in a blood-and-bullets climax. There is also the pathos of her daughter, rather hopelessly enmeshed in the tentacles of the slums. And the bitter, biting humor contributed by the bedraggled neighbors.

Every part is superbly played. Perhaps the members of the original stage cast are best—especially Beulah Bondi. But Sylvia Sidney and William Collier, Jr., acquit themselves nobly.

STREET SCENE (United Artists)



The first lady and gentleman of the modern stage reach Hollywood via the Theatre Guild route in this suave, sophisticated, wholly delightful entertainment. In Alfred Lunt you'll find a new talkie hero. And in Lynne Fontanne a star with more glamor than almost anyone.

The plot of Ferenc Molnar's play tells what happens when a jealous actor masquerades as a dashing officer in order to try his wife's affections. His suit succeeds too well for his liking. In fact, he becomes the lady's lover. Does she penetrate her husband's disguise and know him all the time? If so, he's a poor actor. If not—well, in any event, how he wishes he knew!

THE GUARDSMAN (M-G-M)



Primarily for the kids, this screen version of Booth Tarkington's juvenile story will please Mom and Pop as well as the youngsters. The adult actors really don't mean much here, excepting Charles Sellon. The children hold the screen, and the honors as well.

That accomplished actor, Léon Janney, portrays Penrod in a manner that brings both tears and laughter from his audience. And Junior Coghlan plays the boy's glum looking pal. Some of the best sequences deal with the initiation of the town pests into the boy's secret society. And there's a certain sob in the scene where young Penrod's chuckles are silenced by the death of his beloved dog.

PENROD AND SAM (First National)





**PALMY
DAYS**
(United Artists)

**WATERLOO
BRIDGE**
(Universal)



Eddie Cantor, Charlotte Greenwood and a bevy of beautiful blondes, brunettes and redheads make gold-standard entertainment for the fans who like comedy song cinémas. The fun is clean and there's plenty of it. Eddie plays the rôle of assistant to a fake spiritualistic medium. Through accident he supplants one of the villain's henchmen as efficiency expert in a musical comedy bakery. Throughout the action Cantor looks forward to marrying the boss's daughter, but in the end, doesn't.

A sensitive, sad story of a war-wracked youth and a lady-of-the-evening offers great opportunities to Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke, who play the leading rôles. An air-raid meeting brings the couple together, and an air-raid parts them forever. Meantime the girl is tortured by the clean love of the kid soldier and tries desperately to disguise her true status. But she cannot hide from herself, and until the end has courage to refuse his offer of hand as well as heart.



**THE ROAD
TO RENO**
(Paramount)

**LARCENY
LANE**
(Warner Brothers)



Had it not been for the expert direction of Richard Wallace, this one might have been a regular "shilling shocker," for one of the big moments concerns the murder of a bridegroom at the altar, and the suicide of the slayer. Lilyan Tashman is the near-bride of the sequence, and is cast as the much-divorced mother of ingénue Peggy Shannon. The killing of William Boyd and Lilyan's return to Irving Pichel paves the way for the young romance between Buddy Rogers and Miss Shannon.

The sensational James Cagney equals his earlier triumphs as a hotel bell-hop who turns racketeer. The girl in the case is Joan Blondell who leaves James outside the law to marry within it. The rest of the story tells how the respectable husband gets in a jam, with Cagney turning hero to save him for Joan's sake. The tag indicates that maybe Jimmie and Joan will get together again some time in the future. Cagney is all the aces, with Mlles. Blondell and Polly Walters as Queens.



**THE 'CISCO
KID**
(Fox)

**A DANGEROUS
AFFAIR**
(Columbia)



Warner Baxter begins where he left off in the memorable "In Old Arizona," and you'll surely welcome the return of that debonair border bandit, the 'Cisco Kid. Nor is the Kid alone. His friendly enemy, Sergeant Dunn, is right with him in the person of Edmund Lowe. These two provide enough kicks for several pictures, and wavering between them is Conchita Montenegro. Warner Baxter is superb in this continuation of the character he created in the earlier film.

They're together again—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves, and while the story may be the old hokum-pokum it's got more thrills than a three-ring circus. And laughs come tumbling one over the other like a lot of acrobats.

Following his usual irrepressible character, Ralph plans to swipe a necklace just to stir up some excitement. Of course, a real crook beats him to it—and the rest of the exciting action follows the two heroes in a thief chase through murder, haunted houses and all sorts of things.



A very cute informal picture of—well, now, who could it possibly be but Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell? The picture was snapped on the Fox lot where the two of them are making "Delicious." Janet plays a down-trodden bit of a Scotch lassie in this film. Charlie plays a handsome millionaire. Janet and Lydell Peck, Charlie and Virginia Valli have started a new beach colony above Malibu. Janet's going to take a vacation in Honolulu after "Delicious" and Charlie will start work on "The Devil's Lottery."

THE TRIAL OF PAUL LUKAS

By CARTER BRUCE

. . . In Hollywood this actor met the great crisis of his career. And how he faced it will evoke your real admiration

I SHALL never forget the morning I was summoned into the front office and told that I was through in pictures because of my inability to speak good English," began Paul Lukas as we finished our order for luncheon. "They told me that my six-month's option was up—and that the studio was unwilling to sign another one. I begged and pleaded with them for a chance to learn the language. I promised, if given a short time, that I would learn it perfectly. They asked if I thought I could do it in six months. I promised to be in command of a good speaking knowledge of English in that time if they would only allow me the opportunity. They kindly consented to sign me for that short period . . . and luckily I made good on my word."

But those few short words—"and luckily I made good"—do not tell the story of the struggle that followed. It is probable that had Paul Lukas known the near impossibility of his task he would have become resigned to his fate. One has but to know the highlights of his life to realize that he might have made the promise even in the face of almost insurmountable odds. His life has been full of decisions to try the impossible . . . to go ahead in the face of almost certain defeat . . . and in every case he has won out. His attempt to learn the English language in a period of six short months is but a single

Suppose you were asked to master a foreign tongue in six short months. How would you go about it? Or would you even try? The way Paul Lukas not only tried but actually succeeded is one of the neatest things on record in amazing Hollywood

example of his spirit. And again he won his point.

POSSIBLY if you knew something of his early life and the struggle he has always had to place himself near his chosen goal it might be easier to understand this man who learned the most difficult of modern languages in a few months . . . so that he might continue in his career.

Paul Lukas was born on an express train traveling at sixty miles an hour between the outlying provinces and Budapest, the Hungarian capital. It was the morning of May twenty-sixth. And by a strange coincidence, it was on the same date many years later (while the motion picture industry was flying along at a fast clip) that he was given six months' grace for a chance at fame.

All during his childhood and early manhood he was drawn to a career as an actor. He loved to go to the



(Left) With Gary Cooper in "The Shopworn Angel." Paul had no talking to do in it, so his work was considered good. But in "The Wolf of Wall Street," with George Bancroft (above) Lukas found his slight knowledge of English too slender to make his talkie personality successful.

theatre and watch the great of that day perform. He even went so far as to confide his great desire to his father. Here was the first obstacle! His father was dead-set against any member of his family becoming an actor. He went so far as to warn his son that should he ever so much as set foot on a stage he would be thrown out of his home and left to shift for himself. He battled this out with himself mentally during his youth. His dream and the wishes of his father were so diagonally opposed to one another that he never forced himself to come to a definite conclusion until a few years later.

Came the World War. He happened at the time of its outbreak to be serving in the army. It is the law of his country that each young man must spend a year in military training . . . and Paul had chosen this time as the best. Thus he was immediately transferred to an active company and sent to the front. He was wounded and sent to the

And now Paul Lukas is being starred on the Paramount lot. His latest picture for them is "The Beloved Bachelor" (below), Vivienne Osborne and Guy Oliver with him. (Right) As he appears in "Strictly Dishonorable," for which Universal borrowed him.

Photograph by Freulich



hospital within a few weeks after his arrival at the front lines. When he had fully recovered, he asked to be placed in the aviation corps and soon he was flying for his country. After a year in that branch of the service he was wounded again . . . this time much more severely. By the time he had partially regained his health the high officials granted him a year's absence from actual duty. He went immediately to his old home.

A few days of thought brought him to a sudden conclusion: that he might be sent back into the service at the end of the year's leave—and that he might *never* return! This year then was the time for him to work out his life's greatest desire. He must try for the stage now! His father no sooner heard of his plan than he ordered him from the house with the command to stay away until he had come to his senses. So Paul Lukas took the few dollars that remained of his last army pay and boarded the train for Budapest.

He gave himself less than a year to accomplish the impossible when he first started! Is it any wonder that he was willing to try the (Continued on page 109)

(Right) The frontispiece and title page of the book on which the claim of Elissa's royal blood is based. (Below) The castle of Sassetot where Elissa's mother claims she was born in secret to the Empress of Austria.



COUNTESS ZANARDI LANDI AND HER CHILDREN ANTONIA FRANZ AND ELISABETH MARIE CHRISTINE

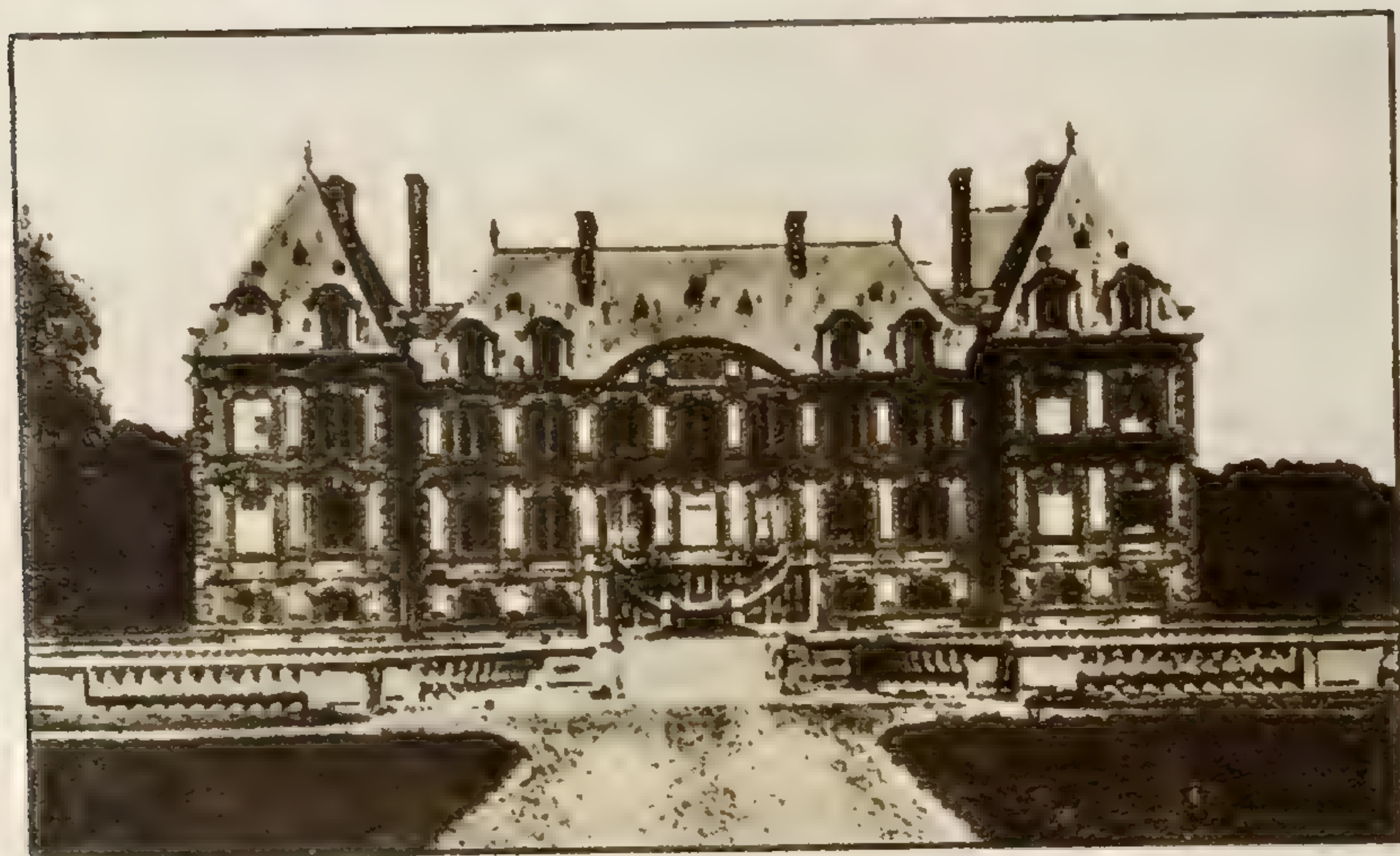
The Secret of an Empress

BY
Countess Zanardi Landi

With Fourteen Photogravure Illustrations

Cassell and Company, Limited
London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne
1914

REFUTATION



By PRINCESS RADZIWILL

IN the autumn of 1914, just after the first British and French reverses in Flanders during the World War, there appeared in London a book signed by Countess Zanardi Landi, in which that lady claimed to be a daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, and the Empress Elizabeth. She also claimed she had been brought up in ignorance of her real parentage owing to the desire of the Empress to have one of her children entirely to herself, and not educated according to the etiquette ruling the House of Hapsburg. This book was one of the many propaganda volumes published at that time, with the intention of discrediting the rulers of the Central Powers at war with the allies, and I have every reason to know this to be the fact, with proofs to strengthen these reasons.

Based on the statements set forth in this book the story has been circulated which purports to prove that Elissa

This story is offered to the readers of MODERN SCREEN with the purpose of presenting another side of the rumored and recently published story that the Countess Zanardi Landi, mother of Elissa Landi, is the daughter of the erstwhile Empress Elizabeth and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. Whether Elissa Landi is a member of a royal family or not does not detract one whit from her great talents as an actress or her charm as a person. Princess Radziwill, whose knowledge of the European royal families has been shown in a number of brilliant historical works, considered the book a misrepresentation when she heard it was going to be published, back in 1914. She has written exclusively for MODERN SCREEN her version of the facts. In the interests of truth, her story is published on these pages.—The Editor.

Landi is the granddaughter of an Empress.

The first thing which must be told to disprove it is that at the time the Countess Zanardi Landi was born, the Empress of Austria, who the story says is her mother, had reached the age of forty-seven. That her last child, the Archduchess Valerie, had been born fifteen years earlier. And that since that birth the Empress had been extremely desirous of having another child—particularly a male child—but that she had never had any hopes of motherhood. It was very well known both in the family

. . . A noted authority on European courts comes forward to deny the circulated stories that Elissa Landi is the granddaughter of an Empress

circles as well as in court society that the Empress couldn't have another child:

That is the first objection to the Countess Landi's story that she is the daughter of the Empress of Austria.

The second objection refers to the circumstances attending her birth. She claims that it took place in the Castle of Sassetot in Normandy where the Empress was spending the summer months. That it was kept secret—it being said the Empress had had a riding accident which

others the sisters in charge of the schools in Sassetot and Petites Dalles. And, finally, she was seen riding every day when her horsemanship was immensely admired. The French magazines, the *Illustration* as well as the *Monde Illustré*, published photographs of her on horseback. One morning as she was mounting her horse, the animal got frightened at something or other, reared, and threw the Empress.

Present at the accident were the members of the Empress's household, her grooms and several servants. She was picked up insensible and there was fear she had concussion of the brain, because for several hours she did not recover consciousness. The local doctor was called in by the Empress's physicians and several eminent Paris surgeons were telegraphed for, among others Dr. Pozzi. These facts were also recorded in every newspaper, not only in France but all over the world. The Emperor Francis Joseph, as soon as he was informed of the accident, hastened to his wife's bedside, traveling under the name of Count von Hohenembs. As he passed through Paris, he was greeted at the Gare de l'Est by representatives of
(Continued on page 116)



kept her confined to her bed. It is added in the book that the Emperor came to see her incognito, without anyone having known it, and that, furthermore, the Empress herself was not known in Sassetot as such, but as a simple Countess von Hohenembs.

NOW this is what really happened: The Empress, who was very fond of traveling and loved solitude, rented the Castle of Sassetot in the Seine Inférieure, near the watering place called Petites Dalles. She arrived there in July, 1882, accompanied by a large retinue, and brought with her twelve hunters and riding horses. She was traveling as she always did under the name of Countess Hohenembs, one of the titles of the House of Hapsburg, but this was not with any intention of hiding her identity. On her arrival she was welcomed by the Prefect of the Seine Inférieure in the name of the President of the French Republic, and of the French Government. She received him as well as the local authorities, and the fact was announced in all the French newspapers.

She received also the Curé of Sassetot, went regularly to church on Sundays, and made friends with many people, among



(Above, left) The Empress Elizabeth of Austria of whom this writer denies the rumors of a secret child. (Left) The Countess Zanardi Landi as a child. (Below) Elissa is a great actress but she is not the granddaughter of an Empress—so claims Princess Radziwill.



The pictures on these pages (excepting that of Elissa Landi) were reproduced from "The Secret of an Empress," by Countess Zanardi Landi.



Photograph by Freulich

What of his future?

♦ ♦ ♦ Fascinating revelations about the things which are in store for Ricardo—artistic and personal

Ricardo is under contract to RKO-Radio and makes pictures regularly for them. They lent him to Universal, however, to do "Reckless Living" with Mae Clarke.



WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR RICARDO CORTEZ

WE are living in a strange world, my friends.

Pause to consider for a moment the remarkable fact that we pin medals on the general who leads his men into slaughter, we pin them on the scientist who devises a new kind of poison gas with which wholesale murder can be achieved; and we also pin our badge of recognition on the physician who spends his life in the laboratory trying to perfect a method for saving life.

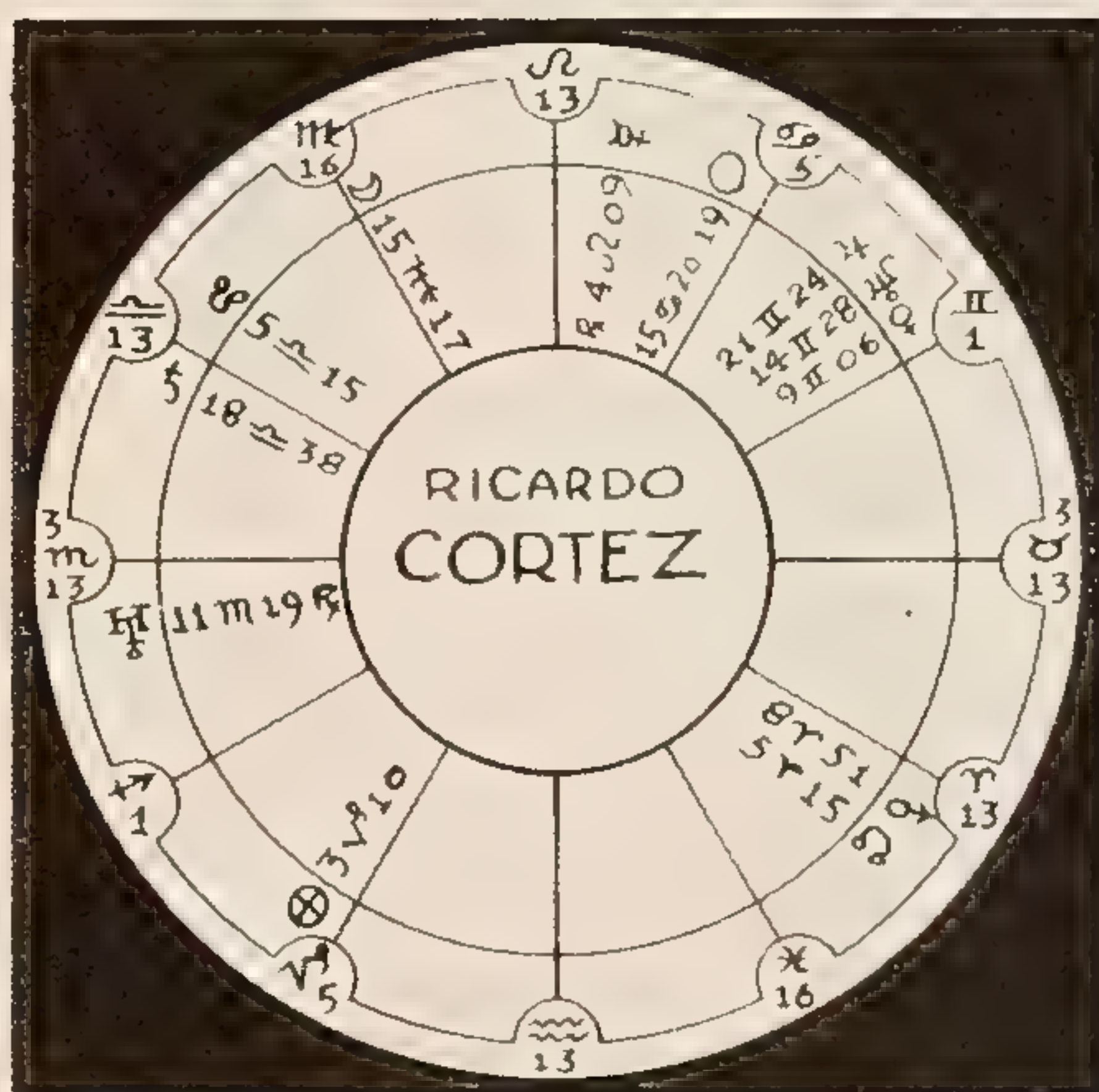
The reason, I think, is that we admire a fighter.

There are two kinds of fighting—the external, physical kind and the quiet battles of character building that are sometimes fought out in the silence of one's secret soul.

Ricardo Cortez has been through one of the latter type. He has fought temptation and sorrow and bitter misunderstanding on the part of the public and even his friends.

He is a born fighter, according to his horoscope, for he has as his ruling planet Mars, the patron of Energy and Force.

Mars, as most of my readers already know, rules the two signs Aries and Scorpio in the Zodiacal circle. The ancients told us that Mars presides over the human qualities of applying strength, whether the application be constructive or destructive. If you are a native of Aries (born between March 21 and April 20) or of Scorpio (born between October 23 and November 22) you have already had numerous experiences that have tested your ability to master the constructive side of your capabilities, learning the lessons of doing the right thing when tempted to do the other. Those are the lessons of Mars.



By WYNN

RICARDO CORTEZ was born July 7, 1894, in Vienna, at approximately 2 p. m., local time. This gives him the sign Scorpio on the Eastern horizon, called the Ascendant by astrologers. The ruling planet of the sign thus rising is the ruling planet of the life, regardless of which section of the Zodiac is occupied by the Sun, Moon or other celestial body. His Sun is in the sign Cancer, indicating him to be a most excellent portrayer of character (a talent which we are all glad to see he is having more opportunity to demonstrate in his recent film work).

Not everyone is aware of the fact that the motion of the Earth on its own axis, turning around once each day,

brings every sign of the Zodiac to the Ascendant once daily, and that because of this it may be truly said that all twelve types of people (speaking of Zodiacal types) are being born every day. It is this phenomenon that explains the differences between people who are born very nearly at the same time and place.

At the time of Mr. Cortez' birth, the sign Scorpio was rising at the Eastern horizon, giving him the calm, forceful, reserved strength of character that has been so severely tested in his matrimonial venture with Alma Rubens.

Mars is in Aries, the other sign it rules, adding to the force, but making it mentally applicable. Although Mars appears to be on the wrong side of the line in this horoscope, the orb of the sixth house calls for interpretation in that division of his affairs, the house of health. Analyzing the degree on his Ascendant, we find that it is in the first decan (ten degree area) (Continued on page 106)

LORETTA YOUNG'S

Loretta Young is only twenty. Yet her attire always has a fascinating touch of sophistication—



(Left) A lovely "picture" dress. The material is black velvet—one of Loretta's favorites. The lines are quite straight and the skirt, as you can see, very long. The starched lace collar and inch-lower-than-the-elbow cuffs are sweetly old-fashioned and yet, somehow, they add a charming worldly note. (Above) Loretta's midnight-blue crêpe, cut on molded lines. A very simple daytime dress—quite suitable for the office, and smart enough for a date.

HOW should the young girl dress? The girl who is somewhere between eighteen and twenty-two and who wants to be the sweet, wise young woman-of-the-world without losing any of her youthful charm? She faces a problem. I know that from the letters that pour in to me from girls all over the country.

"What should I wear so that I'll have an air of sophistication without making myself look older than I am?"

"What shall I do to create an appearance of subtlety in my clothes and yet retain a certain youthful dash in them?"

These days every girl wants to look *interesting*, different. She isn't satisfied to be the demure young thing—to cast shy glances about her and wear a ribbon in her hair. Neither does she care to imitate the finger-snapping hoyden of the nineteen-twenties who thought it amusing to show her knees. Miss Modern knows that knees are

WARDROBE

By
VIRGINIA T. LANE

—and in this article Loretta and Miss Lane tell you how to give your wardrobe the same touch



(Above) No, that wrap isn't ermine—nor lapin. It's panther skin, a smart and durable fur which is suitable for both daytime and evening. (Right) Loretta's very best evening dress, which she keeps for the most formal of parties. It's icy white satin. Crystal beads form a charming design on the bodice and the girdle is a crushed sash. The dress hanging up is satin, too—chartreuse, with a bodice of sea-green sequins.

seldom especially good-looking—that long, graceful skirts are much more flattering than abbreviated ones. She'd rather be called attractive and intelligent than merely pretty. And she infinitely prefers having her friends say, "Oh, what a smart gown!" instead of, "My, isn't that cute!"

In every sense of the word Loretta Young is a Miss Modern. Earl Luick, who has designed innumerable costumes for her, says she's young without causing one

to be constantly aware of the fact. He describes her as being "a triumphant twenty." Twenty that combines graciousness and poise with the attractive spontaneity of girlhood. "And I try to have her screen clothes give just that impression of her. She wears them beautifully, principally because she knows how to carry herself. You can't walk in jerks or have round shoulders and expect your clothes to give you distinction.

"If you really want to acquire style, first learn to move



(Above) A black velvet dinner or semi-formal evening gown which perhaps most effectively of all Loretta's wardrobe combines the youthful and the sophisticated. The wing sleeves edged with ermine, the square neck and the straight lines of the skirt couldn't be more suitable for the young girl. However (surprise!), the décolletage is cut down to the waist in back! Loretta wears with this the black velvet wrap (left). (Above, left) A new mink coat which Loretta has added to her wardrobe. It's luxuriant enough for evening wear and tailored enough for the street.

smoothly and gracefully. The new dresses demand it. They also demand that you hold yourself properly. The best way to practise that is to stand with the heels about three inches apart, the toes pointing forward, and then draw yourself up easily until the back is stretched to its full length. Push the shoulders back into a straight line and raise the head—but remember the top of the head, not the forehead, should be nearest the ceiling. When you've mastered this posture you'll do your clothes justice. In standing, if you'll keep the spine erect and at the same time allow the weight of the body to rest more on one foot than on the other, it will give a more pleasing line to your gown."

IT'S by such simple little tricks that a girl endows her dresses with an air all their own. Loretta was taught

them as a child . . . and by no less a person than Mae Murray. I think it must have been the generous Miss Murray, with whom she lived for a year, who implanted in Loretta the love of soft, beautiful materials. To this day she's unable to resist a luscious satin or a rich velvet.

"Beautiful materials, beautiful lines are of far greater importance to me than trimmings," Loretta observed, and right there she began answering the general plea in those beseeching letters that come to me. Trimming should always be subordinate to line if you want your clothes to be subtle.

"Let's take evening dresses. When a young girl is getting ready for a dance it's as if she were preparing for her big act. She's going to be in the spotlight—she wants thrilling things to happen. First, she considers the man she is to be with, his age and degree of worldliness.



The two pictures above show the dress which Loretta calls her "peach pick-up." (She bought it in about fifteen minutes). The material is peach-colored angel skin, the skirt lines are bias-cut, and the narrow belt comes just a speck below the natural waistline—a very good place for a belt, by the way, if you're a much-curved person. The picture directly above shows the adorable little criss-cross jacket which goes with the dress. The wide sleeves are bordered in mink. (Right) Loretta goes completely and utterly feminine when she buys negligees. That's her favorite, of blue satin.



NOT long ago I was driving downtown on a business errand and while I was waiting for a 'go' signal I noticed a heavenly outfit in one of the store windows. Well, instead of rushing on as I should have done, I swung into a parking station and then went into the shop and bought it. It took me exactly fifteen minutes. I've spent two very jolly evenings in that costume. Funny, how your clothes are so closely associated with the ups and downs in your life. I never put on a pair of silver slippers without remembering what a good time I had at my first dance . . . and I love a white sport suit because I was wearing one when Herbert Brenon signed me for 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh'—it was my first real part. But to get back to the cause of my delay. . . . The dress is peach colored angel skin satin, one of those sculptured models with the skirt cut on the bias and falling to the

floor in lovely folds. (There's a picture of it, shown above.) The neck is square cut and the rhinestone clips on the shoulder straps, both front and back, match the belt buckle. It has a shoulder cape bordered in mink that doublecrosses and ties in front. By way of completing it I wear an antique gold and crystal necklace and bracelets. Just last week I indulged in a new fur coat, a mink one that has a flattering shawl collar (isn't it great to have those collars back in style?) and of course it goes beautifully with my 'peach pick-up.' (There's a picture of the coat on page 68.) But occasionally I get perverse and wear a little cream and tan panther skin coat for evening, although it's supposed to be a sport coat. You really can make it do double duty, however, and it looks so well with a chartreuse satin dress I have. Yes, satin again! It makes me appear quite tall because it has such a



(Left) A knockout sport coat. It's made of brown and white chevron tweed with a shawl collar, diagonal pockets and sleeves that flare below the elbow. (Right) Loretta's dress coat for winter. It's of black chongella cloth, and the silver fox fur forms a stand-up collar and trims the cape.



(Left) Dance accessories. The white moiré slippers have buckles of an antique design to blend with the antique necklace. There are real lace insets in the hankie and the bag is studded with pearl and gold beads.



(Left) Street accessories in brown and white. The hat is a shallow-crowned soleil felt. The necklace and bracelet are of brown and white novelty beads. The brown suede gloves have very heavy seams. The purse is brown kid, very plain and smart.

(Right) More evening accessories. Long black mesh gloves, the tops studded with sequins, are a very exciting novelty for fall and winter evening wear.



Pictures on these pages specially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by Elmer Fryer, courtesy of First National Pictures

long skirt line and the waist of sea-green sequins with wide straps of the satin adds a surprising note. Somehow you don't expect that shimmering top to so sedate a skirt. My slippers are studded with sea-green sequins and I leave off all jewelry except a queer green bracelet that I found in a Chinese bazaar.

"For very formal parties I keep in reserve a gown of icy white satin. (See page 67.) I suppose I look like the original snow maiden in it, but if ever you want to feel like the duchess of something or other, wear that shade

of satin. The waist of this gown is trimmed with crystal beads and it has a crushed girdle that loops through a crystal buckle. The wrap I wear with it is of black silk velvet lined with white satin. The shawl cape collar is of ermine and the sleeves look like a bishop's.

"To be truthful, the wrap is part of a black velvet dinner ensemble. The dress that goes with it has a square neck in front and it drops to the waist in a deep V in back. The wing sleeves edged with ermine provide an old-fashioned touch. I have an (Continued on page 118)



Eddie Quillan and Maureen O'Sullivan on the RKO-Pathé lot where they are both working in "The Big Shot." Maureen was borrowed by Pathé from Fox for this picture. Following its completion she'll return to the Fox lot to make "Hoorah." Did you know that Eddie Quillan was marched into his first movie job on the arm of a detective? It seems that Eddie was playing in vaudeville and Mack Sennett wanted him for a picture. Eddie had disappeared on tour or something. Sennett had to send a detective after him.

LET'S TALK ABOUT

(Left) Lilyan Tashman is now in Europe with husband Edmund Lowe enjoying their first vacation in years. Yes, that's a copy of MODERN SCREEN she's holding. (Below) Dorothy Dix, the new Vee of the new Torch Comedy. It seems that many of the girls who played Vee have become great stars. Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Norma Shearer, among others. Will Dorothy do it, too?



WELL, just as we said in MODERN SCREEN, it was the money that was causing the break between Barbara Stanwyck and Columbia studio. Not Frank Fay . . . or any other of the so-called reasons.

And when Barbara decided to leave Columbia out in the cold because they wouldn't pay her what Warner Brothers were willing to pay, it didn't work. Not at all—Columbia waited until she was all set to start work on "Safe in Hell" and then they stepped in and served her with a court order that said that she should appear on a certain day ". . . and show cause why a permanent injunction should not be issued from the court to restrain her from working at any other studio until such time as she had fulfilled the contract with Columbia."

Hollywood, and all the bigger producers, anxiously awaited the outcome of this little legal encounter. The court's decision would set a precedent that would have to be followed in the future! Now it's all over . . . Columbia voluntarily raised her salary—and everybody's happy.

John Barrymore has announced that his schedule in the future will be two pictures a year and one stage play. The main reason for a definite routine is the fact that

John wants to plan on plenty of time for the ol' yachting business. John and Dolores have come to the conclusion that boating is a lot more important than work anyway. Mebbe they're right.

WHEN Roland West signed Thelma Todd for a dramatic rôle in "Corsair," opposite Chester Morris, he changed her name to Alison Loyd. "To take the taint of comedy away from her and give her a chance as a dramatic actress," said West.

But Thelma still had some short comedies to do for Hal Roach, who burned at the change of her name. "I suppose," said Roach, "I'll have to change her name to Susie Zilch . . . to guard against the taint of drama!"

Here's a real Hollywood Mystery Romance: A well known director leaves his own well known Rolls-Royce in the garage—rents a limousine and visits a well known blond actress! Don't look at us—we can't tell.

Latest developments on the Barbara Stanwyck-studio break!

HOLLYWOOD

(Below) Mrs. Loretta Withers, Gretchen Young, Loretta Young. They're one and the same. She recently divorced Grant Withers on the grounds of non-support. This picture was taken right in the court room. (Right) Dorothy Mackaill, with her absolutely one and only, at least up to the moment of writing. Neil Miller is his name and he is a radio crooner and the son of a planter in Hawaii. That's where they met.



World Wide



CERTAIN wags have been wagging that Michael Farmer, once supposedly engaged to the beauteous Marilyn Miller, and now rumored engaged to Gloria Swanson, is not a millionaire playboy as everyone thinks. Rather, a very attractive young male trying to get along! He certainly must be *very attractive* to get the attentions of two such famous beauties as Marilyn and Gloria!

Daily Puzzle:

Sidney Fox is renting the house owned by Austin Parker, whom Miriam Hopkins is suing for divorce. Miriam is going places with Dudley Murphy since the marital break. Sidney, also, is a good friend of Dudley's. Miriam is friendly with her ex-husband, Austin Parker . . . so is Sidney. Miriam and Sidney are still good friends.

FRANCES MARION, one of the highest-paid scenarists in Hollywood, and her director husband, George Hill, have separated for good this time. They plan to get

a divorce in the very near future. In their couple of years of married life, the Hills have separated any number of times and then made up again. But this is final.

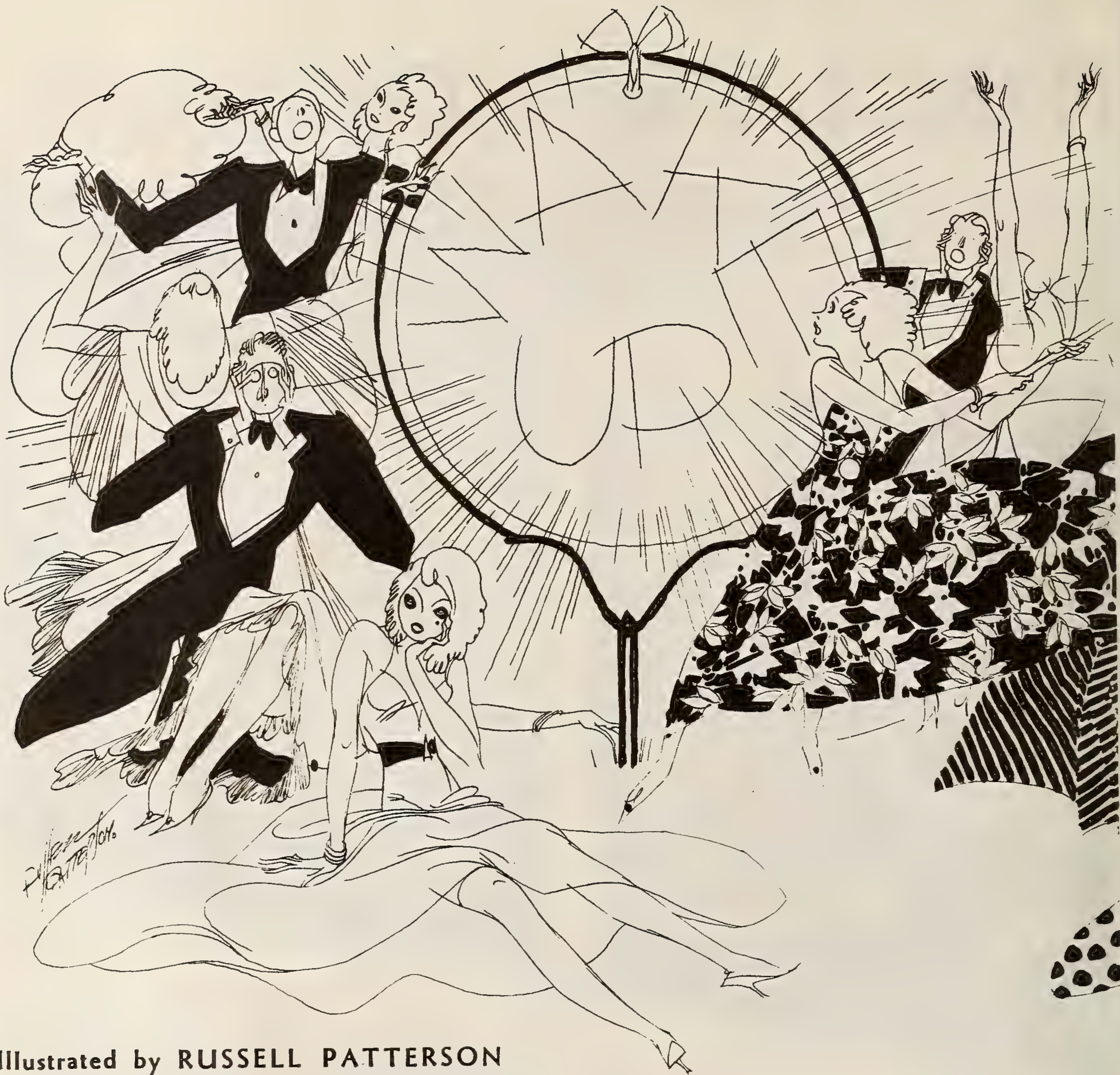
Frances has been going around since the separation with an attractive fellow who looks a great deal like her late husband, Fred Thompson, the Western star. Many say that Fred was Frances' one love and that his sudden death affected her more than anyone will ever know.

SOME say that Edmund Lowe is really a sick man—and that that is the reason for his leaving Fox. Others have it that Eddie wanted his salary raised from the \$4,000 he was getting under his old contract, to \$6,000 a week. His physician came forward with the statement that the actor's health won't stand the continual grind of picture after picture and that he needs a rest immediately. So, as we write this, Eddie and wife Lil Tashman are planning to leave for Europe on a vacation.

Whether it's actual illness . . . or salary-itis, it looks like Lowe and Fox have come to the parting of the ways. John Boles is replacing him in "Cheating," and the studio is grooming Spencer Tracy to play opposite Vic MacLaglen in "Disorderly Conduct."

LOOK FOR OTHER GOSSIP ON PAGES 16 and 92

Is that just a gag about Michael Farmer? Or is it really true?



Illustrated by **RUSSELL PATTERSON**

By **WALTER RAMSEY**

HOLLYWOOD has been quite dull lately! No sensational divorce rumors . . . no red-hot parties where the noise was loud and the wine ancient . . . not so many flaming exponents of IT strolling the Boulevard . . . no one getting into fist fights at the Brown Derby or the Embassy . . . not much news . . . and very little gossip!

What's happened to our fair little Hamlet?

Some of us who have been in Hollywood for a number of years and can remember back *when* have been giving this little question a bit of thought lately. We can recall without much trouble or hesitation that the film capital used to be a hot-bed of whoopee and hey-hey. It took no time at all in the good old days to find a party . . . and a good one. Or gather with half the gang and listen by the hour to real juicy tidbits about the other half. You see, in Hollywood *one half* used to know how the *other half* lived . . . or at least they would make a swell attempt at guessing.

And while we are doing all this remembering, we can also recall that just about that time our good friend Will Hays came bounding over the horizon, tsch-tsching at

each bound, and took the situation in hand. Mr. Hays came to the movies as a salvation . . . a sort of bulwark against the whispers of the world. His main duty was to check what Hollywood referred to as her "delightful freedom" . . . and of course he had other duties, but his main job was to clean up everything in general and movie reputations in particular.

AFTER the deplorable death of Wallace Reid and the unfortunate Arbuckle scandal, Mr. Hays put his foot down with a resounding and reverberating thwack and said: "Be good, my children, be good. A little bird said that if you didn't mend your ways the boogy man would take away your Rolls-Royce and your swimming pool and your mansion in Beverly and whatnot. To say nothing of your bed of roses and other household furniture."

Immediately things began to happen!

Morality clauses sprang into existence. These included every misdemeanor and felony on the books together with a lot that Hollywood had forgotten were implied by "nice and respectable movie star." It was put down that if a cute little star were to ". . . have or appear to have

IS HOLLYWOOD COMING TO LIFE?



. . . Respectability is all very nice but—it's liable to be a little dull. At least, that's what Hollywood discovered. Indications are that the old town is going back to something of its former vividness

The world is sick and tired of reading about movie stars who are "even as you and I." What the world wants is more color, more vivacity. And Hollywood is going to give it to us. At least, everything points that way.

caused her name to be connected or appear to be connected with anything that smacked or appeared to smack of the unsavory . . ." that said star was to have his or her head promptly cut off. Or words to that effect. Hollywood's previous work-a-day rules of behavior became as obsolete as yesterday's roses and the colony was forced to leave forgotten those things which they had always done.

Location chaperons arrived. No longer were the blond and tinted darlings to be allowed to go tripping off with a studio company for three or four weeks . . . alone.

Leading men were no longer trusted to be more than leading men. There must be a kindly, gray-haired old lady along to guard the ingénue. Sparing no expense . . . facing all wise-cracks.

The august eye of the Front Office was turned on the personal conduct as well as the professional performances. And after a few hard years, it looked as though Mr. Hays

had won. The movies were cleaned up. Hollywood was *white* in place of *primrose* . . . dull instead of sparkling.

Ramon Novarro, with his flare for peace and quiet (at all and any cost) became the leading light of the new movement. Joan Crawford commenced hooking rugs . . . taking pictures in the garden . . . and generally acting ga-ga all over the place. Tashman quieted down to a mere shadow of her former robust self. Buddy Rogers became an idol of modern American youth. Phillips Holmes turned over a new leaf. Jack Gilbert did a right-about face in *low* and even stopped talking. Conrad Nagel and Mary Brian rated headlines.

BUT . . . and you can hear this question on every tongue these days . . . has the cleaning up done more than it was supposed to do? In the whitening process has Hollywood lost much of the intrigue and flame that once made her the most discussed and fascinating town in the world? There is a point! Hollywood had gone genteel and good . . . and just a little goody-goody. In the era of self-conscious gentility and determined culture wasn't some of the spirit lost? To those of us who have written about Hollywood doings and doers for years some exceptionally brilliant colors were missing from the Hollywood Legend. The pattern had grown faded.

The vivid days of the Montmartre, where stars rubbed shoulders with other stars and tourists and housewives . . . where Joan Crawford danced in a spangled dress and the rafters shook with the din of the applause . . . where the beaming Eddie Brandstatter held off the mad-but-laughing crowds with a red velvet rope—this is gone from Hollywood.

Gone also are the temperamental clashes between studio queens such as in the good old days of Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri dividing the Paramount lot in adoration and allegiance . . . and the bizarre raiment of the then over-dressed Gloria with her curleycue coiffures . . . the be-diamonded Ruth Roland . . . the white fox furs of Billie Dove . . . the bare legs of Alice White, Sally O'Neil and other cuties . . . the childish and naïve tricks of famous people—Mabel Normand eating peanuts on the back seat of her luxurious town car . . . and the crowd of fans that used to be at the entrance of every popular place to see and applaud the movie stars regal public appearance. All . . . gone!

THE studio darlings now dine at the exclusive Embassy Club and Mayfair . . . far from the eyes of the crowd. And the crowd doesn't gather to gape and yell at the famous. Studio queens don't quarrel any more—they are too determined to be ladies. Gloria wears her knot in the approved Mayfair fashion on the nape of her neck. Billie Dove's white foxes are packed away in the moth balls.

Yea, verily, Hays has won—but has *Hollywood* won?

From the goings-on about town it would lead one to believe that the Colony has come to a negative conclusion on the above question. Certainly the interest in the present crop of pampered beauties is not nearly so fervid as it was five years ago. And thanks to Mr. Hays, it is not scandal that has slowed up the interest. Can it be that the movie stars have become too much like you and I?

Look at some of the things that are happening:

Norma Shearer, the original and everlasting lady of the films is acquiring a new atmosphere. No longer does she desire the utmost in "proper" gowns for all occasions. She may be seen at first nights with "daring creations"—almost up to the standard set by her breath-taking wardrobe in "Strangers May Kiss," "The Divorcée" and "A Free Soul." Norma probably came to the conclusion that

her home-and-fireside publicity wasn't helping her sensational picture rôles at all. The happy and contented Mrs. Thalberg is about to disappear from the public prints . . . in her place will be ". . . the stunning, fascinating Norma Shearer, she of the sex-appeal and curves. . . ."

Joan Crawford? Yes, it took her a long time to understand that she wasn't cut out for the rôle that she is now playing in private life. She was told that she had made her success in "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens" because the public had a hunch that she lived just that sort of life *off* the screen as well. She used to dance, love, laugh and sing. Thus her sudden domestic trend didn't help her situation in the least . . . and it begins to look as though she were about ready to give it up. The other night she was seen dancing at the famous Cocoanut Grove—and what's more she was singing and laughing as of old. There are even rumors that she and Doug are indulging in little romances on the side! Oh, things are picking up all right . . . all right!



AND Marlene! The German gal has decided that she will give out no more interviews. That's the first indication of her future personality. Now we can get back to our guessing games about her . . . as well as Garbo. And the funny part of it all is: that what you and I *guess* about them is a lot more exciting than what we *know* about them.

Dietrich got off on the wrong foot when she first arrived. She punctured the Von Sternberg romance by saying that she was already married and had a baby. Her husband gave out statements that . . . "she is every bit as good a cook as she is an actress." Such cracks may go very well in the cooking class, but they are not the type of publicity that makes for personalities like Garbo and Dietrich. They require much mystery and intrigue.

But now!

Out comes the statement that Riza Von Sternberg, Josef's twice-divorced wife, is suing Marlene for some six hundred thousand dollars. Five hundred thousand of the grievance is said to be for "alienation of affections." Marlene hit the front pages with a big bang and stayed there for quite a few days. Can't you see what is happening? Why, Hollywood is coming to life again!

Even Clark Gable is going in for some of the old-time Hollywood stuff! His studio has awakened to the fact that there has been entirely too much ga-ga going out about their big box-office bet. He was doing everything but "hooking rugs" (for the press) . . . and any woman who sees him knows that he couldn't *look* that way without *living* just a little! From now on you will get a lot more of the truth about your favorite he-man . . . they are just about through making him out a sissy. They have decided that they will not allow "nice" publicity to kill the chances of the only man to approach Valentino's success since that famous Latin became the household word for passionate love scenes. Rudy lived and dressed and spoke as he chose! They are going to let Gable do the same!

WHY did Clark Gable marry the same woman twice within a year without once divorcing her? Why did he divorce his first wife? Has he a nine year old son? Has he been married more than twice? What is his "ideal girl"? How close does that come to the women he has married? How does it happen that he has always married a woman at least ten years older than himself?

These questions will be answered now . . . and before, they were the subject of a hushing up campaign.

And Pola is back in town . . . Mae Murray is suing her husband (the Prince) for (*Continued on page 129*)



Photograph by Hurrell

There's no one who looks quite as cute in cute poses and cute costumes as Anita Page. That's our main reason for running this picture. Also, we thought perhaps you'd like to know that Anita's contract was saved by large quantities of fan mail. You'll next see her in "Poor Little Ritz Girl" for which she was lent to Warners by M-G-M. Anita has lost fifteen pounds lately.

SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD FAILED



(Above) Conchita Montenegro with Warner Baxter in "The 'Cisco Kid," her first picture for Fox. Although Conchita herself cries, "I am too awful!" directors are full of praise for the little Spanish girl.



(Left) A portrait of Conchita taken at the time she and her sister Juanita were touring Europe as a dancing team. Conchita was fourteen—Juanita seventeen. Their success was instantaneous. But Conchita discounts it.

By
**DOROTHY
SPENSLEY**

OCCASIONALLY children like Conchita Montenegro come to Hollywood. Their advents, however, are infrequent.

Yes, there *have* been other—many other—beautiful Spanish girls who have come to Hollywood. I'll even admit that there have been other beautiful Spanish girls in Hollywood who were witty, charming, graceful, provocative and all the other nice things that Conchita is. But the unusual thing about Conchita is that for a long time, in spite of applause and compliments and contracts—she thought she was a failure.

She hasn't played in a great many English-speaking films—yet. She was imported from Europe to make Spanish versions of American pictures. Then, when

most foreign importations were being dispatched home, Conchita was taken from the Spanish versions and given English-speaking parts. You saw her, no doubt, in "Strangers May Kiss." She was the little dancer who twirled and swayed so alluringly at that big party which some nobleman or other was giving for Norma Shearer down on the Riviera. Conchita's next rôle after that—which was really only a bit, after all—was leading lady opposite Leslie Howard in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." She still thought she was a failure. Now she has a new contract with Fox and you'll be seeing her in "The 'Cisco Kid" with Edmund Lowe and Warner Baxter, and "Disorderly Conduct" with Lowe and Victor McLaglen. They talk of big things for her—particularly



. . . They say that a true artist is never pleased with his own work. And that's how Conchita feels

(Above) With Leslie Howard in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Conchita worked under a terrible strain when she was making this picture. And she was convinced that her acting in this film was "ver-ry ba-ad."

(Right) Conchita as she is today! "Slim, slight, jetty haired, and queen of all she commands." But that despairing sense of failure still pops up. To Conchita, her own best efforts are never quite good enough.



since they selected her for one of their three Débutante Stars of Tomorrow, which is an honor indeed.

I REMEMBER Conchita sitting talking to me in her apartment, which overlooks the Wilshire golf course, fully convinced that her motion picture career was at an end, that as an actress she was a total failure. She was sure that on the screen she moved like an animated doll, that her figure was too wide, her face too broad, her accents too impossible.

She and her sister, Gusta, were ready to pack their wardrobe trunks and hurry back to Madrid. Like as not the trunks were halfway packed, so decided was Conchita that her first appearance in an American film was

a failure. She was quite sincere in her attitude, too.

At the studio, the story was different. Officials and directors were talking of the excellent trouping of the little Madrileña. Fellow actors—compliment indeed—were talking of the delicacy and grace with which she handled love scenes that might have been brazen in another's hands. They were saying other pleasant things about her appearance in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

At home Conchita, in a jade green sports dress, sat on the edge of the henna upholstered chair and talked rapidly of her blasted career.

"Oh, I am ter-reeble! Don' tell me otherwise. Those costume, so full from the bosom—" small, excitable hands swept down from hers, (Continued on page 114)

THE MOST DYNAMIC WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD



Nathalie Bucknall is now head of the Research Department at M-G-M. Her amazing experiences have more than fitted her for the job.

... Amazing, this woman's terrific energy and dauntless courage. Her bravery is equal to any man's

By JACK JAMISON

YOU are a nineteen-year-old schoolgirl. You have left a home of luxury and delicacy, where your life has been a sheltered one, to join an organization with the name of The Women's Battalion of Death. You have been in it only six weeks. You scarcely know what a gun is. One morning you are pulled out of bed at five o'clock. After prayers, a rifle is thrust into your hands. Your commander says, "The Bolsheviks are attacking the palace. There are no troops. All the defense rests upon us." Through the grey light you march to the huge palace. Scattered shots are fired at your column on the way. The girl next you staggers and falls, coughing blood. In the palace, you barricade the great doors. The Reds are advancing through the gardens, firing from behind shrubbery. You aim and fire whenever you see a man—you, who have never been able to bear seeing a chicken killed! No one has told you to stand

back from the windows, so you fire over the sills; the Reds can see you better than you can see them, and girl after girl tumbles to the parquet floor. You drive the attackers off. They come on again. More girls die. You wonder how soon a bullet will sear into your own breast. The attack goes on all day. Not until night do the Cossacks charge the Reds, drive them off, and enter the palace to relieve you.

NATHALIE BUCKNALL, now chief of the Research Department at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, was at nineteen a slim blond girl with blue eyes, whom British visitors to Petrograd often took to be English, an impression which was heightened by her fluent speech in that tongue. As a matter of fact, she spoke perfect French and German also, as do all cultured Russians. Nathalie was at St. Anne's College in Petrograd, studying engineering and architecture. Strange as those professions may seem for a woman, they were her choice; and when Nathalie makes a choice nothing dissuades her. War was declared. Nathalie instantly enlisted as a nurse. For a year she served at the Czarevitch Alexei's Hospital in Petrograd. Then the Grand Duchesses Tatiana and Marie endowed several hospital trains, to bring wounded from the front, five days' journey away, and Nathalie volunteered for duty on them. On her first trip, as the train rolled along, she leaned out of the window and saw German planes overhead. A small black object detached itself from the plane and fell toward her. There was a racking boom. "Bombs!" cried the head nurse. "They're bombing us in spite" (Continued on page 123)

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

SIDNEY FOX

—who has made good in Hollywood in less than three hundred and sixty-five days. Her good work in the rôle of the unsophisticated Southern child in "Strictly Dishonorable" will be followed by the leading part in "The Impatient Maiden," from the novel by Donald Henderson Clarke. Sidney is a little bit of a thing—not five feet tall. Before she made her Broadway stage début in "Lost Sheep" she ran a newspaper column of advice to the lovelorn. The screen has always been her goal.



Photograph by Freulich



Photograph by Hurrell

LYNN FONTANNE and ALFRED LUNT

—who have brought real sophistication to the movies. Their first talkie is "The Guardsman" which was a Theatre Guild play. As a talkie, it's practically perfect—even perhaps a bit too subtle to meet every taste. This scintillating pair are Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lunt in private life—and have remained devotedly so for several years. They frequently—though not invariably—play together on the stage.



Photograph by Hal Phylfe

CHARLES FARRELL

—who managed to preserve a gentlemanly silence through all that Gaynor-Farrell discussion. He's very happy now because his contract has been renewed and because Virginia Valli devotes her time to being Mrs. Charles Farrell. After "Heartbreak" with Madge Evans, he'll play "Delicious" with Janet Gaynor. He says he enjoys playing with Janet because they understand each other so thoroughly.



Photograph by Irving Lippman

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

—whose humor is both subtle and cuckoo and whose sense of the ridiculous is a priceless thing in a literal-minded world. After completing "Side Show" with Winnie Lightner, Butterworth had a bad siege of appendicitis, but he's doing nicely now. He keeps bachelor quarters in Hollywood. He at one time commenced the study of law, but gave it up in favor of the stage. He says his pet hobby is reading pamphlets.

"I'M PROUD TO BE A MOTHER"

. . . Says Ann Harding who, contrary to the procedure of a good many stars, has never tried to keep her marriage or child a secret

By ROSA STRIDER REILLY

IN the best movie circles—it simply isn't done!" The glamorous Ann Harding was talking about motherhood.

"For a screen star to discuss her children," she continued, "is considered just as bad form in Hollywood as pulling instead of pushing your soup. But I can't help that. I'm proud to be a mother so I don't see why I shouldn't come right out in black print and say so."

As I listened to Miss Harding, the thought struck me that among the many mothers of the screen with whom I had at one time or another talked—Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Nancy Carroll, Joan Bennett, Dolores Costello, Eleanor Boardman, Mae Murray, Polly Moran and Irene Rich—Ann was the only one who had willingly discussed her child with me. And her willingness seemed a lovely trait.

It was only a few months ago that Miss Harding made the statement that she believed no woman came into her full mental and physical heritage until she had experienced motherhood. And this in spite of the fact that her closest friends had advised her—ever since she left the New York stage to go into talking pictures—not to let it be known that she was even married—much less a mother!

MISS HARDING is such an exquisite, romantic type that many of her friends and advisers felt moviegoers would not like to think of her as being married.

"But I couldn't believe that," Miss Harding said. "I felt that discriminating movie lovers had more intelligence than that. And my feelings proved right. For never since the first day I entered pictures has the fact that I'm a wife and mother stood in my way. On the contrary, hundreds of fans have written me letters to say they are glad I'm a woman first and a star second."

Little Jane Bannister has influenced her mother in every rôle the great star has played. For nearly all of Ann's films have touched on married life. Especially "Paris Bound" and "East Lynne." And because Ann Harding is herself a wife and mother, in both of these pictures, she has introduced a quality of emotional under-



Jane Bannister is Ann Harding's answer to her theory that women should never let a career interfere with motherhood.

standing which has brought her hundreds of new screen friends every day.

We all know that the word marriage has a lovely lilt to it—if it is spoken gently. For marriage isn't just a ceremony—a matter of stepping up to a candle-shadowed altar with a bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley in your hand, and being joined to a man for better or worse by priest or parson.

No, says Ann Harding, marriage is a matter of two people being welded together by years of understanding, sympathy, and, maybe, sacrifice. A long arduous process. And marriage only becomes a fact instead of a name when it makes two people happy and satisfied—able to live and work better. And when these two people in turn bring children into the world to share this warmer relationship, then, and then only, is marriage an institution.

IT is because we feel that Miss Harding has sifted the values of living and caught this essence of content and happiness that we are attracted to her on the screen. It is that deep, sweet, quality in her, in addition to her beauty and talent, which fastens (Continued on page 127)

THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD MAN IN HOLLYWOOD

... Hollywood, judging Lebedeff by its own code, finds him wanting. But, judge him by the code of a Russian gentleman—

It's all right to be eccentric in Hollywood—after you're a success. But Ivan Lebedeff made the fatal mistake of being different before he was a success. And that's rather unforgivable in the film town.

By

ALFRED CRANE



IT is all right with Hollywood if Garbo holds herself aloof from the crowd—stays a mystery.

Likewise it is quite cricket for Connie Bennett to hold her beautiful blond head in the air and ritz the rest of the gals. Or Mary and Doug to entertain all the visiting royalty . . . and get real choosy with the invitations. Or Ronald Colman to play hermit and slight all the cute little tricks in the colony.

Yes, that's all perfectly well understood with the rest of the gang. You see, they all figure that it is okay to be a little "different" . . . high-hat . . . eccentric . . . or anything their hearts desire, because they've worked up from nothing. They now have the right to rub it in everyone else's hair—and the boys and girls are supposed to

like it. Fame is allowed the right of way in Hollywood! But one must work up to it gradually!

That's where Ivan Lebedeff made his big mistake. Why . . . he wore spats and carried a cane while he was still *looking* for his first job! He was seen to bow low from the waist and kiss a lady's hand while he was practically working "extra" in pictures. Hollywood was quick to look and judge. The judgment voiced the opinion that no one had the right to be strolling up and down the Boulevard, cane in hand, acting as though he was playing the rôle of the object lesson in "Our Betters" while he was actually hungry! Who did he think he was, anyway? And he claimed that he was a prince of royal blood from Russia—that he had been a page in the court

With Genevieve Tobin in "The Gay Diplomat," Ivan's latest effort for RKO-Radio. He wrote the story in addition to playing the leading rôle. It is said that RKO expects him to be one of their really big stars.



That was a curious trick that some of his friends played on Ivan Lebedeff. It concerned the waitress in his usual restaurant. His reaction, however, quite baffled his companions. Below is a John Decker caricature of Ivan.



of the former Czar—that his name was listed in the renowned Velvet Book of Russian aristocracy! Where did he get that stuff? Didn't every Russian in Hollywood claim the same thing?

AND so it was that the tall, dark-eyed man whom Hollywood jokingly referred to as "The Ex-Prince," became the most misunderstood man ever to play in pictures. He had failed to await the arrival of fame in the movies before becoming eccentric and spat-wear-



ing . . . thus he was stamped as an outcast from the colony. One well known magazine went so far as to have his "Russian Prince Story" checked abroad . . . it was their idea to print an exposé when the real dope arrived from the land of the peasants! But they found to their utter amazement that Ivan Lebedeff hadn't *begun* to tell them the story of his social and family connections! He was all he claimed—and more!

But the joke was on *them* . . . so the truth was never printed! That is the way of Hollywood! If they are wrong they will admit it—but only in unheard whispers. It isn't sensational to be a non-bogus prince!

And the funny part of it all is that he is succeeding in spite of them. He is being starred! Of course, most women are supposed to like him . . . but on the other hand, most men aren't. What is it that the fans see and like about Lebedeff that Hollywood is missing? I think I can explain it to you.

HOLLYWOOD has never taken the trouble to learn to *know* the man. They laugh at his hand-kissing and kid about his white spats, but they never allow themselves the pleasure of knowing him personally. They are content to sit off at a distance and judge him . . . a proven gentleman of royal birth . . . by comparing him with the rest of the other struggling *hams* in the movies. Lebedeff has been filed and card-indexed by Hollywood according to the general formula. He has been found wanting—according to American standards.

But Ivan Lebedeff is Russian!

And since I know that those of us who have given him a real hearing and learned to know him, invariably like him—I think it only fair that we tell you what we have found. Let us judge Lebedeff by the standards of a Russian gentleman. Then if he is found wanting, Hollywood is entitled to a laugh . . . not only at Ivan, but at me. But you shall be the judge.

According to an old, white-haired Russian army officer in Hollywood, a man in his (Continued on page 128)



At Norma's party for Harriet Parsons, MODERN SCREEN writer, Billie Dove had a swell time laughing and kidding, even as you and I. The chap with her is one Alan Tomblin, a non-professional. Although he looks terribly interested in Billie, no rumors about them have started as yet. (Right) Lionel Barrymore and Louella Parsons, famous columnist and mother of Harriet, the birthday child. Doesn't the Barrymore look jolly?

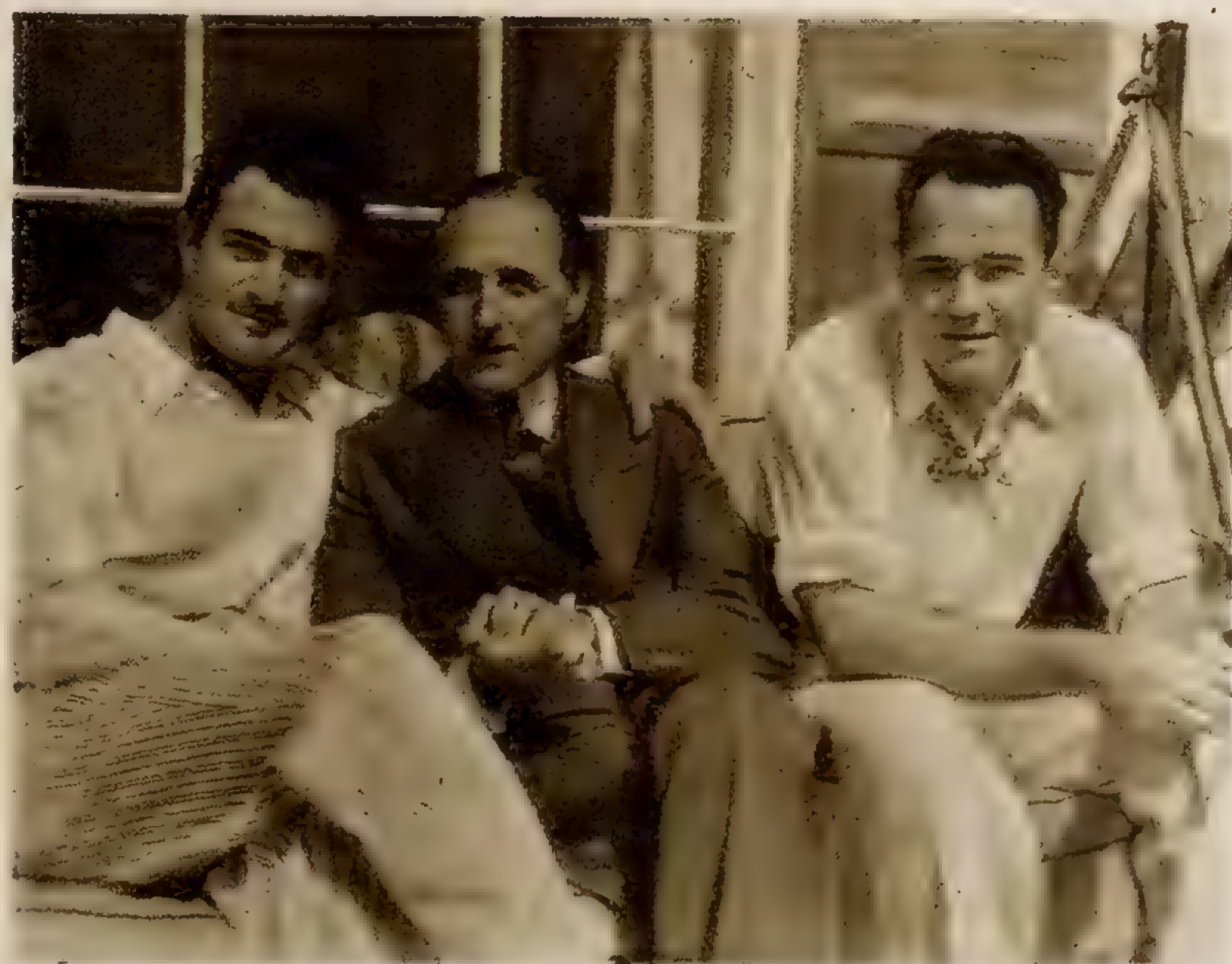




BIRTHDAY PARTY

. . . What a crowd of Hollywood's famous collected at her house when Norma Talmadge gave a party!

Natalie Keaton, Norma's sister, Norma, and a gentleman in gay trunks. The gentleman in the gay trunks is Sid Grauman. Bet that's the first picture of Natalie you've seen for some time.



Norma told everybody to dress as he liked. So Gilbert Roland wore awning-striped pants, Claude Allister's attire was impeccable and Bill Haines just rolled up his sleeves and undid the old collar.

And here's the whole gang. Get ready, now, to pick them out. All set? Go! Top row, left to right: Mrs. Leslie Carter, Muriel Babcock, Mrs. Edwin Knopf, Dr. Radwin, Mrs. Marg Talmadge, an unidentified friend, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Mark Busby, Bebe Daniels, Billie Dove, Mrs. Zeppo Marx, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Elda Vokell, Dean Markham, Lionel Barrymore, Zeppo Marx. Lower row: Dr. Harry Martin, Natalie Keaton, Buster Keaton, Norma Talmadge, Harriet Parsons (the birthday child), Louella Parsons and Ben Lyon. Such a lot of famous people!

Photographs specially posed and photographed by Hyman Fink.

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH



From the Harold Seton Collection

The gentleman with the pen-knife and the dirty expression on his face (above) is the chap to whom women have been kind (that is, according to the title of his book). Yes, yes, of course it's Lou Tellegen. The chap laid out on the couch is Gaston Glass. Hot and heavy drama, this. The pert young lady (right), so naughtily lifting her skirts, really is Ina Claire. The picture hat and the ballet-lacing shoes are very-very. You'll be seeing them everywhere this winter—maybe.



. . . Look these over and see if you can tie them

A WRITER OF ROMANCE
 DISCOVERS THAT
"pink tooth brush"
 HAS AN UNHAPPY ENDING!

"BUSY? Of course I've been busy! In the past twelve months I've traipsed across a couple of oceans . . . done Egypt again so I could finish that serial . . . taken a peek at Vienna . . . and sold nine short stories, besides giving a few lectures.

"And I look it. My clothes are a sight. My

hair looks *dead*. Why, even my *teeth* look wrong lately! And goodness knows, I've never neglected *them*.

"Or have I? Who was it? Must have been that nice young American dentist in Calcutta who told me I'd better get rid of 'pink tooth brush' or I'd regret it. That was a year and



a half ago. I suppose I'm paying up now for *that* piece of negligence. Well, here goes for Ipana and massage. *Today*. I may be 34—but I'm going to have sound gums and white teeth for a good many years longer. If I know myself" . . .

"Pink tooth brush" is a sly trouble that may slip up on you no matter who you are—where you are—or how old you are.

It's the soft foods we civilized people eat!" your dentist will tell you. "They don't stimulate the gums. And without exercise your gums relapse into laziness. They stop working. Get flabby. And the next thing is that they're so tender that you find 'pink' on your tooth brush."

And he'll go on to tell you that if you don't get "pink tooth brush" under control, you may find yourself with gingivitis or pyorrhea or Vincent's Disease. It may even endanger sound teeth through infection at the roots.

There's no need to take chances with "pink tooth brush"—not with Ipana Tooth Paste in every drug store. Clean your teeth with Ipana. That will help. But for the best results, each time put a little fresh Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and massage it directly into your gums.

Even in the first few days you'll see a new brightness taking the place of the grayish look your teeth have developed. And before that first tube of Ipana is gone, you'll find that your gums are *decidedly* firmer. Keep on with Ipana and massage—and you'll be safe from "pink tooth brush."

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-121
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" • BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH



Courtesy Los Angeles Herald and Los Angeles Examiner

At Marion Davies' homecoming party. Left to right, top row: Clarence Brown, Robert Z. Leonard, Jack Conway, Irving Thalberg, Adolphe Menjou, King Vidor, Samuel Goldwyn, George Fitzmaurice, Herman Mankiewicz, Dr. Martin, John Gilbert, Lloyd Pantages. Lower row: Mona Maris, Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard, Mrs. Jack Conway, Eleanor Boardman, Mrs. Goldwyn, Louella Parsons, Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mrs. Mankiewicz, Kathryn Carver, Aileen Pringle and Hedda Hopper. Other pictures of the party on pages 14 and 15.

More About Hollywood

ANOTHER HELPING OF DELICIOUS CHIT-CHAT

BUDDY ROGERS is saying so-long to Hollywood and pictures at the end of his contract with Paramount. He's going to be a big band man and alternate between the stage and radio with a carefully selected orchestra, each member of which, Buddy says, will be an entertainer besides a musician. Buddy himself not only has a pleasant singing voice, but plays almost any musical instrument you could name.

'Pears like Rudy Vallée will have to look to his laurels!

Some of Buddy's friends think that he will utilize this temporary retirement from the screen to take unto himself a wife. Seems as if he would have married months ago if it hadn't been for strong studio opposition. We wonder who the lucky girl will be?

When the Fox Studios announced that Eric Von Stroheim would direct a picture for them . . . it looked like a sure sign that the Hollywood depression was over!

WE are watching, with a great deal of trepidation, the progress of the M-G-M experiment. We have reference to the production, "Grand Hotel," in which you are to see Garbo, Gilbert, Gable and Crawford in one and the same picture! Can you imagine

how the fans are going to take that one? Will it stand 'em in line or not?

But there is liable to be a lot of fun before it actually reaches you in its completed form. Will Crawford want to take third or fourth billing? Will Gilbert be watching the dialogue handed to Gable? Who will get the most footage? Will one director be able to handle so many big names in a single picture?

The above question will give you an idea why MODERN SCREEN is watching this particular picture with a bit of wonder. Maybe the developments will give us a story . . . and if such is the case you will get all the inside low-down in a hurry. It might just happen that such a picture will be made without any trouble whatever . . . but on the other hand, we will be watching.

Lothar Mendez (Dot Mackaill's ex) is shopping around for a diamond ring to place on the finger of Lady June Inverclyde. Lady June has meantime been getting a Reno divorce from her titled English husband—and she and Lothar will be married soon. Let's hope Lady June will succeed where Dot failed!

JUST when we were all set to send Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor congratulations on their coming wed-

ding, they had to go and break-up—for keeps this time, they say. Betty is now going every place with Irving Weinberg, a wealthy broker.

About a year ago, Betty told friends, "I'm never going to get married again—my one marital adventure cured me for all time." Of course, no one believed her—how could just one taste of marriage be enough for the much-wedded stars of Hollywood—but now it looks as if she meant it.

CORINNE GRIFFITH is coming back to Hollywood, but not to appear in pictures. She wants to sell her houses—one in Beverly Hills and the other at Malibu, which Connie Bennett has been renting for the summer. Corinne's husband, Walter Morosco, has been made head of Paramount's London studios, so she wants to stay there with him.

For a while, the Morosco-Griffith marriage threatened to break up—but now everything has been adjusted, and Corinne is satisfied to play only one rôle . . . that of Mrs. Morosco.

The Hollywood butlers have formed a union. A wisecracker remarks: "God help the stars—the extras can open their own doors!"

(Continued on page 104)

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 13)

Take a look at pages 59 and 83

Have you ever thought that Charles Farrell still has many fans who would like to see more photographs of him in your magazine?

A FARRELL FAN,
Newark, N. J.

Oh yes we have, Virginia, on page 71

Please give us a story about Eddie Quillan. He is the best comedian there is at present and you never even have a portrait of him.

We read so much about the other stars we get tired of it.

VIRGINIA A. VOSS,
St. Louis, Mo.

Maybe we'll run a full page picture of him someday, Bob

Just a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy reading your wonderful MODERN SCREEN Magazine. I like the new article of "Gone Are the Days."

Best of all I like the picture of the late Wallace Reid, I sure hope you have in the future a full page length portrait of him, as he was my favorite star.

ROBERT TAYLOR,
Lexington, Ky.

Maybe we will, Just Ann. We need those prayers

I thought that Dorothy Mackaill's picture on the October issue was really wonderful. But, gee, why wasn't there even one teeny weeny picture of her inside? Was that nice? Dot is so popular, too. Oh, please, Mr. Editor, please print the True Story of Dorothy Mackaill. Her fans will jump for joy. I ought to know. Maybe they'll even pray for you. How would you like that?

JUST ANN,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Don't Feel Hurt

—if your letter isn't printed in this issue. We get so many letters that we can't possibly print them all. We try to pick the most interesting—but we can't even print all of those. One thing you can be certain about, however: every letter is read carefully and the contents thereof given due consideration. Questions requesting a personal reply are answered by mail—if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Address your letters to Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Try to make your letters pithy and to the point. And don't forget that, although we like compliments and praise quite as much as the rest of the world, we welcome frank, honest criticism even more—it makes better reading.



Revive Natural Hair Vigor

THE first step in having beautiful hair is to restore its natural health and vigor. And that is most easily done by simply using the Nestle Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo—another never-failing aid to glorious hair developed by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.

Leading beauticians depend upon this Hot Oil Treatment to revitalize lifeless hair. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and nourishes the hair to new vigor and beauty. It also makes the ideal shampoo, as it is free from soap or alkali. Everyone in the family should use it. Get the handy 10c size today and your hair will gain new loveliness amazingly fast.

SuperSet

every finger wave or water wave—it makes every wave more glamorous and longer lasting. SuperSet is greaseless and fast drying. There is no deposit or sediment. The SuperSet wave is the finest wave you ever had.

ColoRinse

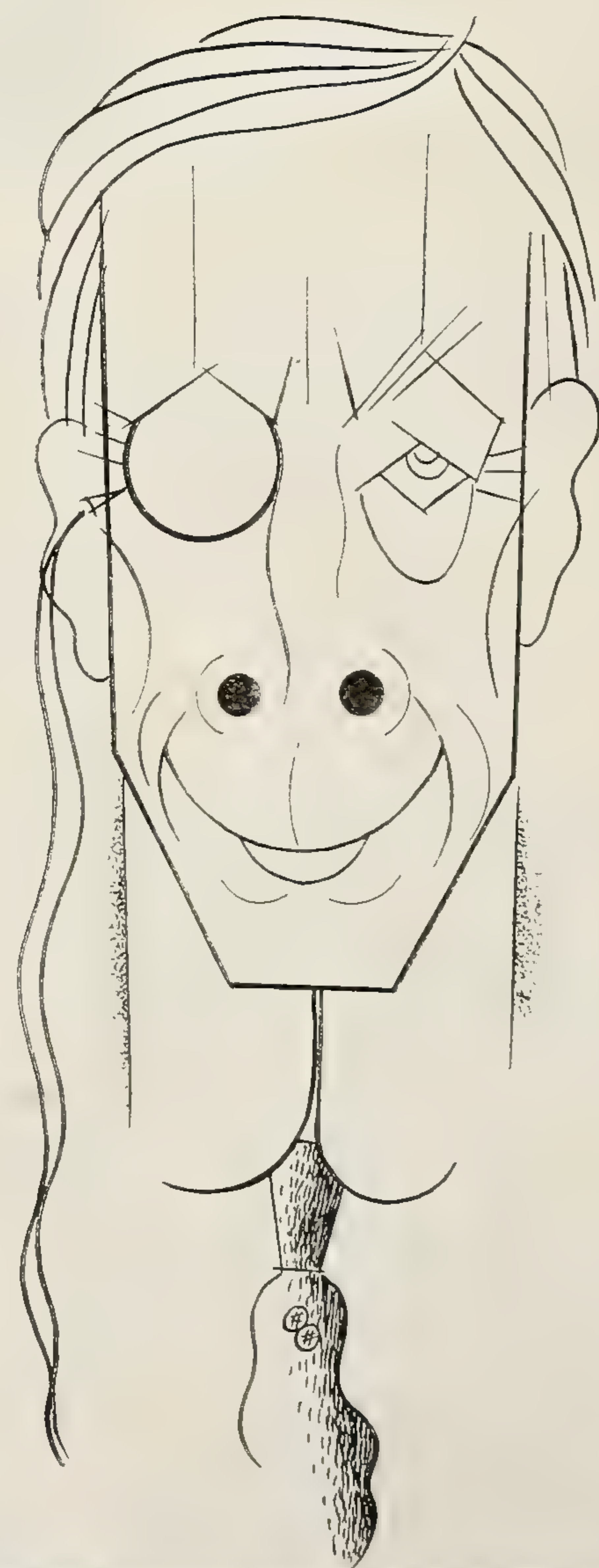
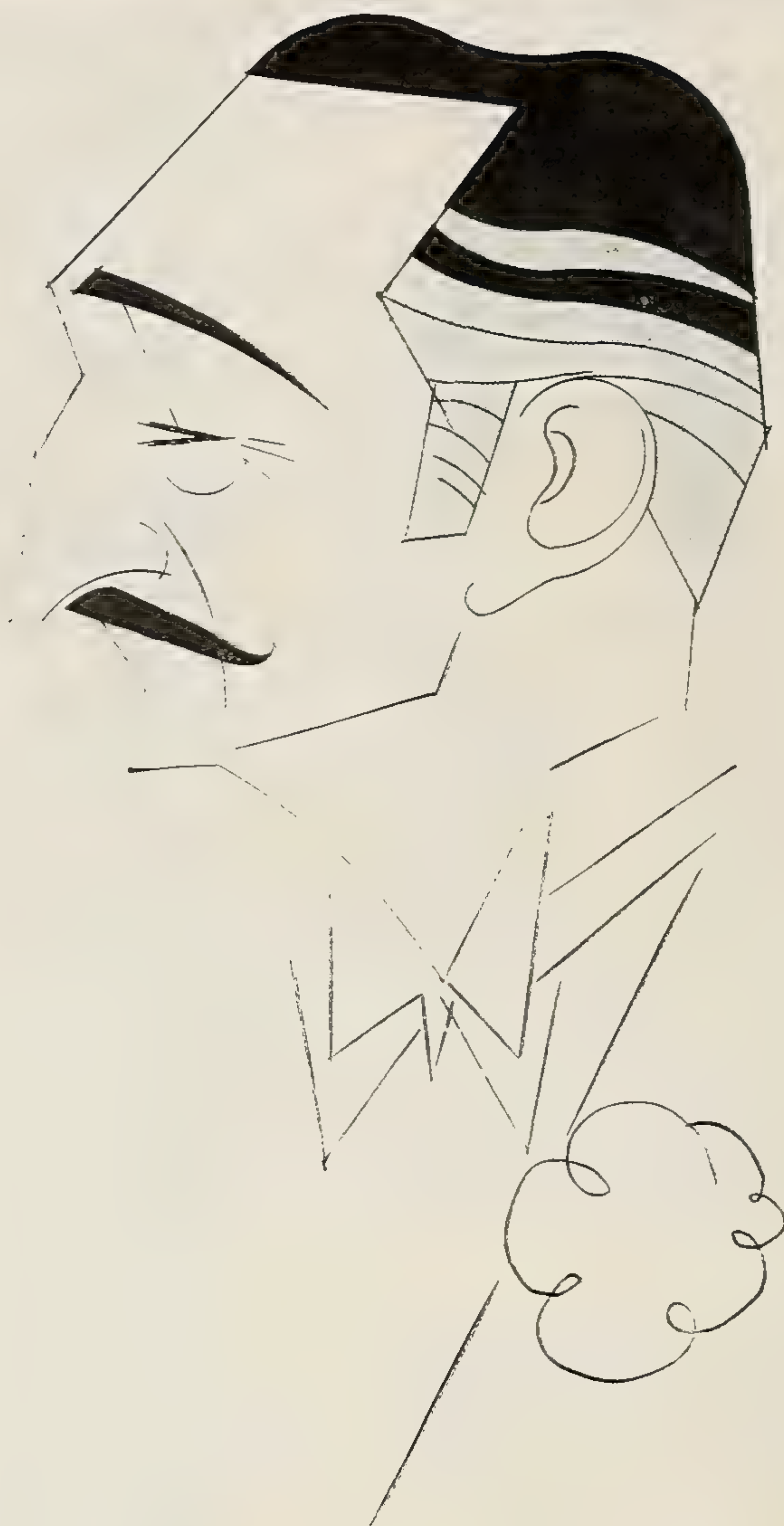
Use it after your next shampoo for the new tone color it will give your hair. It is neither a dye nor a bleach, but a harmless, vegetable compound. It gives the hair a natural, radiant loveliness and restores its youthful sheen and glamour. Twelve shades to choose from—you will be positively enchanted with ColoRinse.

*These Nestle specialties are available in 10c sizes at all 5 and 10 cent stores.
Large sizes at your beauty parlor. The Nestle-Le Mur Co., New York City.*

KNOW THEM?

... This month's caricatures are by the well known artist, Rivéron

(Right) The screen's most prominent exponent of man-about-townishness. He made his first hit in a picture in which Chaplin played a very small part. (Lower, right) One of the screen's most polished actors and gentlemen. He frequently plays in historical stories. One of his historical movies is playing right now. (Below) Another famous man-about-town. He recently changed studios and, still more recently, married a girl whose initials are C. L. Class is dismissed.





Why Many Slow Down And Grow Fat

All Doctors Know the Reason and the Remedy

To the medical world, in late years, there has come a new conception of excess fat. Once it was attributed almost entirely to over-eating, under-exercise. The remedies were self-denial and forced activities.

There is still no doubt that moderation helps. But starvation and abnormal exercise are often dangerous to the over-fat. And it was found that they often failed, even when carried to extremes.

Then medical science discovered that a major cause lay in a weakened gland. That gland's secretion largely controls nutrition. One of its main functions is to turn food into fuel and energy. When it is scanty, too little food goes to creating vim, too much goes to fat. Advancing age, with millions, creates that condition. That discovery has vastly changed the methods of dealing with obesity. Doctors, the world over, now feed that lacking substance. They do this by taking like glands from food animals, and supplying the human system what it lacks.

This method has revolutionized the treatment of excess fat. Any doctor will tell you that. And the results are too apparent to be doubted. They are seen in every circle, the world over.

Why Others Don't

Some years ago, a great medical laboratory embodied this new treatment in tablet form. They made it easy, pleasant, economical. They carefully adapted it to the average case of obesity.

This scientific help was called Marmola prescription tablets. Half the world over it is known simply as Marmola. People have used it for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. The results are now seen in almost every circle.

No need to tell you, if you look about, that excess fat, in late years, has been disappearing fast. Mothers look like daughters, fathers act like boys. Slender forms have become so general that all fashions cater to them.

New Youth—New Beauty New Health and Vitality

The lack of this gland factor does more than add weight. It slows people down, blights youth and beauty, reduces vivacity, shortens life.

Things have changed. Slender figures now prevail. Youth has been extended, health greatly benefitted.

Marmola has been a great factor. Users have told others about it, and the use has spread. It now holds a pedestal place in this field. Most of you have friends who can show and tell you its results.

Be Fair to Yourself

If you are facing over-weight, and all that it implies, learn how Marmola can help. No secret about it. A book in the box gives the formula and explains all the good results. Every user knows exactly what he is taking, and why. And his doctor knows.

The directions are to take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. The results may be slow or swift, according to conditions. But obtain them, for they mean much to you.

Don't delay longer, when so many people, for so many years, have been getting the help you seek. — Start Marmola now.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce
At all Drug Stores—\$1. Book and Formula in each box



One Hollywood star, at least, isn't guilty of getting one of those quick Mexican divorces. Three cheers for Mitzi Green!

Divorces by Mail

(Continued from page 45)

the facts, which readers may then judge for themselves. Though Hollywood publicity offices belittle the fact, everyone knows that the motion picture stars who have not been divorced at least once are in the minority. Such record-holders as Gloria Swanson could almost paper a room with their decrees. We won't even bother to mention any more. Everyone knows how prevalent divorce is in Hollywood. We say nothing about that, here. We are simply disclosing the facts as to how these far-from-infrequent divorces are secured.

If getting quick Mexican divorces is a bad thing, we ought to expose it, so that steps may be taken to stop it. If it's a good thing, then there is no reason why only the Hollywood stars should be in on it. Why not let others know how to go about it?

How to go about it! Ah! Here, right off the reel, we have to give you sad

news. The luxury of a thirty-day Mexican divorce is not for the poor man. It costs a thousand dollars. There is some consolation, it is true, in the fact that the movie stars have to pay a lot more than this. Lawyers gauge their fees according to the income of their clients. Thus a star, known to be receiving a large salary, in all probability will have to pay ten thousand dollars to be freed from an unwanted spouse. For you or me the charge is more reasonable. That is, if you call a thousand dollars reasonable. At that, a thousand is less than a divorce costs at Reno, after you've paid your train fare there, your hotel bills, your court costs, and added the loss of time from your gainful occupation, if any.

IF the thousand dollars is no obstacle, here is what you do. It makes no difference whether you live in Los An-

geles or Boston; you can stay right there. (1) You find a lawyer who has a Mexican correspondent—a Mexican attorney who will handle the case there for him. Almost any lawyer can dig up one of these, if he chooses to do it. You give this American lawyer a copy of your marriage certificate. (2) The lawyer sends your certificate to a Mexican consul, who validates it. (3) Your grounds for divorce are translated into Spanish, and the papers sent to you for your signature. (4) The papers are forwarded to the correspondent attorney in Mexico. (5) A small notice, saying that you intend to get a divorce, appears—printed in Spanish, of course—in a Mexican newspaper which no one in this country ever sees. (6) At the end of a month, notice comes to you by mail from the Mexican court that you are free.

That's all there is to it. Simple, sure, speedy!

Do you remember how quickly Nancy Carroll made her recent change of husbands? One moment she was married, and the next thing anybody knew she was divorced and already married to another man. It took your breath away, it all happened so fast. How did she do it? A Mexican divorce is the answer.

The explanation of the ease of this new way to dissolve a marriage lies in what lawyers call the "grounds." In New York there is but a single ground for divorce—marital infidelity. Thousands of divorces are granted in New York State every year, and certainly not all of these couples can be guilty of marital infidelity. Ugly rumors flutter about, to the effect that several private detective agencies in New York City make a great deal of money 'framing' these divorces. In South Carolina, there are no grounds at all for divorce. If you are too poor to afford a trip across the State border, you just stay married, no matter how unhappy you may be. New York and South Carolina are extreme cases. Mexico goes to the other extreme, with a full dozen grounds for divorce. Three of them are unprintable; the rest are marital infidelity, insanity or some chronic disease, desertion for six months, failure to provide for one year, mental or physical cruelty, slandering one another (for instance, calling hubby a big bum), drunkenness, and crime—such as going through your husband's pockets while he's asleep. The twelfth ground is one our own courts punish couples for, under the name of 'collusion.' Husband and wife come into court together and simply announce that they want a divorce, whereupon the judge grants it.

INA CLAIRE had her choice of a slow divorce or a fast Mexican one. She picked the slow one. And do you know why? You'd never guess in a thousand years, unless you knew Ina! If a judge told her at the end of a month that she was free to marry whomever she pleased, she might do it, she was afraid! She didn't want to marry anyone, and had not the slightest intention of doing it; but who knew but what she might get a wild idea into her head and do it just the same, for

all her intentions! So she decided to put herself where she *couldn't* marry for at least a year. That's a bit like throwing your money into the river to keep yourself from spending it. Wild and impetuous and impulsive Ina may be—but she knows it!

NOT everyone is as anxious to wait as Ina, however. Far from it! Roy D'Arcy married a girl, divorced her, married her again, and rounded out the performance by getting another divorce from her. Milton Golden got Grant Withers a speedy Mexican divorce because he was in a hurry to marry Loretta Young. This was just before Grant appeared with Loretta in a picture with the title of "Too Young To Marry"—the reason for the smash-up of their own romance later. An amusing sidelight of the case is that, after she had been deposed in favor of Loretta Young, Grant's first wife haled him into court so many times for one thing or another that nowadays when Grant meets Milton, at Malibu or wherever it may be, he shouts: "Well, sue me." It was Golden, also, who got two Mexican divorces from the same wife for Hal LeSueur, Joan Crawford's brother. The first time, Hal got one; the second time, Mrs. LeSueur did. Incidentally, there hangs in Milton's office a photo of Joan inscribed: "To Milton—Bestest Always, and Bless you for your kindness. Always a most sincere friend. Joan."

Ah, if only Milton Golden or Sammy Hahn would trade places with Jack Jamison, what secrets you would hear! Behind the sealed lips of their professional honor, all the hidden tragedies of Hollywood, all the mysterious never-explained splits between husband and wife, all the bitter cruelties and furious revolts, all the broken promises and broken hearts, lie never to be revealed. There is sadness—much sadness. Dolores Del Rio's divorce in Mexico from Jaime was sad. But there are funny things, too. Even these are professional secrets which the attorneys are honor-bound not to disclose. Some of them leak out through other channels. For instance, Hollywood got a chuckle out of Mae Clarke's Mexican divorce from Lew Brice, brother of the famous, and comic, Fanny Brice. That was probably one of the friendliest divorces ever put on record. At noon, Mae and Lew were solemnly parted by the Mexican court, never to be joined again. At six o'clock the same evening they were having dinner together, and at eight they went to the prizefights at the American Legion Stadium arm in arm.

We repeat, some of these divorces are funny. Some of them are bitter, and cruel, and sad. Certainly there are too many of them.

But—and, again, we repeat—it's not our job to set ourselves up as a judge and say that Mexican divorces are wrong or right.

And now you know how. Perhaps you'd also be interested to learn that legislation is afoot to make divorces obtainable in additional Mexican territory—and that, in some cases, the required four-week interval can be shortened to two weeks!



-but when she drew off her Gloves the whole illusion was spoiled!

Pretty face—pretty gown—but when she exposed her hands, what a disillusionment!

Many a girl loses the effect of an aristocratic person solely because of "housemaid's hands." Housework or office work will do much to take the beauty out of your hands unless you do something to counteract. Always, after making your toilet, rub a little Pacquin's Hand Cream into your hands. This amazing cream restores what work and weather take out of the hands. It banishes redness and roughness and makes the hands exquisitely white and smooth.

Three days with Pacquin's sees that aged, withered look disappear and a youthful freshness and suppleness take its place. It is absorbed readily by the hands and does not leave them sticky or greasy.

At your favorite Drug or Department Store you will find Pacquin's Hand Cream in two sizes—A large jar at \$1.00. Convenient tube at 50c. Also Pacquin's Hand, Cold and Vanishing Creams in 10c size at all 5 & 10c Stores.

Pacquin's **HAND CREAM**



JANE E. CURRAN, INC., 101 West 31st Street, New York

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 10)

If this menu seems elaborate to you, you can, of course, serve just one vegetable and one kind of potatoes—you can omit the soup or the fruit cup. But because everything can be prepared well in advance, and there are no dishes requiring fussy last-minute attentions, even the woman without a maid will really find no difficulty in preparing and serving the entire menu.

Mr. Cagney, you notice, doesn't mention a salad, preferring to dispense with that course, and we feel that unless you are very devoted to salads it really is wiser to omit one in your Thanksgiving repast.

THE meal as it stands is served in four courses. The fruit cup, celery, olives and nuts, should be on the table when the family is called to dinner. The soup follows as a separate course, and then the well known "groaning board" demonstrates how it got its name by holding up the turkey and generous dishes of vegetables. For, of course, everything should be served "family style" on this day—with Papa officiating behind the golden-brown bird and Mamma helping everyone to vegetables and cranberry sauce and gravy, with perhaps the assistance of one or two members of the family, seated on either side of her.

In our Star Recipes for this month we tell you how to make the scalloped cauliflower and tomatoes, the chestnut stuffing, the sweet potatoes with apples and the pumpkin pie. The recipes are, we admit, not startling—but they are

the sort that win a place in the "frequently used" group because they are so easy to prepare and so extremely delicious.

Especially the pumpkin pie! My dears, if you have noticed that there is only one dessert mentioned in that menu, don't think it's because we didn't try to get other suggestions for you. After Mr. Cagney had said "pumpkin pie" and let it go at that, we said encouragingly:

"Pumpkin pie—and what else?"

"Pumpkin pie and cheese," Jimmy answered with a bright smile.

"Or else—?" we prompted gently.

"Well—I like pumpkin pie," he replied after a moment's thought.

"—and cheese," we added, and there the matter rested.

So if you consider only one dessert at Thanksgiving a distinct hardship you will have to write your own ticket, for James Cagney is simply no help to you there. But after trying out the recipe for Jimmy's pumpkin pie, we understood how he felt about it—and we believe that if you send for this month's Star Recipes and make up that pumpkin pie, you, too, will understand why any other dessert seems to him a waste of time and table space. The other recipes are grand, too, but somehow the memory of *pumpkin pie* lingers on above all the rest. Please just fill out the coupon on page 10 and mail it to us and we will see that you get the whole set of James Cagney's Star Recipes at once. And we know that they will make your Thanksgiving din-

ner this year the best one you have ever served.

KNOWING that Jimmy's liking for cranberry sauce is a standing joke with his family, we asked him what type of cranberry sauce he liked best. "Strained, unstrained, jellied, frozen cranberry sauce, or what?" we inquired.

"There are no 'or whats'," said Jimmy. "I like them all."

So if you have a preference for any one type of cranberry sauce fix yours that way, but be sure to serve cranberries with the turkey. We agree with Jimmy that they are an indispensable part of the feast.

Just at that point, and probably to get our mind off the cranberries, Cagney remarked with a grin:

"You forgot to ask me something."

"What is that?" we asked.

"You didn't inquire about the part of the turkey I like best."

"Gracious, that *was* an oversight," we admitted. "Well, Mr. Cagney, break down, come clean, and tell all. Just what part of the turkey *do* you like best?"

"The DRUMSTICK!" he answered. "Let those who want it have their white meat, the drumstick is mine!"

"At what hour do you like your Thanksgiving dinner served?" we asked.

"At eight P. M.," he replied instantly, and we laughed, for we knew he had it all figured out that by that time he'd be as hungry as he could be.

He then added, with an oratorical wave of the hand and a comic grin (and if you don't believe that the menacing Cagney can be comic just let us remind you of his pantomimic description of the fair lady in "Smart Money"), "The proper way to observe Thanksgiving is—by eating plenty of turkey!"

WITH that bit of pertinent advice and our best wishes for the success of your feast, we pass on and over to the far less thrilling, but very necessary problem of left-overs and what to do about them.

Unusual indeed is the family whose turkey and trimmings are entirely devoured on the feast day—and this is fortunate both as a boon to the budget and because there are so many delicious things which can be done with the remains (and don't forget at the very end there is the inevitable turkey soup—just about the best soup ever discovered). Perhaps after preparing an elaborate Thanksgiving dinner you will be left with a magnificent disinclination ever to cook again, but that mood passes and the family gets hungry, and it makes life simpler to have a recipe or two. For instance, try the following:

Turkey And Noodles Au Gratin
1 cup cooked flat noodles
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour



The good old days! Tom Kennedy, Mack Swain, Phyllis Haver, Polly Moran, Gloria Swanson and Chester Conklin. That was in 1917.

2 cups milk, or one cup milk and one cup clear stock
 ½ teaspoon salt
 ¼ teaspoon pepper
 2 cups diced turkey meat
 Bread crumbs
 Grated American cheese

Cook the noodles in boiling salted water until soft and then drain. Melt butter in top of double boiler, add flour and blend thoroughly. Cook 3 minutes. Add hot milk or milk and stock slowly, stirring until smooth and thick, add seasonings, noodles and diced turkey. Place in buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs, sprinkle with grated cheese, dot with butter and bake in moderate oven until brown on top.

Then, when the temptation to throw out your left-over vegetables confronts you, resist that impulse and make a Vegetable Soufflé which we think you will find truly delicious.

Vegetable Soufflé

2 to 4 cups cooked vegetables
 6 stale white rolls
 1½ cups milk
 2 tablespoons butter
 1 minced onion
 Yolks of four eggs
 Whites of four eggs

Any cooked vegetables may be used—cauliflower, carrots, celery, squash and other vegetables of a decided flavor are best.

Remove crusts from rolls and soak the insides in the milk. Melt butter, in saucepan, add minced onion and cook over low heat for 5 minutes with a cover on the pan. Add soaked bread mixture and mix well to a smooth paste. Beat the egg yolks and add to the above. Add vegetables which have been chopped, seasonings, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour mixture into buttered baking dish, place dish in a pan of hot water in the oven and bake at a moderate heat until soufflé is puffed and set. A light cream sauce or left-over turkey gravy thinned out with milk is a delicious accompaniment.

THANKSGIVING is the biggest test of the year of the efficiency of your kitchen (and yourself!) Plan your meal beforehand—order your provisions on Tuesday so that you will have Wednesday free and clear to indulge in a veritable spree of advance preparation and leave as little as possible to be done on Thanksgiving day itself.

Several days before Thanksgiving, don't forget to see if the table linens you plan to use are fresh and dainty. Then check up on your supply of dishes, plates, and glasses, of pots and pans and kitchen cutlery.

You will find a tour of the counters of the Kress and Kresge stores extremely helpful in replenishing your kitchenware and in adding new and useful things which will simplify the preparation of the feast. And be sure to send for the James Cagney recipes, which are printed on cards to facilitate filing. You will surely want to make a collection of these Star Recipes.

•NOW NIPPED BY *Frost*

•NOW PARCHED BY *Heat*



Complexions
need protection

against BOTH Extremes of Winter

Spend 5 minutes a day with these delightful Olive Oil preparations and keep a smooth, lovely complexion through the winter



IN THE OPEN, snow and wind attack your skin...reddening, roughening it. Indoors, dry artificial heat bakes out its natural moisture. Every day your complexion must be subjected to *both* extremes—perhaps many times a day. Yet this year millions of women are meeting the winter season without dread.

Five minutes' simple care with OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Products will keep your complexion spring-like and lovely in all weathers.

A Simple Safeguard for Beauty

Two minutes at night! That's enough. First remove all trace of dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Then apply a thin film of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Cream. Leave it on to nourish your skin through the night.

Three minutes in the morning! Start with a stimulating application of OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. Follow with OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream, as a protection and a perfect base for powder. Next rouge your lips, using Lipstick or Lip and Cheek Rouge.

Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder if your skin is normal, or with *Lightex* if it is oily. Dry Rouge, if you prefer it, should go on after the powder... Now you're ready for a winter's day—in-doors and out.

OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Preparations are unique because they contain Nature's greatest gift to feminine beauty—pure *olive oil*. Now in your own home—in a few priceless minutes—you can win with OUTDOOR GIRL a complexion as soft and fresh as though a corps of experts had worked for hours.

So inexpensive, too!

No excessive outlay necessary! You can purchase generous introductory packages for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to \$1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores. If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, send 4c in stamps for generous trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two Face Powders. Crystal Laboratories, 134 Willis Ave., N.Y.C.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* **BEAUTY PRODUCTS**

Big Sister

(Continued from page 48)

sitting under the grand piano playing blackjack with two boys. She peered out and squealed, "It's Christine!"

"Hi, Christine," a strange young man said from the window-seat. "I lost three hundred dollars on Kentucky Baby today and Patsy's giving me a party to celebrate. See, if I'd won—the odds were fifteen to one—I'd have had lots of money, and then I'd've gone away, and Patsy would have been broken-hearted, and . . ."

A loud "Boo-oo" issued from the masculine throats in the room and Patsy squealed from beneath the piano, "Darn it! I just can't seem to . . ."

"Patsy," Christine said, "come here a minute."

"In a minute," Patsy called out. "Somebody give Christine a drink, will you?"

"I don't want anything," Christine said to the young man who had been appointed bartender. Jeffrey accepted a highball and sat down beside Christine on the davenport. Patsy came scrambling out a moment later, her eyes glistening. Christine said, "I want you to meet Jeffrey Sangster, Patsy."

White chiffon dripped off Patsy's flawless little shoulders and she wore two trembling orchids. She stood there looking at Jeffrey. "Oh," she said, "I've heard about *you*!"

"Have you?" Jeffrey said.

"Nice things," Patsy said archly. "Do you play blackjack?"

"I have," he said.

"Come and play with us," she said, locking her arm in his and tugging. "It's under the piano. You can get in. You'll have to scunch your shoulders a little bit, but there's room."

"I . . ." Jeffrey said, looking at Christine.

"Christine won't mind," Patsy said. "Will you, Christine?"

"No, of course not," Christine said. Patsy tugged him away. Christine wondered if everybody in the room could see the drooping process which went on within her. It was as though she had been leaning against a very solid, substantial rock, resting, and someone had blasted it from beneath her. In self-defence, she accepted a highball from the young man who was bartender. The young man said, "That's some kid sister you've got. Try and persuade her to marry me, will you?"

"Miles Standish tried that and it didn't work," she reminded him.

"But his messenger was a younger and better looking man than himself," the boy said, "and there aren't any younger and better looking men than myself in Hollywood. I have it all figured out, you see."

"I see," Christine said. The corners of her mouth curled at him stiffly. She was aware, although she was not looking at them, that Patsy was snuggling her head against Jeffrey Sangster's shoulder and that he was smiling down at her as he would have smiled at a

little Persian kitten.

The party ended at three o'clock. Jeffrey said, in the doorway, "Try and get some sleep, Christine."

"Yes," she said. Not one minute alone with him! Not a minute to rest her quivering nerves against his soft, solid voice and the gentle smile. "I hope you weren't bored," she said then.

"I had a marvelous time," Jeffrey said. "Patsy's a sweet child, isn't she?"

"I told you she was," Christine said.

That was all and then she was alone with Patsy. The child was stretching again and wailing, "I'm so-o sle-e-py!"

"Did you like Jeffrey?" Christine said. It was dragged out of her.

"Crazy about him," Patsy said promptly. "Good night."

"Good night," Christine said.

MOST of Jeffrey's scenes had been shot. Christine saw him an hour or so each day on the set and then he disappeared. When she reached home

A NEW THRILL FOR YOU!

A hitherto unpublished episode of Marlene Dietrich's life.

It gives a new light on the German star.

"Marlene Dietrich's Secret" In Our January Issue

she often found him there with the mob of kids and Patsy. Sometimes he was there with Patsy alone.

Christine began to wonder about them. She dreamed of his smile, dreamed of his hands on the wheel of his roadster and daily grew more tired with the added burden of putting her dreams behind her. Because she was putting them behind her. Surely he wouldn't be there so much if it weren't for Patsy. Surely . . . they were . . . in love. She tried hard to reconcile herself to the thought, but found suddenly that this thing . . . this one thing . . . they could have spared her. Or Patsy could have spared her. But then Patsy couldn't know that Christine loved him, too.

One night when she came in, she heard their voices in the living room. There was a note in Patsy's young voice that made her stop to listen. The voice was young and angry. "Preacher! You're always talking as though you had a half interest in me! You've no right to tell me what to do. I won't stand for it!"

Voices bounding out, hard and intense. Christine reached out and held onto something there in the hall. His voice would never take on that tone for her . . . only for Patsy, who had always had everything else. Jeffrey's voice, hard and cold and determined.

"You've had your way with every-

body. You've been spoiled for a man who'd make you happy and keep you within decent bounds. Chasing around night after night with a bunch of silly kids . . . tagging the dawn in . . . it makes me heartsick to watch you go on this way, Patsy. . . ."

"Do you think I care what you like or don't like? I won't be dictated to . . . I won't!"

And, Christine thought, I would. But he doesn't want to dictate to me. It's the Patsys of the world who get dictated to . . . and then Christine almost stopped breathing. He was shaking Patsy. She could tell by the little sobbing, gasping sounds coming from her sister's throat. She pulled the door open and they fell apart, Patsy looking for all the world as though she'd been in a high wind, Jeffrey looking as gentle and mild as ever. Christine threw her purse on the table and pulled her hat off. "Hello," she said.

"Hello," they said, almost in unison.

"It's been a nice day," Christine said.

"Yes," Jeffrey lit a cigarette and stared out of the window. Christine went into her room and closed the door. Their voices started again, a little more controlled now. A little less harsh. A lover's quarrel. Christine sobbed, suddenly, and threw herself across the bed. There were so many men that Patsy might have had!

She thought: Even if I hadn't brought him home . . . even if I hadn't, he'd have seen her sooner or later. He was just sorry for me because I looked tired.

SHE heard the front door slam and knew that he had gone. They'd make up their quarrel tomorrow. Drearily, she rose and wiped the tears away.

Going out into the living room once more, she found Patsy sitting on her heels on the davenport staring sullenly out of the window. "What is it, darling?" she said.

"Nothing," Patsy said.

"Don't you feel well?"

"Oh, yes, I'm quite well."

"Why did Jeffrey go home so early?"

"We had a quarrel," Patsy said briefly.

"Oh." Christine went over and smoothed her forehead. "It will be all right tomorrow," she said. "Don't worry about it."

"I'm not worried about it," Patsy said.

The telephone rang and Patsy jumped to it. It was Richie. "Yes, yes," said Patsy. "All right. I'll be ready in ten minutes."

Christine watched her dash to get ready. Patsy was that way, she thought. She'd go out and be the merriest one of the party. If possible, she'd let Jeffrey know that she'd been the merriest one of the party, just to hurt him. Christine didn't want Jeffrey hurt.

She followed Patsy into her bedroom

Who Can Find the Lost Flyers?



Qualify for this Opportunity to
Win \$4,000.00 Cash!

S.O.S. HELP! HELP! — Frantic radio messages flash out! — The air is electrified with S.O.S. distress signals. "S-E-V-E-N — F-A-M-O-U-S — F-L-Y-E-R-S — L-O-S-T!" Great ocean liners, airplanes, and even the Graf Zeppelin are searching the seas and sky to find them. But even now, dark treacherous storm clouds are endangering their lives and YOUR help is needed QUICK! Look! — Old Father Neptune is already reaching greedily out from his stormy black sea to claim these brave flyers for his watery grave.

CAN YOU FIND THE LOST FLYERS? Are your eyes SHARP ENOUGH to save them from the hungry clutches of the Old Man of the Sea? Only dim visions of their faces appear through the storm, and they are almost entirely lost to normal eyesight. Try to find at least FOUR out of the seven. To see them, it may be necessary for you to turn the picture upside down, sideways or even cornerwise. They may be in the clouds or in the sky — almost anywhere — perhaps in the sea itself.

THERE IS \$14,000.00 CASH TO BE GIVEN and you will be eligible for the opportunity to win a sum as large

as \$4,000.00 cash if you are clever enough to find at least four of the seven flyers and I will advise you at once if your answer is correct. There are FIFTEEN big prizes ranging from \$4,000.00 to \$515.00. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. And, in addition, A LIBERAL CASH AWARD WILL BE PAID TO EVERYONE who takes an active part toward winning these wonderful prizes.

I'LL PAY \$2,400.00 EXTRA CASH FOR PROMPTNESS

YES SIR! — \$2,400.00 EXTRA cash will be given to the first prize winner just for being quick, making \$4,000.00 in all. So, study this picture carefully — see if you can qualify for the opportunity to win that big \$4,000.00 FORTUNE. Just find at least FOUR flyers — mark their faces, cut out the picture and mail it to me with your name and address, that's all. I'll immediately tell you without obligation or a penny of cost just what else to do to win that tremendous prize of \$4,000.00.

Some one is going to get that wonderful \$4,000.00 cash reward. Why not you? Anyone in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago, Illinois, may enter for nothing — so send your answer today. Rush it!

A. S. WEILBY, Director of Prize Awards
 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave. Dept. 167, CHICAGO, ILL.

and closed the door. Standing with her back against it, she said, "Patsy."

"What?" Patsy said, scrambling through her dresser drawer without turning around.

"You can't do this, Patsy. You mustn't do this."

"Why not?" Patsy demanded suddenly.

"Wasn't this what you and Jeffrey were quarreling about?"

Patsy flung around and faced Christine. The tears were coursing down her cheeks. "Yes!" she said, "But—but—oh, Christine, why did you ever bring him here in the first place?"

Sobbing, she ran out and slammed the door. Christine went slowly out to the living room. Richie's roadster was drawing away from the curb and Patsy was in it. Why indeed had she brought him there? Christine thought. Why, indeed? To break his heart and Patsy's—and hers.

SHE went to the studio the following morning dull with misery. The noises scraped across her brain like a file destroying delicate Venetian glass. Her scenes went badly. Her lines were stiff and awkward. The director was patient. Retakes, retakes, retakes. After doing one scene four times, catching a glimpse of the director's patient despair and Jeffrey's consternation, she stood on the set with tears streaming down her face. Just stood there, the tears dripping down, and down, and down. The director came over to her.

"You'd better sit down and rest, Christine," he said.

Jeffrey came over to her and led her to a chair. He sat down beside her. "Christine," he said, laying his hand over hers. "My dear, what has happened to you?"

She just looked at him, the tears still dripping down and down, and shook her head. Her voice wouldn't come. As from a long distance, she could hear him saying, "You should go home and go to bed. You're in shreds."

She shook her head again. "I'm all right," she said. She stood up and looked at him, wiping the tears away. Her make-up was smudged badly. "I'll have to patch this up," she said, and then, almost as an afterthought, faintly, "You might be interested to know that Patsy didn't come home last night."

"Pat?" he said.

She started crying again and rushed away. She found her make-up box, and with trembling fingers repaired the damage. Then she went back. Jeffrey caught at her arm as she passed him.

"Christine!"

She pulled away from him. "She didn't come home," she said, "and it was because you quarreled with her. God knows where she is now."

"Christine . . . it was only because I was frantic. I'll admit that I lost my head, but it's so maddening to see . . ."

"We can't discuss our personal affairs in the hearing of all the studio employees," she murmured. "Later."

She went back and did the scene once more. It was satisfactory. As she walked off the set, she saw Patsy stand-

ing in the shadows. Richie was with her. How had the little wretch gotten in? Christine thought, with a mixture of relief and exasperation, that Patsy could coax her way past Saint Peter at the pearly gates. She was grinning like a mischievous street urchin. She still wore evening clothes and Richie had the coat collar of his top-coat turned up to conceal the glaring fact that he wore a dinner-jacket.

Patsy said: "We came over to announce our engagement."

"Whose engagement?" Christine said. "Where have you been?"

"Our engagement," Patsy said. "Richie's and mine. We've just been places. Parties and things. There are lots of parties going on. We're going back. We just thought we'd drop in and tell you."

Christine saw red. Her eyes narrowed. "You've engaged yourself to Richie?" she said.

Patsy nodded.

Christine gave way, then. The tears came again, but they were tears of anger. She felt her hands going out

**LUPE VELEZ makes
an amazing confession—in
relation to her "loff for Garree."
It's real, straight-from-the-heart
stuff and you'll be amazed at
Lupe's frankness when you
read it
In our January Issue—on sale
December 5**

at Patsy and clutching her. Then she was shaking her, sobbing, "You dare to . . . you dare to . . . just to hurt him! You come here and tell us just to hurt him! I stepped aside. I loved him . . . I love him now, and I stepped aside for you, and you play with him!"

"Hey!" Richie said, "She's not playing with me. She's going to marry me . . ."

But Christine's words tumbled out and over their protests. Her fury seeped into the innermost corners of her mind, and she held on, still shaking Patsy. "All your life," she cried, "you've played at things while I worked! All your life you've taken the things I gave up! This time your little game isn't going to work. You're going to marry Richie and like it! You're not going to ruin Jeff's life with your baby tricks . . . you're not going to have the chance to practice your selfishness on Jeff . . . make him do things he doesn't want to do, give in because he's afraid of losing you. You can't have him now . . . you can't . . ." Suddenly, she turned and saw Jeffrey standing just behind her.

HE caught both her arms and held them. Patsy tumbled back into Richie's arms, breathless and scared. "Christine!" she said, and began to cry. "Chris! I . . . I . . ."

Jeffrey had Christine in his arms, quieting her, soothing her. "She wants to marry Richie, darling," he said. "She's going to marry Richie. She doesn't want me . . ."

"I heard you last night," Christine sobbed. "I heard you quarreling. I heard you tell her you couldn't stand it. I heard her tell you it didn't matter what you liked and I stood out there with it mattering so much to me! I'd have done anything! I'd have been anything. . . ."

Patsy came over and stood in front of Christine, her eyes sober, and her face streaked with tears. "Chris," she said, "put your arms around me. Please. Put your arms around me."

Christine put her arms around her and they stood there. "I've been selfish," Patsy said, "and I've demanded things and you've given them to me, and I've kept you up late nights chasing around with a lot of silly kids and tagging the dawn in, and I've never thought of anybody but myself. That's what Jeffrey was quarreling with me about last night. I wanted to tell you about it, but I was too ashamed, and so I just ran out . . ."

"And cried on my shoulder for hours," Richie said.

"And I'm sorry I got mad," Patsy said. "Jeff was perfectly right, and there's nothing makes you madder, Christine, than to have a man right. You know that. . . ."

"And," said Jeffrey, "I'd just spent a couple of hours telling Patsy that I loved you and wanted to marry you and that sometime during the next ten years I hoped to see you alone for a moment. Why, I've waited there day after day for you to come home and every time I waited there were mobs of Patsy's friends coming in and I didn't have a chance . . ."

"And I do love Richie," Patsy said, "and so, Christine . . ."

"If you two guys would take your engagement out of here," Jeffrey said, "I could explain this much better."

"The party'll be waiting over at Gwen's," said Richie, "if you fellows feel like celebrating later. We'll be there." He took Patsy's arm.

CHRISTINE stood there twisting her hands. Jeffrey took them in both of his. "We can't," he said gravely, "discuss our personal affairs with all the studio employees looking on, now can we?"

"No," Christine said, "we can't. O-o-h, Jeffrey! I shook Patsy! I shook her!"

"There," he said, "it's going to cry again, isn't it? Wait until we get outside, sweetheart." He put his arm around her and they left.

Out in his car, he looked at Christine and grinned. "Let's go over to Gwen's," he said. "We have to celebrate our engagement, too, and somebody has to teach Richie about shaking Patsy. One shaking a month should do."

"She's had two this month," Christine said smiling through her tears, "so she doesn't get one now until October."

"All right, big sister," Jeffrey said, "I'll tell Rich that."

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 11)

sults have been beyond her wildest expectations. She told me that she couldn't remember exactly how long she used the tonic before her hair began to show signs of its original color. It was quite a long time, she admitted. But, prior to that, her hair had improved so much in health and texture that she just kept on patiently rubbing the tonic into the old scalp.

It sounds like a miracle to me. If any of you are interested—if you have a similar problem—I'd be glad to send you the name of the tonic. I haven't tried it myself, but I have seen this one concrete evidence of its worth. Remember—it's not a dye nor a rinse, nor will it restore your hair color overnight.

DO you sometimes wish you "took a nice picture"? (I told you I was going to ramble, and I'm keeping my word.) I've been quite depressed, lately, over my own recent visit to a photographer. The quite expensive pictures of myself prompted thoughts of suicide. But instead of jumping out of the window, I marched back to the photographer—after devoting a little thought to the problem of "photographing well." There's just one rule: attractive people with poor features photograph badly—unattractive people with good features photograph well. Pretty skin and hair don't count for much in front of the camera. Neither does a sweet expression, if you become self-conscious—and who doesn't, with a lens turned on one? A bad skin and nondescript hair don't matter if the features are good. Attractive people should make up their eyes rather heavily and throw their heads proudly back to show the line of chin and throat. Also assume an attitude which may seem just a tiny bit theatrical at the moment. A theatrical attitude is better than a diffident, self-conscious one if the picture is going to sit upon your boy friend's desk. Smile if your lips and teeth are pretty. Watch your favorite stars on the screen—see them turn their best points to the camera. Remember, they may have bad points as well as you—but they hide them from the camera.

BY the way, I must remind you that I still have copies of that eight-day diet formula I spoke about in a recent issue. Perhaps some of you thought that the suggestion to write for it only held good for one month. No—it's still good and I'll be glad to send it to you at any time. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.



Joubert Cie • 71 Fifth Avenue
New York City

PARFUM . . . TOILET WATER . . . BRILLIANTINE
FACE POWDER . . . FACIAL CREAMS . . . TALC

Irresistible charm can
be yours with Blue
Waltz Parfum!

\$1.00 Everywhere . . . Introductory
purse flacons at better 5c and
10c Stores



Blue Waltz

Now! Make-Up Just Once a Day!

*For 12 Hours Lips and
Cheeks Stay Lovely With-
out a Touch of Rouge*

INSTEAD of rouging your lips and cheeks every hour or so, try this new make-up ensemble that lasts right around the clock. Its charm and fresh beauty remain for hours after you put it on... What's more, it costs but a mere fraction of what you are used to paying for cosmetics.

You'll find this smart, all-day make-up right there on the 10-cent counter... Heather Rouge and Heather Lipstick in a wide variety of shades—both as pure and fine as you could possibly want—both having rare permanency not found in ordinary cosmetics, a permanency that weathers even kisses and caresses. Then for those who make up their eyes, Heather Cosmetiko, Eye-Shadow and Eyebrow Pencil. Now keep your lips and cheeks perfectly made-up without forever daubing them with rouge. Use this new Heather All-Day Make-Up.



Sold in all 5-and-10-cent stores. Guaranteed Absolutely Pure

HEATHER COSMETICS

10 cents in U. S. A. 15 Cents in Canada

Hollywood Chit-Chat

(Continued from page 92)

IT looks like wedding bells for Mary Brian and Russell Gleason very soon. It may surprise you because both Mary and Rus have had heavy romances with other people. Everyone thought that Jack Oakie and Mary might sneak off and get married a few months ago—to say nothing of her marked interest in Buddy Rogers. But now Russell is taking up all of her time—and this really looks serious.

DARRYL ZANUCK, First National studio executive, and the publicity director of that studio, settled their differences via a socking bout the other day in the private office of no less a personage than Jack Warner.

As a result, First National is looking for a new publicity director, and Zanuck is looking in the mirror to see how badly his jaw was hurt.

AT a party the other night, the list of guests read like Hollywood's 400. From Mary Pickford down, the most beautiful women in pictures were present.

Things were getting sort of dead—when Buster Keaton suggested he'd call up Clark Gable and ask him to come over. You should have seen how all the feminine faces brightened. If Clark had come, he'd probably have been killed in the rush. Lucky for him that he worked late at the studio!

Despite shifting of romantic interests—Howard Hughes is still concerned

about Billie Dove, the actress. Although they don't see each other except occasionally around the studio—Howard calls Billie several times a week to see how her work is progressing. Evidently they parted good friends.

JUST a coincidence, but interesting. Only a few days after Bebe Daniels gave birth to a baby girl—Charlie Paddock, famous sprinter, became a father. You remember that Charlie and Bebe were engaged a few years ago and everyone expected them to marry. They didn't; and now both of them have found happiness with other mates.

LITTLE JACKIE COOPER went on location down to Agua Caliente where liquid (out of bottles) flows freely. Wally Beery, Jackie's idea of one swell guy, was in the company. After working hard the first day on location, Wally and the bunch decided to get something cool to drink at a nearby dispensary. Jackie insisted upon going with them.

Wally was the first to be asked for his order.

He looked down and saw little Jackie's questioning upturned face. "Why . . . I . . . I'll take a lemonade," he finally stuttered.

"Gee, that's swell, Wally," Jackie exclaimed. "I was going to order whatever you did—and lemonade is my favorite drink!"

DOROTHY MACKAILL was fairly sizzling. After she had got all her costumes and read the script for "Safe In Hell," there was a rumor that, after all, Barbara Stanwyck would play the starring rôle. Dot was all ready to go up in a whiff of smoke.

But everything is all set now. Barbara has been ruled by the court to return to Columbia to do "Forbidden" before she can work for Warner Brothers. So Dorothy gets the part that was first turned down by Marilyn Miller, then scheduled for Barbara Stanwyck.

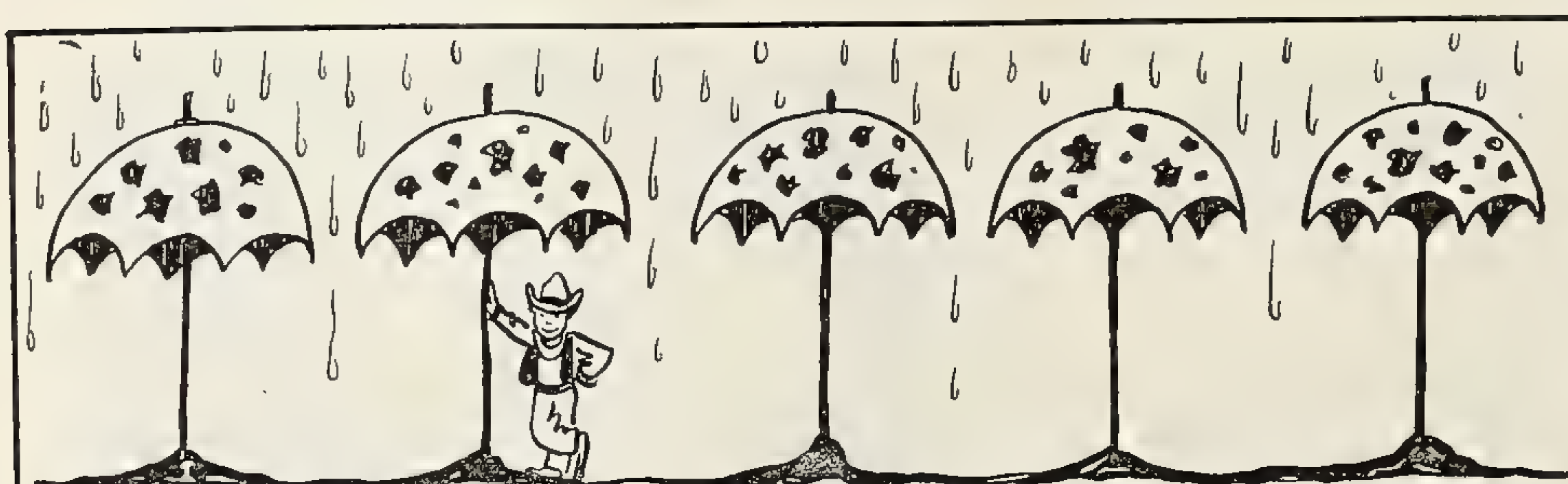
LIL DAGOVER, Warner Brothers' latest German importation, is in Hollywood, after almost crashing in a cross-continental airplane flight. Lil is from the German stage and, like Marlene Dietrich, has a husband who is in the movie business in the old country. She also has a young daughter.

Lil has made a rule for herself that she shall not speak one word of German—either at home or at the studio. She is even hiring a maid who can't speak or understand the guttural language. Lil first won fame in her native land by being awarded a grand prize for the most beautiful and perfect back in Germany.

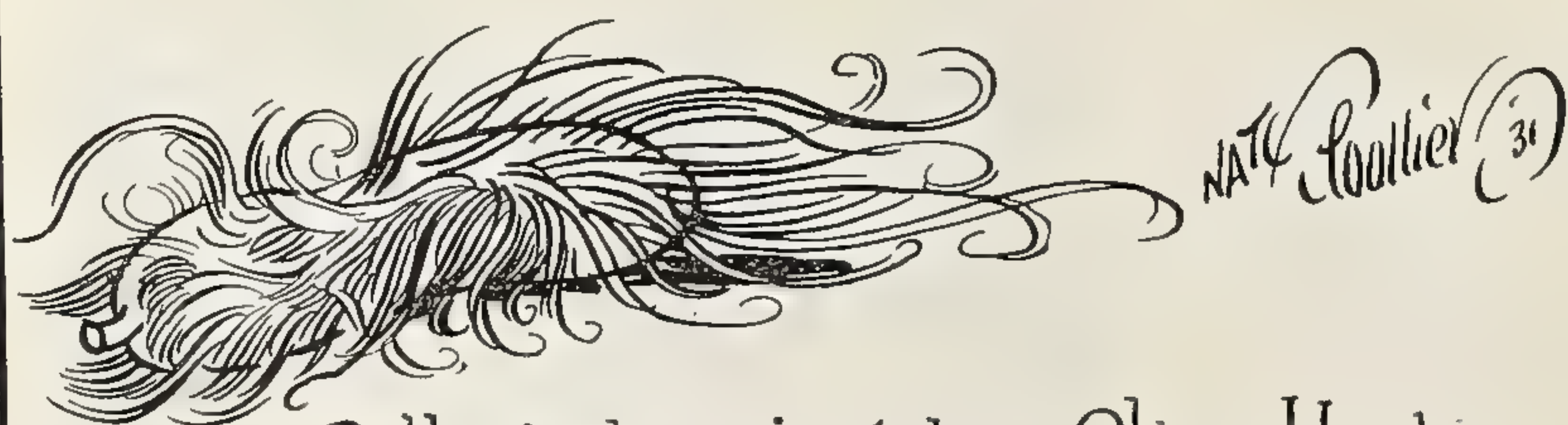
Someone suggested that when and if Connie Bennett marries the Marquis de la Falaise—and Gloria Swanson weds young Michael Farmer . . . they have a double wedding!

OH, YEAH?

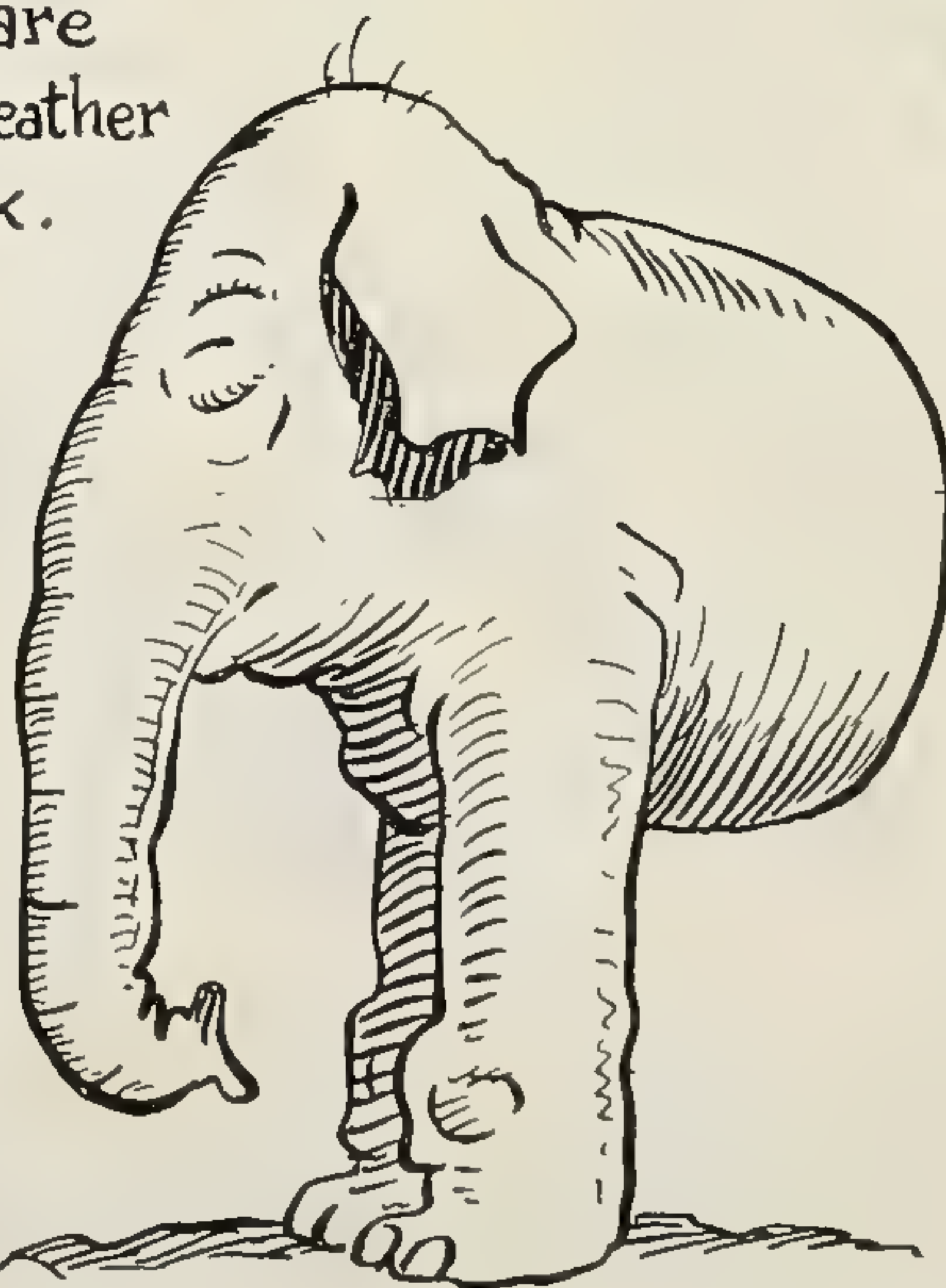
By NATE COLLIER



Hoot Gibson owns an umbrella plantation. He raises thousands of umbrellas every year. These umbrellas are very sensitive and automatically open during rainy weather and close when the weather is fair. They all leak.



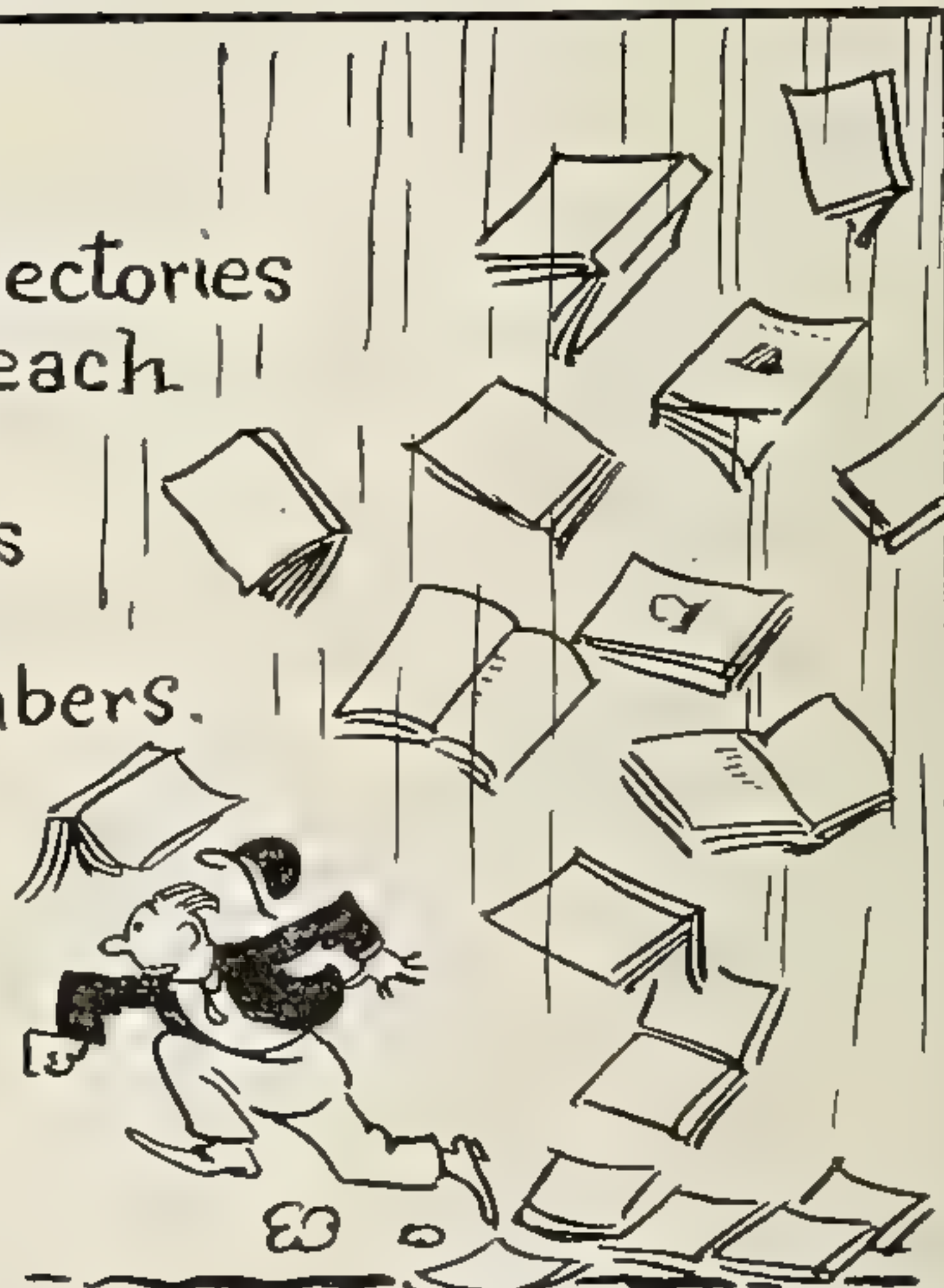
Dill pickle raised by Oliver Hardy in his own garden, grows whiskers instead of warts, and must be shaved once every day and twice if company comes.



Bimbo, the half-elephant owned by Ford Sterling is an unusual household pet.

He lost the other half in a bridge game in 1928.

It rained
Telephone Directories
in Malibu Beach
June 30, 1930.
All the books
contained
wrong numbers.



LEAVE it to Charlie Chaplin to figure out a way not to talk in a talkie. He is going to play the part of a deaf and dumb tramp in his next—according to his latest plans. He's convinced that his real talent lies in pantomime, so he's taking the only way. Harpo Marx is another who confines his talkie activities to pantomime. He just whistles, runs after blondes, plays the harp . . . and is a riot.

One of Hollywood's ironies: Ben Lyon making violent love to Marilyn Miller for a scene in her new picture. Ben and Marilyn were engaged to each other a couple of years ago—before he and Bebe Daniels decided to "Til-Death-Do-Us-Part" it.

FOR a while, Mrs. Clark Gable was sort of a Hollywood myth. Nobody had seen her . . . nobody knew her. But evidently this attractive lady has decided to step into the light and is now frequently seen at the Brown Derby or the Embassy Club. Still, none of the magazines can get a picture of her for publication. Clark absolutely refuses; he says it's not fair to her to mix her up in publicity stories.

If you didn't already know that there's a Mrs. in the Gable family we're sorry we disillusioned you. He certainly has what it takes to set the girls' hearts a-flutter from Podunk to New York.

ON September 30, at Harold Lloyd's Santa Monica beach home, a near-tragedy occurred—and it might have been a very real tragedy had it not been for the quick thinking and quick acting of the bespectacled comedian.

Mildred Gloria Lloyd and her adopted sister Peggy were in the bathroom adjoining their nursery in the early morning, getting ready to go to school. A fire broke out—suddenly and without apparent explanation, as fires some-

times will. The two little girls cried out in fright and their cries awakened their father, who had decided to sleep a bit late that morning. He rushed in a dishevelled and frantic state to rescue them. The two children were so terrified by the sudden burst of flames that they scarcely had control of their little legs. Harold picked up Mildred Gloria, who was quite hysterical with terror, and marshalled four-year-old Peggy in front of him. The fire ate wickedly at the dainty curtains and the bath towels and threatened to spread into the nursery where Harold, Jr., lay in his crib. At that moment, however, his nurse, who had heard the uproar, rushed in, picked him up and carried him to safety. Master Harold wasn't a mite upset—didn't know what it was all about. Mrs. Lloyd appeared on the scene, naturally very much worried, but once she saw the children were safe with their father she began courageously to try to extinguish the flames. The task was too much for her, however. The fire was rather a sizeable one and quite a bit of damage was done to the children's quarters of the beautiful home before the engines arrived and put the flames out.

Songs to Listen For

I'm With You—from Ziegfeld Follies.
I'm Falling In Love—no show.
Many Happy Returns Of The Day—no show.
Dancing In The Dark—from The Band Wagon.
Shine On Harvest Moon—from Ziegfeld Follies.
It's In The Stars—from Shoot The Works.
Just One More Chance—no show.
I Can't Get Mississippi Off My Mind—no show.
Without That Gal—no show.
I Can't Write The Words—no show.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of The Modern Screen Magazine, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1931.

State of New York }
 County of New York } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of The Modern Screen Magazine and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: publisher, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; managing editor, none; business manager, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Syndicate Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1931.

(My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

HELEN MEYER.

(SEAL) MAY KELLEY.



Free BOTTLE SENT ON REQUEST
Banish
CHAPPED SKIN
Quicker than ever before

HERE is news! Campana's Italian Balm, unrivaled skin protector in winter-loving Canada, is now sold coast-to-coast in the United States.

The genuine goodness of Italian Balm is quickly proved—by the speed with which it banishes the slightest trace of chapping, redness, dryness or roughness. It far outsells all other skin protectors in Canada. It is "King of Lotions" where winter-time skin protection is a necessity.

**16 INGREDIENTS—SELECTED BY
 A WORLD-FAMOUS SKIN SPECIALIST**

Sixteen ingredients—many imported from France, Italy, Persia and other foreign lands—are used to make Italian Balm. This famous skin softener is scientifically correct—the invention of a famous Italian skin specialist. Greaseless, quick drying and astonishingly economical. Get a long-lasting 10c, 35c, 60c or \$1.00 bottle. Or, try Italian Balm at our expense—send the coupon.

Campana's
Italian Balm
The Original Skin Softener

Tune in Saturday Nights—

"First Nighter" broadcast,
 N. B. C. coast-to-coast
 . . . 9:30 Eastern Time;
 8:30 Central; 7:30
 Mountain; 6:30
 Pacific Coast.

CAMPANA CORPORATION, 2492 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois
 Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of
 Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.
 Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____
 If you live in Canada send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., 36-38 Caledonian Road, Toronto.

Try the
new
**NON-SMARTING
TEAR-PROOF**
Maybelline



NATALIE MOORHEAD, GORGEOUS PHOTOPLAY STAR

Beautify your eyes, this marvelous, new, easy way. Give them a dense, rich fringe of dark, long-appearing lashes, instantly with the new Maybelline. This truly wonderful preparation

- is very much easier to apply
- positively will not smart your eyes if accidentally gotten into them
- will not run or smear with tears or rain
- will not make your lashes brittle
- contains oils that will tend to stimulate the growth of your lashes
- removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.

Already, countless thousands have voiced enthusiastic approval of this new eye cosmetic. You will like it, too. Black or Brown—75c at leading toilet goods counters.

Special Purse Size obtainable at all 5 and 10 Cent Stores—or for dime and coupon sent direct to us.

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

PURSE SIZE
for 10c AND THIS COUPON—

Maybelline Co., 5914-N Ridge Ave., Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size Package of
the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name.....

Address.....

What the Future Holds for Ricardo Cortez

(Continued from page 65)

of Scorpio, with Mars appearing again in the more specific instance, this time as sub-ruler of Ricardo's life. When the ruler and sub-ruler both concentrate on the same planet, there is a multiple importance to be read in its position for that person. The decan on the Ascendant here shows the influence of death very strong in the life, for his Ascendant is the eighth (the sign and house of one's relations with the Reaper) of Mars in Aries, the position of his ruler.

AMONG the applications of this fact in Ricardo's horoscope is the relationship of marriage, which has been so sadly borne out in his affairs. Yet he has proven his quality as a fighter, striving with all his intelligence and power to overcome the problems which became not only hers, but his, when Alma Rubens joined him in matrimony.

Venus is the ruling planet of his seventh house, that of marriage; and it is seen in the eighth, already described as indicating one's relationships with the unpleasantness of death. Thus we see the foreshadowing of the prior passing of his wife—indication that he would outlive her. The conjunction of Venus with Neptune, the ruler of his fifth (love affairs), is strong testimony that he married for love—love of the right kind. That is why I say he would have gone ahead anyway, even though he had known of her difficulties with the terrible drug, morphine. It is interesting to note here that Neptune is the general ruler of narcotic drugs and this conjunction shows the manner in which he would have to meet the problem of matrimony, as well as that of his contacts with death.

These are also matters that he must take into consideration when and if he marries again. He is not apt to have the duplicate of his former great love, but that does not mean that he cannot or will not be very happy in another marriage. There is strong indication of more than one marriage in his life, possibly more than two. And here we come to the strange fact that we can sometimes be happier under certain conditions without love than under others with it. There are those to whom the recollection of their one true love is a sharp pain. Such may be the case in the intimate soul of Ricardo; it is possible according to this horoscope.

PHILOSOPHY is perception of causes behind and beyond what we see, feel and hear. Cortez has this perception. And, rough though the experiences may be, the sort of thing he went through with Alma Rubens is bringing out his very valuable understandings. The ninth division of the horoscope is the location where the astrologer looks for indications of this capacity to see

the truth in the external symbol and we find the philosophical and truly religious faculties present in the nature and character of all born with the Sun in this house, as is the case with Ricardo. The Sun is in this house every day from noon till about 2 p. m., so check up on your own moment of birth, as well as on those of your friends and relatives, if you want to learn who has the gift. Of course, many have this talent in a latent state, undeveloped as yet. But they could use it to great advantage if they would apply themselves to learning its uses and powers. All this, to my mind, explains the remarkable development and expansion of Ricardo's abilities during the past year.

THE transit of Jupiter over his natal Sun position in this division of his horoscope has helped a great deal, bringing him a good contract and many opportunities to present his higher and better nature to the most advantage. Jupiter is the planet of expansion and development, not only financially, but also in the less tangible benefits we obtain in this life. This continues to be of assistance to him for at least another year and he can make a great deal of progress along the Path of Attainment if he continues to use his strength as he has already shown us he can. I saw his practically perfect work in "The Maltese Falcon" and was delighted with it, as were all present in the audience at the time.

He seems to have found himself at last. First they let the blank left by Valentino blind them to Ricardo's real worth; then they tried to make a heavy of him because he had some of the characteristics of a Latin type. But now his rôles are perfect for him. He should always have the opportunity in every screen portrayal he is given to develop character, especially along the subdued lines which he can do so well.

This is really a remarkable set of qualities when you stop to think them over: action, as shown by his position and condition of Mars as his ruling planet, plus the subtleties that he is capable of blending into his performances. With Ricardo Cortez as the paint on the brush, the sensitive director can get any kind of picture he wants.

One of the best things about Cortez is his ability to hold himself back, keeping in reserve the tremendous powers that lie behind that Scorpio Ascendant of his. This is particularly appealing to the opposite sex, for they instinctively feel the reserve force upon which he always seems able to draw if the occasion should arise in which he would need it. This is a big assent to him in his private affairs, too.

If a young lady were to ask me if she had the qualifications that

would please Mr. Cortez in case he were thinking seriously of getting married again, I would study carefully the way the planets in her horoscope fell in relation to his position of Venus, the ruler of his seventh (matrimonial) house. This planet has already been referred to, but it is also worthy of mention that it occupies the first decan of Gemini, indicating less than perfection in matrimony. Perhaps, this being a double-bodied sign (indicative of repeats in the experiences of the native). Mr. Cortez needs more than one set of happenings to develop completely the full promise of what he was put on this earth to learn in this department of life. His ideal of a wife is a girl who would help in managing his business and financial affairs, be very much interested in art, music, acting, the forward look in the motion picture profession, literature and philosophy. Not an easy order to fill, but mighty worth while if he locates just the right wife.

We used to hear something about Ricardo's troubles with his mother-in-law. I think that was a matter of vibrations in personalities. It seems to have a good deal to do with his position of Uranus, the planet of changes, particularly those of a mental nature. In looking for the answer to a question about the married partner's mother in regard to how a man will get along with her, look to the fourth house and its ruler. Here we see the sign Aquarius, ruled by Uranus, which is over there very close to the sensitive cusp of the Ascendant (on the left, just below the middle, horizon, line). The fourth house also shows much more than this; for it includes also his real estate affairs, general indications of home conditions, estate, and any stocks or bonds he may own. With Uranus ruling this division of life, the native is subject to many ups and downs, shifts of scenery, changes of residence, rapidly moving points of view within his own soul—all reflected in the outside world of affairs through the sort of matters mentioned. It would be a good idea for him to look into the matter of how he would get along with the mother of his prospective wife when he thinks he has made a selection. This year and also 1934 appear to be good ones in which Mr. Cortez would be able to

wisely choose a mate, if he cares to do so.

FROM the testimonies of this chart, I think he likes a serious minded, but active type of woman; one who enters into things rather deeply and enthusiastically, yet under as much control as he himself would be under similar circumstances. He detests sham, pretense, fakes of all kinds. What he wants is always in a direct line from where he is to where he intends to go. That would be one side of his ideal. The other side of her would be that she must be domestic, affectionate, willing to move fast when necessary and in every way a co-operating pal. There are some indications in this chart that he would not get all these qualities, however, so I advise him to remember the old adage about half a loaf. Compromising is one of the arts in a complete life. Not always pleasant, but wise.

The best way to get him to do what you want him to do is either to tell him you don't think he can do it, or, in case you might be one who would want him to pay attention, ignore him.

A great future lies ahead of Ricardo in his chosen profession of the movies, if his emotional life doesn't cost him too much. I cannot see the owner of this horoscope as one who would ever be very wealthy; but then, Ricardo is one who can take his pleasure and progress in many more ways than in attempts to amass great gobs of this world's goods. That's another way in which his philosophical tendency comes in handy. Even though he may not leave a gigantic estate for his heirs to quarrel over, he is nevertheless well equipped to make a comfortable living for many, many years to come. It would be well for him to make all he can during 1932 and put some of it away where he can't spend it too fast (I don't mean in anything speculative—he would practically always lose in trying to get something for nothing).

Ricardo, make every minute of 1932 count to the fullest. It means a great deal to you, especially in regard to the future after that. Don't fall into any traps; get your share; work hard to establish the complete picture of your many abilities in the eyes of producers and public. Then all will be well.

Whither These Four?

(Continued from page 33)

make the boy happy. What happened, of course, was that she went too far. She worked too hard at being a model and devoted wife. But fortunately, being the wise and practical young person that she is, she has realized her mistake before it is too late. At least, I personally do not feel that it is too late—but only time will prove me right or wrong.

During those first months people talked a great deal about what Doug

did for Joan. How he had turned her from a dancing girl into a poised, charming and intelligent young woman. They either did not know or chose to ignore what Joan did for Doug. And she did a great deal for him. Doug, Jr., was a harum-scarum, spoiled, idealistic youngster. A youngster with great potentialities and a lot of half-baked ideas. Joan gave him some of her practicality. She made him groom himself better, took care of his health,

what fun to be good-looking!



WHEN poisons collect in the system, you can count on missing many a good time! Nobody is attracted to the muddied skin and dull eyes and slow wits that show you've neglected internal cleanliness!

Keep clean *within*—with the saline treatment—and watch your charm come back! You'll have a clear complexion, bright eyes, and *sparkle*!

Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica. A laxative? Yes. But don't get Sal Hepatica confused with ordinary laxatives. For Sal Hepatica is a *saline*. It contains the same salines as do the waters of the European spas where thousands of Continentals go to recover their vitality and health!

Because Sal Hepatica is a saline, it can't irritate the normal digestive tract. It isn't habit-forming. And if you're trying to *reduce*, remember this—*Sal Hepatica never has a tendency to make its users stout.*

Rid your body of wastes with Sal Hepatica—begin *today*—and find out what it is to be good-looking and to feel fine!

Sal Hepatica

helps you to enjoy life more!



Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-121, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."

Try the
new
**NON-SMARTING
TEAR-PROOF**
Maybelline



NATALIE MOORHEAD, GORGEOUS PHOTOPLAY STAR

Beautify your eyes, this marvelous, new, easy way. Give them a dense, rich fringe of dark, long-appearing lashes, instantly with the new Maybelline. This truly wonderful preparation

- is very much easier to apply
- positively will not smart your eyes if accidentally gotten into them
- will not run or smear with tears or rain
- will not make your lashes brittle
- contains oils that will tend to stimulate the growth of your lashes
- removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.

Already, countless thousands have voiced enthusiastic approval of this new eye cosmetic. You will like it, too. Black or Brown—75c at leading toilet goods counters.

Special Purse Size obtainable at all 5 and 10 Cent Stores—or for dime and coupon sent direct to us.

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

PURSE SIZE
for 10c AND THIS COUPON—

Maybelline Co., 5914-N Ridge Ave., Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size Package of
the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name.....

Address.....

What the Future Holds for Ricardo Cortez

(Continued from page 65)

of Scorpio, with Mars appearing again in the more specific instance, this time as sub-ruler of Ricardo's life. When the ruler and sub-ruler both concentrate on the same planet, there is a multiple importance to be read in its position for that person. The decan on the Ascendant here shows the influence of death very strong in the life, for his Ascendant is the eighth (the sign and house of one's relations with the Reaper) of Mars in Aries, the position of his ruler.

AMONG the applications of this fact in Ricardo's horoscope is the relationship of marriage, which has been so sadly borne out in his affairs. Yet he has proven his quality as a fighter, striving with all his intelligence and power to overcome the problems which became not only hers, but his, when Alma Rubens joined him in matrimony.

Venus is the ruling planet of his seventh house, that of marriage; and it is seen in the eighth, already described as indicating one's relationships with the unpleasantness of death. Thus we see the foreshadowing of the prior passing of his wife—indication that he would outlive her. The conjunction of Venus with Neptune, the ruler of his fifth (love affairs), is strong testimony that he married for love—love of the right kind. That is why I say he would have gone ahead anyway, even though he had known of her difficulties with the terrible drug, morphine. It is interesting to note here that Neptune is the general ruler of narcotic drugs and this conjunction shows the manner in which he would have to meet the problem of matrimony, as well as that of his contacts with death.

These are also matters that he must take into consideration when and if he marries again. He is not apt to have the duplicate of his former great love, but that does not mean that he cannot or will not be very happy in another marriage. There is strong indication of more than one marriage in his life, possibly more than two. And here we come to the strange fact that we can sometimes be happier under certain conditions without love than under others with it. There are those to whom the recollection of their one true love is a sharp pain. Such may be the case in the intimate soul of Ricardo; it is possible according to this horoscope.

PHILOSOPHY is perception of causes behind and beyond what we see, feel and hear. Cortez has this perception. And, rough though the experiences may be, the sort of thing he went through with Alma Rubens is bringing out his very valuable understandings. The ninth division of the horoscope is the location where the astrologer looks for indications of this capacity to see

the truth in the external symbol and we find the philosophical and truly religious faculties present in the nature and character of all born with the Sun in this house, as is the case with Ricardo. The Sun is in this house every day from noon till about 2 p. m., so check up on your own moment of birth, as well as on those of your friends and relatives, if you want to learn who has the gift. Of course, many have this talent in a latent state, undeveloped as yet. But they could use it to great advantage if they would apply themselves to learning its uses and powers. All this, to my mind, explains the remarkable development and expansion of Ricardo's abilities during the past year.

THE transit of Jupiter over his natal Sun position in this division of his horoscope has helped a great deal, bringing him a good contract and many opportunities to present his higher and better nature to the most advantage. Jupiter is the planet of expansion and development, not only financially, but also in the less tangible benefits we obtain in this life. This continues to be of assistance to him for at least another year and he can make a great deal of progress along the Path of Attainment if he continues to use his strength as he has already shown us he can. I saw his practically perfect work in "The Maltese Falcon" and was delighted with it, as were all present in the audience at the time.

He seems to have found himself at last. First they let the blank left by Valentino blind them to Ricardo's real worth; then they tried to make a heavy of him because he had some of the characteristics of a Latin type. But now his rôles are perfect for him. He should always have the opportunity in every screen portrayal he is given to develop character, especially along the subdued lines which he can do so well.

This is really a remarkable set of qualities when you stop to think them over: action, as shown by his position and condition of Mars as his ruling planet, plus the subtleties that he is capable of blending into his performances. With Ricardo Cortez as the paint on the brush, the sensitive director can get any kind of picture he wants.

One of the best things about Cortez is his ability to hold himself back, keeping in reserve the tremendous powers that lie behind that Scorpio Ascendant of his. This is particularly appealing to the opposite sex, for they instinctively feel the reserve force upon which he always seems able to draw if the occasion should arise in which he would need it. This is a big assent to him in his private affairs, too.

If a young lady were to ask me if she had the qualifications that

would please Mr. Cortez in case he were thinking seriously of getting married again, I would study carefully the way the planets in her horoscope fell in relation to his position of Venus, the ruler of his seventh (matrimonial) house. This planet has already been referred to, but it is also worthy of mention that it occupies the first decan of Gemini, indicating less than perfection in matrimony. Perhaps, this being a double-bodied sign (indicative of repeats in the experiences of the native). Mr. Cortez needs more than one set of happenings to develop completely the full promise of what he was put on this earth to learn in this department of life. His ideal of a wife is a girl who would help in managing his business and financial affairs, be very much interested in art, music, acting, the forward look in the motion picture profession, literature and philosophy. Not an easy order to fill, but mighty worth while if he locates just the right wife.

We used to hear something about Ricardo's troubles with his mother-in-law. I think that was a matter of vibrations in personalities. It seems to have a good deal to do with his position of Uranus, the planet of changes, particularly those of a mental nature. In looking for the answer to a question about the married partner's mother in regard to how a man will get along with her, look to the fourth house and its ruler. Here we see the sign Aquarius, ruled by Uranus, which is over there very close to the sensitive cusp of the Ascendant (on the left, just below the middle, horizon, line). The fourth house also shows much more than this; for it includes also his real estate affairs, general indications of home conditions, estate, and any stocks or bonds he may own. With Uranus ruling this division of life, the native is subject to many ups and downs, shifts of scenery, changes of residence, rapidly moving points of view within his own soul—all reflected in the outside world of affairs through the sort of matters mentioned. It would be a good idea for him to look into the matter of how he would get along with the mother of his prospective wife when he thinks he has made a selection. This year and also 1934 appear to be good ones in which Mr. Cortez would be able to

wisely choose a mate, if he cares to do so.

FROM the testimonies of this chart, I think he likes a serious minded, but active type of woman; one who enters into things rather deeply and enthusiastically, yet under as much control as he himself would be under similar circumstances. He detests sham, pretense, fakes of all kinds. What he wants is always in a direct line from where he is to where he intends to go. That would be one side of his ideal. The other side of her would be that she must be domestic, affectionate, willing to move fast when necessary and in every way a co-operating pal. There are some indications in this chart that he would not get all these qualities, however, so I advise him to remember the old adage about half a loaf. Compromising is one of the arts in a complete life. Not always pleasant, but wise.

The best way to get him to do what you want him to do is either to tell him you don't think he can do it, or, in case you might be one who would want him to pay attention, ignore him.

A great future lies ahead of Ricardo in his chosen profession of the movies, if his emotional life doesn't cost him too much. I cannot see the owner of this horoscope as one who would ever be very wealthy; but then, Ricardo is one who can take his pleasure and progress in many more ways than in attempts to amass great gobs of this world's goods. That's another way in which his philosophical tendency comes in handy. Even though he may not leave a gigantic estate for his heirs to quarrel over, he is nevertheless well equipped to make a comfortable living for many, many years to come. It would be well for him to make all he can during 1932 and put some of it away where he can't spend it too fast (I don't mean in anything speculative—he would practically always lose in trying to get something for nothing).

Ricardo, make every minute of 1932 count to the fullest. It means a great deal to you, especially in regard to the future after that. Don't fall into any traps; get your share; work hard to establish the complete picture of your many abilities in the eyes of producers and public. Then all will be well.

Whither These Four?

(Continued from page 33)

make the boy happy. What happened, of course, was that she went too far. She worked too hard at being a model and devoted wife. But fortunately, being the wise and practical young person that she is, she has realized her mistake before it is too late. At least, I personally do not feel that it is too late—but only time will prove me right or wrong.

During those first months people talked a great deal about what Doug

did for Joan. How he had turned her from a dancing girl into a poised, charming and intelligent young woman. They either did not know or chose to ignore what Joan did for Doug. And she did a great deal for him. Doug, Jr., was a harum-scarum, spoiled, idealistic youngster. A youngster with great potentialities and a lot of half-baked ideas. Joan gave him some of her practicality. She made him groom himself better, took care of his health,

what fun to be good-looking!



WHEN poisons collect in the system, you can count on missing many a good time! Nobody is attracted to the muddied skin and dull eyes and slow wits that show you've neglected internal cleanliness!

Keep clean *within*—with the saline treatment—and watch your charm come back! You'll have a clear complexion, bright eyes, and *sparkle*!

Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica. A laxative? Yes. But don't get Sal Hepatica confused with ordinary laxatives. For Sal Hepatica is a *saline*. It contains the same salines as do the waters of the European spas where thousands of Continentals go to recover their vitality and health!

Because Sal Hepatica is a saline, it can't irritate the normal digestive tract. It isn't habit-forming. And if you're trying to *reduce*, remember this—*Sal Hepatica never has a tendency to make its users stout.*

Rid your body of wastes with Sal Hepatica—begin *today*—and find out what it is to be good-looking and to feel fine!

Sal Hepatica

helps you to enjoy life more!



Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-121, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



balanced beauty

USE Phantom Red to preserve the balanced beauty of bewitching red lips and rosy, youthful cheeks. Phantom Red Lipstick is waterproof and self-blending with every complexion. It will allow the healthy, vital color of your lips to appear. Make your lips glow with their natural beauty by using Phantom Red Lipstick. Phantom Red Rouge will bring fresh, harmonizing tints to your cheeks.

For color balance use Phantom Red Cosmetics. Lipstick \$1.00, Junior Size 50c. Rouge Compact 75c. All Purpose Cream \$1.00. Phantom Red Natural Skin-tone Face Powder 75c. Sold at the leading Toilet Goods Counter everywhere. Purse sizes may be secured at all chain stores.

Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Phantom Red LIPSTICK

Read YOUR FUTURE with NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM



Answers Questions of Vital Importance
Fascinating reprint of Napoleon's Oraculum said to be used by him on every important occasion. Found among his effects after his death. Questions on love, matrimony, business, etc., answered by your key to the Oraculum. Limited American edition. Enclose \$1.00 for your copy.

BARNES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1704 Falford Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR

JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

10 Cents

At Kresge's

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

New Easy Way

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98c

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postage 98c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY

900 W. Lake St., Dept. W-1311 Chicago, Ill.

saw that he ate properly—gave him both material care and understanding.

She threw her whole soul into mothering this boy whom she had taken as a husband. If he departed for his studio before she did in the morning she would see that he had pocket money and a clean handkerchief before he left. When they met every noon for luncheon she would devote the entire meal to seeing that Doug got enough to eat. He was too thin. She saw—breakfast, luncheon and dinner—that he ate nourishing food—and enough of it. She ordered for him and left her own plate untouched while she hung over him and saw that he drank his milk and ate his potatoes.

OF course, eventually she went too far. Joan has a strongly developed maternal instinct. She has to have someone to take care of. And all this intense emotional fire of hers which had been scattered for years, she concentrated and poured into her life with Doug. Before she knew it she found herself completely wrapped up in him. You cannot pour all your energy into taking care of a person without becoming, paradoxically enough, dependent on him. In fact, it often seems that we care more for the people we do things for than for those who do for us. The instinct to give and cherish is deeply rooted in us.

Perhaps at first it was Doug who loved the more. He was mad about Joan. The deep, true love which she now has for her young husband probably did not come to Joan until after they had been married a time—until after she had mothered and watched over him for months.

But this mothering business, if carried too far, becomes a stifling thing which smothers the one we are seeking to serve and protect. We humans love to be taken care of—but we resent too much of it. I am not absolutely sure, but I have a feeling that this is what happened to young Doug.

And I am pretty sure that Joan realized almost as soon as the reaction set in. That she realized eventually I know—for she has admitted it herself—though not to me. And when she saw that it was not best, either for Doug or for herself, to be so completely wrapped up in him, she set about definitely to correct her attitude. She saw, too, that their being together so constantly was not the way to keep their marriage a success. Two people—no matter how much in love—must have outside contacts. If they spend every moment together they will wear out the love they are trying to preserve and soon have nothing to give one another. And this Joan realized, fortunately in time.

SHE saw suddenly that it was a little silly that she and Doug, who shared a home and met every evening, should go rushing miles across town every noon to have lunch together when they were working at separate studios. She saw that people were laughing at their baby talk and their unconcealed infatuation and calling it a pose. So she

set about deliberately to attain a more normal, sensible adjustment between them. And that very effort of Joan's—and Doug's—to behave more sanely, was partially responsible for the rumors that they no longer cared for one another.

Then, too, there is the question of their careers. Both Doug and Joan have unquestionably progressed professionally since their marriage, and this also has had its effect on their marital life. It would be strange if such were not the case. Doug, Jr.'s, career has, of course, developed tremendously. When he married Joan his social and family prestige were greater but she was more important professionally. But he has come along tremendously in the past year and is now a star on a footing with Joan. Probably he has not quite adjusted himself as yet to his own increased importance.

As for Joan, she has always been passionately devoted to her career, although for a time her marriage came close to erasing every other interest. Now, however, she has begun to divide her energies and her attention a little more than she did during those first months of marriage. Which is, after all, a wise thing and gives that marriage much more chance to last. Since she has begun to play heavily emotional rôles it has become a driving, burning ambition with her to become the screen's foremost dramatic actress.

THUS, both Doug, Jr., and Joan have turned more, of late, to this absorbing outside interest of a career, and inevitably they are taking their marriage more for granted than during that first period when it seemed the only thing in life. This does not mean, however, that their marriage is any less stable or that they are any less devoted. On the contrary, it is much more likely that they have a greater chance for lasting happiness together. And above all, it is a normal, natural thing—an inevitable adjustment.

With Mary and Doug, Sr., the problem is more serious—and don't let anyone tell you there *isn't* a marriage problem at Pickfair. It is more serious because these two are older—because where Joan and young Doug are at the height of their careers, busy and happy in them, Mary and Doug, Sr., have reached a trying period professionally which shadows their relations with one another.

Particularly is this true of Mary. As for Doug, I doubt if he would care if he never made another picture so long as he could remain in the limelight in some field or other and find some outlet for his astounding energy. At the moment, he is all excited over the film based on his travels in Siam which he is producing. But he would be just as excited over playing in a golf tournament or marshalling a parade.

But with Mary it is different. There are any number of things to which she could successfully turn her attention right now. She would undoubtedly be a brilliant producer if she could content herself with such a rôle. But Mary is not yet willing to give up the grease-

paint. I have heard her say in a deeply depressed moment, "I know my career is finished"—but the very tone in which she said it (it was almost antagonistic) told a different story. In reality she still clings to the hope of once more being received with love and adulation on the screen. What she chiefly wants is to erase the memory of "Kiki." She cannot bear to leave that last impression with the public whose adored sweetheart she was for so many years.

NO wonder poor little Mary seems to be floundering a bit these days. She is faced with the necessity for terrific mental and emotional adjustments which cannot be ignored. She is trying to adjust herself to the fact that her glorious career as an actress—probably the most lasting and outstanding career in the history of motion pictures—is drawing to its close. With that vital part of her existence slipping from her she turns to her marriage—only to find that that splendid union which for ten years has seemed the most stable thing on heaven or earth, has grown shaky. She had to face the fact that her romance with Doug, undeniably one of the great romances of the age, is no longer perfect.

If Mary could straighten out the tangle of her career she would be better able to deal with her marriage. And likewise, if she could reach a completely happy adjustment in her marital relations with Doug, her career problems would not bewilder her and disturb her so much. But it is the combination of the two things, I think, which has been almost too much for Mary of late.

For the past year she has seemed to be trying to fling herself into a lot of superficial activities to keep her mind occupied. While Doug was in Europe she kept herself surrounded by youngsters. Even now that he is back she seems to want to keep youth about her constantly—to have almost a youth complex. Her most frequent companions are her young cousin, Verna Chalif, and Verna's husband, "Sonny." Occasionally she is seen in public with the Chalifs and some of their friends—and without Doug—which, of course, starts tongues wagging and reminds folks of the days when Doug would not even let her dance with anyone else. Often there is a hectic gaiety about her; she seems afraid to relax for a moment for

fear she will remember depressing things. So she fights to forget—but sometimes loses the fight.

OCCASIONALLY she does childish, irresponsible things; innocent, gay things, plunging into the Pickfair pool for a swim at 3 a. m. Why shouldn't she? But afterward she frets and worries for fear Doug will disapprove. She has been a social dignitary and a queen for too long—she cannot escape from it entirely no matter how hard she tries. The pathetic part is that Doug usually doesn't disapprove . . . is glad, in fact, to see her gay and having fun, being possessed of a magnificent spirit of play himself. But there seems to be a gap between them. They never seem sure of understanding one another these days.

Yet I believe they have reached more of an adjustment now than they have in some months. It is by no means a completely happy adjustment, and one cannot be entirely sure yet just what will be the outcome at Pickfair. However, there are the strong bonds of habit and of ten years together, privately and in the public eye. And the force of public opinion which has welded Mary and Doug into a single tradition—made them almost one person in the eyes and hearts of their fans—is bound to have its effect in holding them together. Such a tradition weaves subtle and indissoluble bonds which outlast even love. And there is still love at Pickfair. What if Mary *does* grow irked at Doug when he dips his celery into the community salt dish? And what if Doug *does* feel sometimes that Mary doesn't understand about golf? Other matrimonial partners, with far less to hold them together than Mary and Doug, have surmounted much more serious obstacles without resorting to divorce.

I wouldn't want to stake my life on any prediction concerning Mary, Douglas the Second or Joan. I can, after all, do very little more than sense the terrible drama, the interplay of emotions, the conflict of personalities, which must underlie the daily life and mutual relations of these four brilliant and fascinating individuals. No, I certainly wouldn't stake my life—but I'd like to lay a good ten to one bet that no divorce documents bearing the name Fairbanks will be filed—and that goes for both the senior and junior branch.

The Trial of Paul Lukas

(Continued from page 61)

impossible in six months in Hollywood?

Soon his extremely small supply of money was gone. He was attending a school for actors and working in small parts on the stage whenever the occasional opportunity arose. But the chance to show his talents came all too seldom. He decided that he must find some other way of earning enough money to live on while he was studying. He took up

a post of tutor. Each afternoon, from one o'clock until three, he would walk three miles across the city to the home of a wealthy old family and coach the small children of the household in their lessons for the next day. His own education was sufficient to do this work well . . . and thus he was able to eat and pay for a small room while he pursued his studies at the Academy.



A Gift Book for the Children...

THE CHILDREN will be delighted to find a Ceresota Fairy Story Painting Book under the Christmas tree. It contains 48 pages, 12 of them in full color with an outline of the same picture opposite, printed on special paper ready for the kiddies to paint with a set of Japanese water colors, included. The Painting Book alone is worth while, but two other things come with it—a Cook Book and a pound and a quarter sack of Flour. The three together comprise the Ceresota Trio. The Cook Book contains over 150 tested recipes beautifully illustrated and practically arranged. The Flour is Ceresota Unbleached. It needs no bleaching because it is milled from the finest Northern Wheat. Many flours made from inferior wheat must be artificially bleached to obtain a presentable color. Ceresota, naturally creamy white, is as good for cakes and pastries as for bread—with it, you need no special flour for fine baking—yet it is priced for general use . . . You'll be delighted with Ceresota Flour for Christmas baking. Your grocer has it or can get it for you.

This Coupon and 25c brings the Ceresota Trio

MAIL TODAY

CLIP THIS COUPON

The Northwestern Consolidated Milling Co.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Here is my 25c for the Ceresota Trio—
(1) a trial supply of Ceresota Flour, (2) the famous Ceresota Cook Book, (3) the beautiful Ceresota Painting Book for children.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

Town _____

Grocer _____

State _____

MM 3 _____

DR. COPELAND

talks on health and diet over the Columbia Broadcasting System, every Thursday morning, 10 o'clock Eastern Standard time, 9 o'clock Central Standard time



an Eyelash Make-up that Actually Makes **LASHES GROW**

IT'S TRUE—true and proven. A mascara which gives lashes a *Double Treatment*—that is the new discovery.

It's called the new Liquid Winx. First you use it as a waterproof mascara. It darkens lashes, makes them look soft, delicate and fascinating. Eyes take on new sparkle, new appeal. Yet the effect is natural—in good taste.

And (while you use Winx as a mascara) it actually promotes the health and growth of lashes. Winx contains stimulating oils which turn skimpy, straggly lashes into a long, curly, bewitching fringe. A week's use actually shows definite improvements!

You may try the new Liquid Winx—simply by sending 10¢ for a Vanity Size—enough for a month's use.

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. M-7
243 West 17th Street, New York
I enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.

Black _____ Brown _____

Name _____

Address _____



DEPILATORY CREAM
Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. Sold Everywhere. **GIANT TUBE 50c.**
ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
(Formerly \$5.00) Now in a new \$1.00 size package
Permanently Destroys Hair

PHOTOS ENLARGED
SIZE 8x10 or 11x14 INCHES
Now is your chance to get a life-like Bromide photo enlargement at an unusual bargain. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, or enlargements of any group picture. Safe return of your original photo Guaranteed.

48c

EACH

Send NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 8x10 or 11x14 guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 48c plus a few cents postage or send 50c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

REX ART 538 South Dearborn, Dept. 23
Chicago, Ill.



Then the War ended!

He was almost stunned with the marvelous thought that he would never again have to return to those terrible nights of Hell and fire . . . now he could go on with his work forever. Nothing could stop him now!

AT the end of the second year as a student of the Actors' Academy in Budapest, Paul was given his first big opportunity. He was cast in the leading rôle of Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom." He made a terrific hit in his first play and from that time on was in constant demand on the Hungarian stage.

Then came the play that was to be the turning point in his career: "The Miracle," by Reinhardt. Max Reinhardt, the great German director, saw him play a part in a Molière play in Budapest and promptly offered him the leading rôle in his latest play. After appearing as a guest artist in Vienna, he took the play to Berlin. It was there that he was first noticed for the screen and given a chance in an UFA production called "Samson and Delilah." Lukas played Samson. After this picture was released, his ability was recognized by an American film producer. He sent for him the day after seeing his first work on the screen and offered him an opportunity in Hollywood. Lukas took the chance immediately. No thought of language entered his head at that time. The talkies were still unheard of.

IN America, Paul Lukas never seemed to have time for mastering the English tongue. He picked up a few words here and there during his first months in Hollywood but never more than was necessary to understand the director on the set. During this time he appeared in such pictures as: "Loves Of An Actress," with Pola Negri, "Manhattan Cocktail," "The Shopworn Angel" and "The Wolf of Wall Street."

In the last-named picture, in which he played with George Bancroft, his lack of perfect pronunciation was a glaring defect in the film. It was his first talking picture—and he couldn't talk! Just at this time his option came up and it was then that he was called into the front office to learn of his dismissal. His six months' grace to learn the language staved off his release but how was he to go about this impossible task? Where could he get help for it?

How Paul Lukas answered these questions for himself may surprise you.

"I had to make a great number of decisions and make them fast! First, I had to realize that I had been spending most of my spare time with the Hungarian colony in Hollywood. I had been able to talk with them without the necessity of learning a new language. Besides, I felt more at home with my own people and so this fact is only natural. I immediately told my wife that we must break off relations with the Hungarian friends—at least, temporarily. We did. Then I hired a young college boy to come and live with us. He needed a few extra dollars for his education anyway, so the arrangement was perfect. He was to help me with the language

and correct me when I made a mistake in pronunciation.

"But he spent half of his day at the University, and I was faced with but six months in which to prepare myself . . . I must find other means of learning and learning rapidly. I went to Church! It made no difference *what* Church. I went to the Courts and listened to lawyers make pleas to the jury. I went to political meetings. Anything!

"But where do you suppose I found the greatest help? You will hardly believe it when I tell you! From the advertisements over the radio! Not speeches and singing . . . but advertisements. The main reason for this is apparent after a bit of explanation. The men who announce the advertisements are so anxious to get their message over that they stop at nothing to make themselves clearly understood. They will pronounce the name of the concern and the telephone number as many as five or six times, and each time with unusual accuracy so that no one will miss it. There is where I learned English! Possibly many of the advertisers will be glad to hear of this new method of making the audience listen to their ads—without dialing another station.

EVERY week or so they would call me in the front office and ask me a few questions. I knew that they were just trying to see how much progress I was making. It rankled on me until at length I said to them that it was unfair to try me out in this way. I explained that when they gave me a script to learn I would say each line over at least a hundred times until I was letter-perfect in it. This would be far different from coming into their office 'cold' and making a half-hearted stab at talking. I asked them to give me a chance in a picture.

"At last they came around to my way of reasoning and gave me a small part in a picture starring Buddy Rogers called "Illusion." That chance was one of the greatest opportunities I have ever had. I was placed opposite a young man who had had no training on the stage and was almost as scared as I was. I could dominate every scene and keep command of every situation. Thus my lack of perfect English was hardly noticed. I made the grade!"

And from that six months of terrific strain and trial, Paul Lukas has gone up and up. And now he has actually attained stardom in the place of William Powell who has gone to work under the Warner banner.

As we got up to leave the luncheon table so that he might be back on the set for the next scene for his picture, "The Beloved Bachelor," Paul turned to me with a smile and said:

"And the funny part of it all is that I may have to apologize to my Hungarian friends whom I have so neglected during the past year or so. I was called into the front office the other day for the second time to learn that many of the fans seem to like my slight—oh, so slight!—accent and that I shouldn't learn my English too perfectly! Hollywood and the picture business has its funny side, hasn't it?"

DANCER ON WAY TO STARDOM • WANTS A NEW NAME!

★ (NEWS ITEM)

On the very threshold of international fame and fortune, Jeanne Williams wants a new "Stage Name." Young—graceful—talented; her beautiful body is vibrant with the magnetic glow of youthful personality. Critics say her performances are "Sensational", "Exotique", and that she is at the door of stardom. . . . Now, because her name is similar to that of another star of Broadway, she wants a NEW name by which she will be featured and which she hopes to carry to fame.

We Will Pay
\$500.00
 Just for a Girl's Name

COSTS NOTHING TO WIN

Nothing to Buy — Nothing to Sell — No Entrance Fees — No "Number Paths" Nor "Guessing" to win This Cash Prize

JUST SUGGEST A GIRL'S NAME

What an amazing opportunity! You may win this big cash prize in only a moment's time. Simply send us a name for this graceful young dancer—*nothing more to do*. Sounds easy? It is easy! The first name that comes to your mind this minute may be the very one to win \$500.00 cash. It does not have to be a "fancy" name—just some simple name that is easy to say and easy to remember—a name that will look well in blazing electric lights in front of the nation's finest theatres. Think of a name—send it TODAY—Win \$500.00 Cash.

NO WAY YOU CAN LOSE . . .

Simply suggest the winning name—that is all you have to do to get the \$500.00. We are giving the prize to advertise our marvelous Foot Balm that is even now used by many professional dancers. A famous name is a great help in advertising. The new name chosen for this rising young dancer will also be used as the name for our Foot-Balm—her fame will bring us big advertising. . . . That is why we are so generous in giving the cash prize. It is your opportunity of a life-time. Maybe your own name, or the name of a friend may be the very name we want. Nothing for you to lose—a fortune for you to win.

JUST SENDING A NAME QUALIFIES YOU FOR OPPORTUNITY TO

Win \$3,000.00

OR BUICK 8-CYLINDER SEDAN AND \$1,500.00 IN CASH BESIDES . . .

In this sensational advertising campaign we are giving away over FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS just to advertise and promote our business. This money is entirely *separate and in addition* to the prize for the Dancer's Name. Over 50 huge cash prizes—3 fine automobiles. Think of it! You may win over \$3,000.00 cash or a new Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and \$1,500.00 Cash besides! What a magnificent fortune! Some one is going to get it—why not you? You have just as good an opportunity to win as anyone. All you have to do to qualify for this amazing opportunity is to suggest a name for the Dancer. Do it now—it may mean a fortune for you.

\$1,000.00 CASH CERTIFICATE

Will Be Sent to You At Once . . . BE PROMPT

One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are PROMPT and win first prize. So don't delay! Send your name suggestion promptly—nothing more to do now or ever toward getting the Name Prize and to qualify for the opportunity to win the other huge prizes. *You can't lose anything*—EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH—so send a name today.

Hundreds Have Won

Viola Lauder, Oregon, was destitute—her home burned down. She suggested a name for our toilet soap and won a big cash prize of \$900.00! H. L. Adams, Pa., won over \$2000.00 besides cash rewards as high as \$200.00 in a week. Lutz received \$500.00. Hundreds of others made happy by big prizes and rewards. Now, we are going to distribute *bigger prizes than before*. Any one may win . . . Some yet unknown person is going to win \$3,000.00 cash; many others are going to be made happy with scores of prizes as high as \$750.00. Three fine cars will be given to people submitting names.

SEND NO MONEY

You don't have to send any money—you don't have to buy anything or sell anything to win the Name Prize, No "puzzles," "number paths", "lucky numbers" or "guessing" contest to win over \$3,000.00 cash. The only thing to do now is send a name for the dancer. The first name you think of may win the prize. But, remember the EXTRA \$1,000.00 for promptness. Act at once! I will send you a \$1,000.00 Cash Certificate as soon as your name is received—I will tell you just how you stand in the distribution of over \$5,000.00 in cash prizes and fine new automobiles.

Read These Simple Rules

Contest open to all except employees of our company. Only one name may be submitted—sending more than one name will cause all names sent by you to be thrown out. Suggest a first and last name for the dancer. Contest closing date given in my first letter to you. In case of duplicate winning names, duplicate prizes will be given. Every person submitting a name qualifies for opportunity to win \$3,000.00 cash or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and \$1,500.00 in cash. Use the coupon or write a letter to submit name and receive all details.

WALTER BRENT, Mgr.

906 Sycamore Street Dept. 6045-PP - Cincinnati, Ohio



The Delight of Dancing Feet

. . . Do your feet ache, itch, perspire or burn? Then, try this famous Foot Balm that has brought delight to the over-worked feet of professional dancers to whom foot comfort is all important.



Winning Name Coupon

WALTER BRENT, Mgr.,
 906 Sycamore St., Dept. 6045-PP Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Name I suggest for the Dancer is:

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Rush me the \$1,000.00 Cash Certificate for Promptness and tell me how I stand for Winning \$3,000.00 cash.

The Story of Sylvia Sidney

(Continued from page 29)



The smart woman today insists upon Deerie for her face and compact poudre, her rouge, her cosmetique, her lip rouge, and quite naturally . . . her lipstick!

The same harmonizing motif . . . the same alluring fragrance pervades each creation. Deerie brings you the best cosmetic values, for each toiletry is exquisite in quality and each is encased with true Deerie finesse! Deerie beauty aids savor of the highest in everything . . . except price! Generous introductory sizes are available at all good 10c toilet goods counters.



CURLS

Learn to set waves with fingers, combs or clips. It's easy. Our booklet shows how. **FREE!** Penny Waves to keep hair curly 10 days. No burns. No grease. Safe. Send 10c to cover mailing to E. Penny, 117 N. Wells, Dept. E Chicago



HAIRLESS SKIN with GYPSIA

FREE Pamphlet FREE
Marvelous imported Parisian discovery, removes Unwanted Hair in a jiffy, for good! No irritation. Harmless, liquid, clean. Just apply and wash off! Satisfaction or money refunded. Send this ad and your address to get FREE explanation how "GYPSIA" destroys Hair and Root.

GYPSIA PRODUCTS CO., (C) 55 W. 42 St., N. Y.

NO MORE BIG TIRE BILLS!

GOOD YEAR · FISK · Firestone · U.S. AND OTHER TIRES
At 1/4 Regular Prices

Tires You Know and Prefer AT NEW LOW PRICES!

You can rely upon Chicago's oldest and most reliable rubber company to deliver tire mileage at lowest cost. Actual tests on the worst roads in the country prove that our standard brand, reconstructed tires deliver 50 to 60 per cent more service. A trial order will convince you.

BUY 12 MONTHS SERVICE SAVE NOW GUARANTEED MONEY

BALLOON TIRES				Reg. CORD TIRES			
Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes	
29x4.40-21"		\$2.30	\$1.10	30x3	\$2.20	\$1.00	
29x4.50-21"		2.40	1.15	30x3 1/2	2.25	1.00	
30x4.50-21"		2.45	1.20	32x3 1/2	2.70	1.15	
28x4.75-19"		2.45	1.20	31x4	2.95	1.15	
30x4.95-21"		2.90	1.35	32x4	2.95	1.15	
30x5.00-20"		2.95	1.35	34x4	2.95	1.15	
28x5.25-18"		2.95	1.35	32x4 1/2	3.50	1.15	
30x5.25-20"		2.95	1.35	33x4 1/2	3.20	1.45	
31x5.25-21"		3.20	1.35	34x4 1/2	3.45	1.45	
30x5.71-20"		3.20	1.40	35x5	3.60	1.75	
31x6.00-19"		3.20	1.40	36x5	4.45	1.75	
32x6.00-20"		3.20	1.40				
33x6.00-21"		3.20	1.45				
32x6.20-20"		3.65	1.75				

DEALERS WANTED
All Tubes New—Guaranteed First Quality

Send only \$1.00 deposit with each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. If you send cash in full deduct 5 per cent. You are guaranteed a year's service or replacement at half price.
MIDLAND TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. 388, 1000-10 W. Sixty-Third Street Chicago

the teacher went on, "it would have washed away the pretty houses . . . it would have swept . . . over the tulip . . . fields and . . ."

Sylvia's head nodded. She was such a little girl, only six. And it had been a long ride from the city. A bumble bee buzzed against the screen. It seemed to get inside Sylvia's head somehow, that buzzing sound, until it quite drowned the teacher's voice. And then there was only a buzz-buzz-buzzing that wove itself into her dream.

WHEN Sylvia awoke it was dark. Pitch dark. She thought just at first, for one blessed, secure moment, that she was in her own bed, within call of the big bed where her mother and father slept. But flinging out her arm she struck the bed-post and then she knew it wasn't her bed at all. She remembered then that she had left her mother to hear the teacher tell a story . . .

"MOTHER!" There was terror in that shrill cry. "M-O-T-H-E-R! I want my mother!"

A teacher came running. "Hush," she said. "It is very late and you'll wake the other children. Your mother isn't here."

Sylvia shoved away this strange creature who dared speak to her with authority and screamed louder than before. Enraged because she felt she had been tricked, she beat her fists against the headboard.

Another teacher came running. "This noise will have to stop," she said. But you could scarcely hear her for Sylvia's screams.

The first teacher realized finally that Sylvia was one of those children who never will submit to alien authority even if they know they wage a losing fight. She changed her tactics.

"Telephone your mother," she said. Sylvia stopped weeping and opened her eyes very wide. She moved to get out of bed, to go to the telephone. But the teacher restrained her. "Not now," she said. "In the morning. The night is half over. If you'll go to sleep the next thing you know it will be light and then—I promise you—you may telephone."

Here was calm reason. Sylvia submitted. The next day, before breakfast, she had her mother on the wire.

"Come and get me," she demanded.

"I'm ashamed of you, Sylvia," Beatrice Sidney told her. "Both your father and I want you to stay at school. We want you to meet other children. To play with them. Do you understand, my dear?"

There was no answer.

"Sylvia!" It was peremptory.

"You won't come and get me?" Sylvia pleaded.

"No!" It was short and crisp. It must have caused Beatrice Sidney pain. "And what is more, Sylvia, if you misbehave I won't come to visit you. Do

you understand?" Beatrice was firm.

Harsh measures. But both parents felt it best to sacrifice the present to the future. They were concerned about this child of theirs, this child of moods and of fire. And they still hoped that she would learn to associate with children of her own age and find pleasure in her friendships.

THE receiver at the other end clicked. Sylvia had hung up. She realized she had to stay. But she resolved that never, never, never would she play with the other children. Something of iron was forged in her spirit. She couldn't submit. She couldn't give in. It would have been much easier for her to die.

If this were a fiction story Sylvia would have adjusted and in no time at all become the darling of all pupils and teachers alike. But nothing of the kind happened. Instead, things went from bad to much worse.

Nights were long and black and lonely. But at night, if a salty tear slipped out of Sylvia's jade eyes there was no one to see. Days were too much to be borne. There hardly seemed to be a minute when some teacher's critical eyes weren't focused upon her. The tantrum she had staged the first night had not helped her reputation any. And there was one teacher, tall, spare, and dark with a thin mouth, and a mole under her left eye, who seemed to find a strange pleasure in taking Sylvia to task.

"You're a very bad child," she would say, waylaying Sylvia in a hall and backing her into a dark corner. "And if you don't learn obedience now you'll come to no good end." She really succeeded in making the future something to be dreaded.

As for the other children they stared at Sylvia as if she was a strange creature from another world. They couldn't understand her. She not only made no overtures but she seemed to go out of her way to avoid them.

In all that strange, hateful world Sylvia had just one friend. That friend waited for her whenever she stepped outside. Together they went for long walks. Her friend was Roger, a great dog with a long, silk-fringed tail which he carried with the proudest sort of swing.

THE other day, looking back upon the little girl she was then, Sylvia said, "I don't think I could have endured the months I spent at that school if it hadn't been for Roger. I really was frightfully unhappy."

Even the arithmetic class wasn't so bad when Sylvia had Roger to think about. When the figures on the ruled yellow paper wouldn't come out right she used to think of him lying patiently at the foot of the steps . . . snapping now and then at a too persistent fly . . . sleeping with one eye open, waiting for her . . . Her only friend.

Roger alone saw Sylvia cry. Sylvia did try to be brave but there were some trials too great for her six-year-old courage. There was the bread and butter, for instance. Sylvia never had eaten dairy food and for the first month or two her bread and butter had gone back to the kitchen on her plate. Then one day the dark teacher saw Sylvia leave her bread and butter and she immediately pounced upon this as an excuse for discipline.

"You must eat it," she told Sylvia sternly.

Of course every child in the refectory began to stare.

"I can't," Sylvia said. "I never eat bread and butter. Not even when I'm home."

"You're going to eat it here," the teacher said. "Remember, I'm warning you . . . Whatever you leave will be placed before you next time, together with a fresh piece."

And sure enough, at supper that evening there were two pieces. At breakfast the morning following there were three pieces. And so on.

THAT pile of bread and butter grew until it seemed to Sylvia it blotted out all the rest of the world. In chapel, even, which had been the very best part of school—there was something beautiful about the stained glass windows and the children singing—Sylvia couldn't remember the hymns for thinking about it. The little stories of

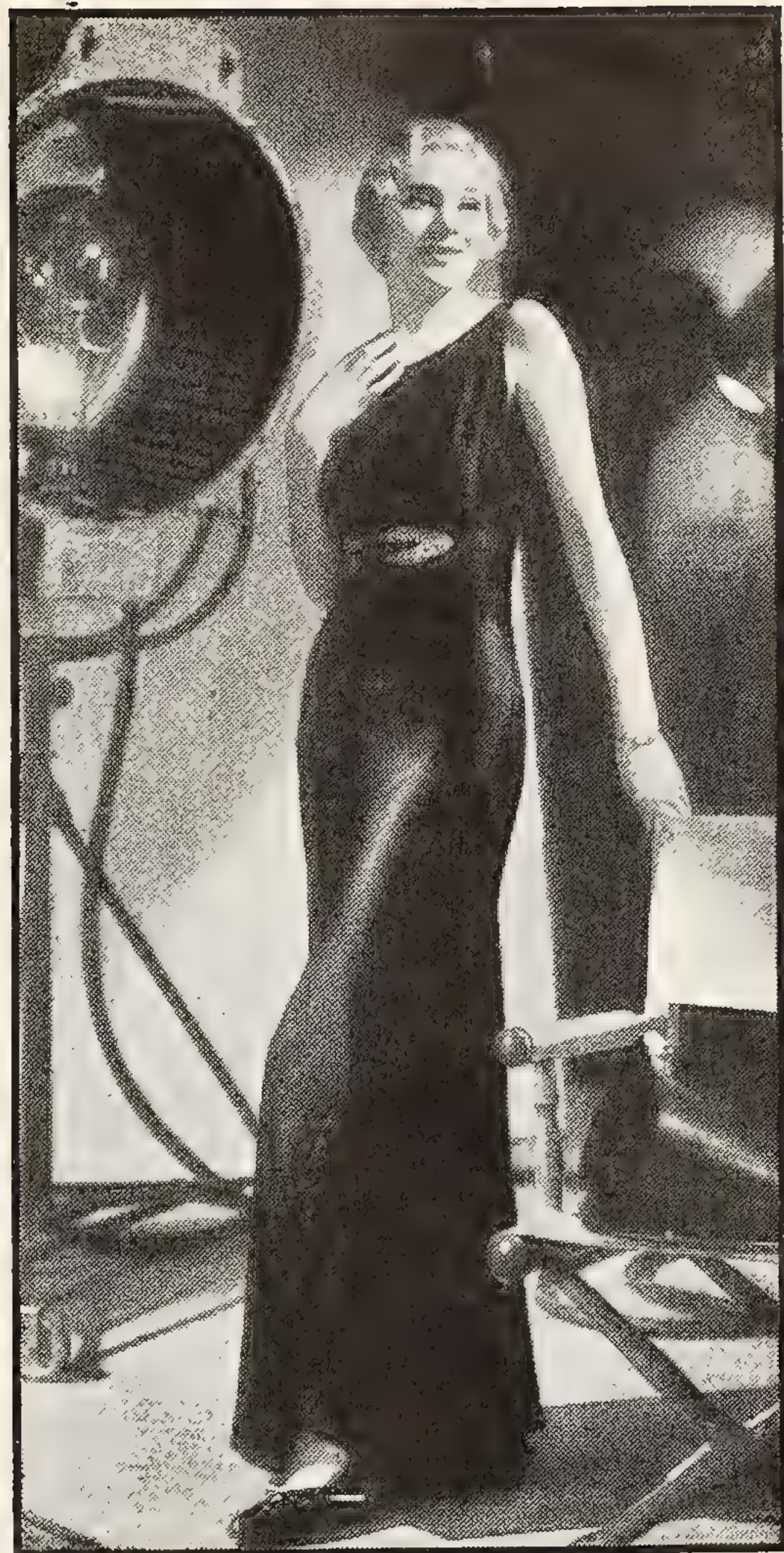
Goldilocks and Pinocchio in the school reader lost their color and interest. That bread and butter filled her whole world and crowded every bit of happiness out of it.

It came to Sylvia one afternoon when she and Roger were sitting in the little copse where they sometimes rested that never again could she face the great pile of bread and butter before her place. She had reached her breaking-point. And it was then, in childish despair, that she pillowed her little head in Roger's lovely soft coat and wept.

With the sun low the November woods were chilly. And in her frantic haste to escape the school building Sylvia had come without her sweater. In the distance the supper bell rang. Faintly Sylvia could hear the last of the children's voices as they trooped inside. She could picture the stir her absence would cause. She held herself so tense that her whole body began to ache. The sudden flight of a bird made her jump. Time, as clocks tell it, is, as we all know, an illusion. The hour in which we are happy and the hour in which we are sad are not the same interlude of time.

Sylvia was frightened but her resolve not to go back to that school and not to go home until her mother and father wanted her home did not weaken. Even when the night came and terror lay dark, suffocating wings upon her heart. . . .

(To be continued)



How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It ends all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can't afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.

Family Man

(Continued from page 55)

to make a list of how many hundred ways to sit down, trip, stumble, fall, that Buster has demonstrated in the time he has been making pictures. There must be thousands. My own favorite is the time, in "Doughboys," he came marching up the street alone, wearily saluted the sergeant, spun around, and plunked into three feet of mud, too tired to march another step. Yours may be the way the smokestack knocked him down, years back, in "The Navigator." But both falls came from the same factory. They were both Keaton products, like the thousands of others. Without a smile, without a chuckle, Buster planned them all out for us, all those falls. Once they were carefully planned, he put on a funny costume and—kerplunk! But he never smiled. Do business men smile at their own products?

Buster is a dutiful citizen, who always votes and never breaks the speed laws. He is a loyal friend. He is a good husband, a good son, a good son-in-law. (He stayed up all night, night after night, with his mother-in-law, during her recent illness.) He could not be a more regular citizen if he was a clerk in a chain store and attended pep meetings wearing a paper cap and a celluloid

button with his name on it. When he is not working, he plays golf. In the evening he and Mrs. Keaton go to the movies. In season, they go to baseball games. In dead seriousness, Buster says: "The most exciting moment of my whole life came the day when Washington and Pittsburg were playing, in the World Series, and Walter Johnson got licked."

HE ought to have a big round tummy, and smoke cigars, and go to sleep in a Morris chair after dinner with a handkerchief spread over his face. He's so normal it hurts. He probably will go to sleep that way, in a few years. What a grandfather Buster is going to make! Kids will crawl all over him. And undoubtedly he'll carry little sacks of peppermints in his pockets, for them. You've probably heard what his hobby is. If you haven't, it's—singing harmony in quartets. Sad, plaintive barber-shop tunes. His favorite is one whose words run:

Dear old pal, the robins sing above you.

Dear old pal, they sing of how I love you.

For the blinding tears are falling

DOCTORS SAY...

"Mere diaper-changing won't prevent Urea Irritation."

Z. B. T. Baby Talcum forms a delicate protective coating against the tiny acid crystals which produce painful irritation and chafing. This soothing and healing powder is endorsed by doctors and nurses and hospitals everywhere.

Reject Substitutes!
Use Z. B. T. to keep Baby's skin smooth and healthy. At all drug, department and chain stores in three sizes—10c, 25c and 50c.

FREE TRIAL CAN!
Send 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address Z. B. T. Products Co., Dept. U., Bronx, N. Y.

Z.B.T. BABY TALCUM

FINE FOR BABY'S BODY... FINE FOR EVERYBODY!



New Kind Of Can Opener

Works Like Magic!

AGENTS

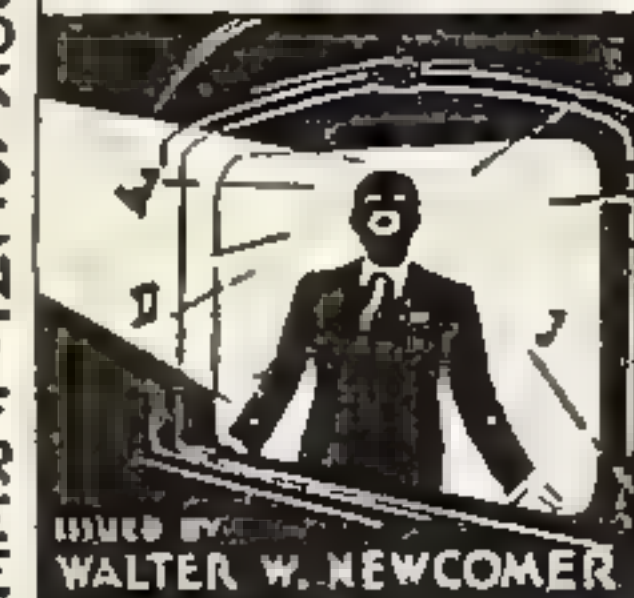
Men and women have made up to \$6 and \$8 in an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive territories. Send quick for FREE TEST OFFER.

At last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Pricilla, etc. Write today for special introductory advertisement offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Dept W-3265, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SONG WRITERS

SONG REQUIREMENTS OF TALKING PICTURES, RADIO and RECORDS



Don't Fail To Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. Write Today—M. M. Newcomer Associates 1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Improve your FIGURE!

Just Give Me 10 MINUTES a DAY

Are you dissatisfied with your figure? Are you flat chested or thin? Or is your form too full and embarrassing? **Contour Creme Treatment No. 1** aids in filling out hollowness and developing round, graceful curves where needed. **Contour Creme Treatment No. 2** helps to reduce surplus flesh and is used to develop a youthful figure. Fashion demands natural proportioned neck, chest, arms, legs and hips. Send name, address for FREE sample and directions. Mention cream number desired. Enclose 10c for mailing costs.



FREE SAMPLE



Mme. Renee' Renault
3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. -25
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

As I think of my lost pearl;
And my broken heart is calling—
Calling for you—dear old girl!

This man—this loving husband—this singer of sad ballads—this player of amateur golf—this wild rooster at baseball games—this is the man we think of as a comedian! Oh, he does like a little fun now and then, yes. But so does a preacher. On the front porch of his dressing room he has a sign "Men At Work," just as college boys hang signs in their rooms. Recently he sneaked up behind Darryl Zanuck, an executive, and pushed him into a swimming pool with all his clothes on. And after a woman visited him in his bungalow and later sued him in court, he had a form printed which every woman who visits him there now must sign. It reads, "The undersigned deposes and states that she is in the spot known as Keaton's Kennel at her own risk, which same she recognizes and fully admits and in consideration agrees that she will under no circumstances sue for any damages, either actual or punitive, arising out of any injury, broken limbs, or any other mishap sustained while upon said property." He likes little jokes like that, does Bus—kiddish, prankish little jokes. But they're not the kind of jokes you expect from a professional comedian. *Of course they're not.* Why?

Says Hollywood, "For a comedian, Buster is a pretty good family man."

HOW much nearer to the truth Hollywood would be if it only said: "For a family man, Buster is a pretty good comedian!"... A family man is what

he is, first and foremost, finally and forever. A family man who learned how to sit down hard on the seat of his pants.

No hint of separation, no breath of scandal has ever touched Buster and his wife, who was Natalie Talmadge. They are perfectly happy, perfectly contented. Their home life is that of thousands of other American homes. It centers entirely upon Bobbie and Joe, their sons. Buster and Natalie live for their children. They spend hours together in the playhouse. Buster does acrobatic stunts for the kids. Once a week the two boys visit daddy at the studio, and get gloriously sick on ice cream and excitement. Buster spoils them terribly, and they adore him and pay attention to nothing he tells them to do. Natalie is stricter with them, and they mind her. She does everything for them herself, and leaves nothing to the servants. Buster helps them with their homework in the evenings. When there is no homework, he plays casino with them, and teaches them card tricks. Other evenings he and the boys make a wreck of the house, taking alarm-clocks and toys apart and putting them back together again. Few people know that Buster is a certified marine engineer, and the boys have inherited his love of mechanics. The kids go to bed early, and so do their parents. Buster reads in bed and eats apples and crackers, and Natalie gives him the devil for it. He's just a big kid, too, keeping young with his children.

A family man, Buster.

A family man who slid to fame on the seat of his pants.

She Thought She Had Failed

(Continued from page 79)

"—and such heavy cloth. Eet stand straight out and I look so-oo—" measuring an enormous distance with her hands "—beeg.

"No, I do not theenk I will be an actress now. All my life I've wanted to be that. I've gone to the cinema in Europe to see Greta Garbo, and I've wanted to be a great actress like 'er, but now it is impos-seeble. My face is so broad. My movements are so steeff. I wear beeg boots and laugh and laugh and laugh. I sit on the wooden chest in one scene and make my mouth so—" forcing a *moue* "—and my head is like this—" craning it to an impossible angle "—and then I laugh and keeck my feet. Oh, I theenk I am too awful!

"I lost feeftteen pounds making thees picture. For three days I am seeck in bed, with no voice. I cannot say a word, only make a croaking noise in my throat. They send the *eferma*—nurse, I mean—and she paints my throat—it is laryngitis, and I stay in bed, tossing and turning, theenking of my part. It is ter-reeble. Then I get

up and go to the studio and I am so theen. I see the film that I have been in and I theenk 'Oh, it is so awful.' I know I will not be an actress, and yet I want to be. I want to do something dramatic.

"I theenk I go back to Spain in two months. Gusta is ver-ry lonesome. My mawther 'as moved to Paris and my sister Juanita is weeth 'er."

SLIM, slight, jetty haired, is Conchita, and queen of all she commands. That is, largely, her life and her emotions. At eighteen she has conquered Hollywood and nine-tenths of its eligible males.

It is said that genius is never satisfied. That what it creates is never perfect. That the ultimate is never reached. Conchita is probably not a genius. Van Dyke, her director in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," said she worked under a terrific handicap in that picture. She was forced to struggle with English syntax when she should have been thinking about the emotional demands of the part. In

spite of these difficulties, she triumphed. She worked hard. She probably is not a genius, but she has that inspirational thing that makes Raquel Meller and La Argentina, her countrywomen, remembered. Conchita, too, is a dancer. She has, also, that restlessness, that craving, that inward desire that burns like a flame and is unquenchable, to do things. To do them better. And when she has done them better, they are not good enough.

That is why children like Conchita are rare to Hollywood. There is too much smugness, too much contentment with what has been accomplished in the usual Hollywood youngster, and too little quest for the unattainable.

I KNOW when I am ba-ad. I remember when Juanita and I first start to dance, in Madrid. I am fourteen, and am going to the convent of Las Damas Negras. Juanita is older, by perhaps three years. She is much more beautiful as I—"brown eyes very large and serious. "We 'urry and order dancing costumes from Paris, because we 'ave nevair danced in publeec before and this man at the Téatro Roma—he is a friend of our family—asks us to. We dance a little theeng called *Murmullo de Alhambra*—to you it would be somehteeng like 'Murmurs of the Alhambra'—and we were ver-ry ba-ad.

"No. It is true. You say, maybe it is because now I *theenk* we were ba-ad, but that is not so. We knew nothing about dancing. We go out and make motions. Nevairtheless, instead of dancing three days as we 'ad been asked, we dance feeften days. They like us, because we are so leetle. I look like a leetle ba-bee. It is just last year that I grow as beeg as I am now."

(That's five feet three inches, with one hundred and ten corresponding pounds.)

"We are not pleased with ourselves, as I say, and we go to the Academy and learn about dancing. In a year we 'ave learned much. We go to Paris and are for one month at the Olympia Theater, and at the Empire. Then we theenk we would like to see London and an agent gets us an engagement at the Savoy 'Otel. About that time the season opened in Berlin and we danced at the Wintergarten, there."

AT home the Iturriaga de las Robles Madariagas, her Basque-Castillian family, requested her, their youngest, christened Concepcion, to refrain from using the family name on theater marquees. They asked their beloved *chatita* (Little Flat Nose) to think of them at home, their pride, their honor, their feelings. Concepcion, thinking, became Conchita, which means "little shell," and the sisters danced away with the name of *Dresna de Montenegro Andalusia*.

In Paris Conchita made one film. Then she went, presumably, to Biarritz where one could swim, slip into a sweater and skirt, daub carmine on the lips, sip a cocktail and dance. Conchita was that way. Impetuous. Dancing with Juanita at the Chateau

Who wants to be a DISCARD?



Actual photograph of Miss Jolietta Mac Cready after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

Keep your hair alluring with VANKAI Wave Set

See yourself as others see you. If your hair is always at loose ends, stringy and straggly, you'll be a "discard" before you know it. Let VANKAI Wave Set make your hair charming—and keep it so.



This new Wave-aid brings out the *natural* ripple, the silky-soft lustre, of your hair. It makes

longer-lasting finger waves, adds precious weeks to the life of permanents, and shortens morning make-up time ten minutes. It is used and endorsed by thirty thousand beauty shops—contains no grease or wax; leaves no discoloration or sticky white flakes.

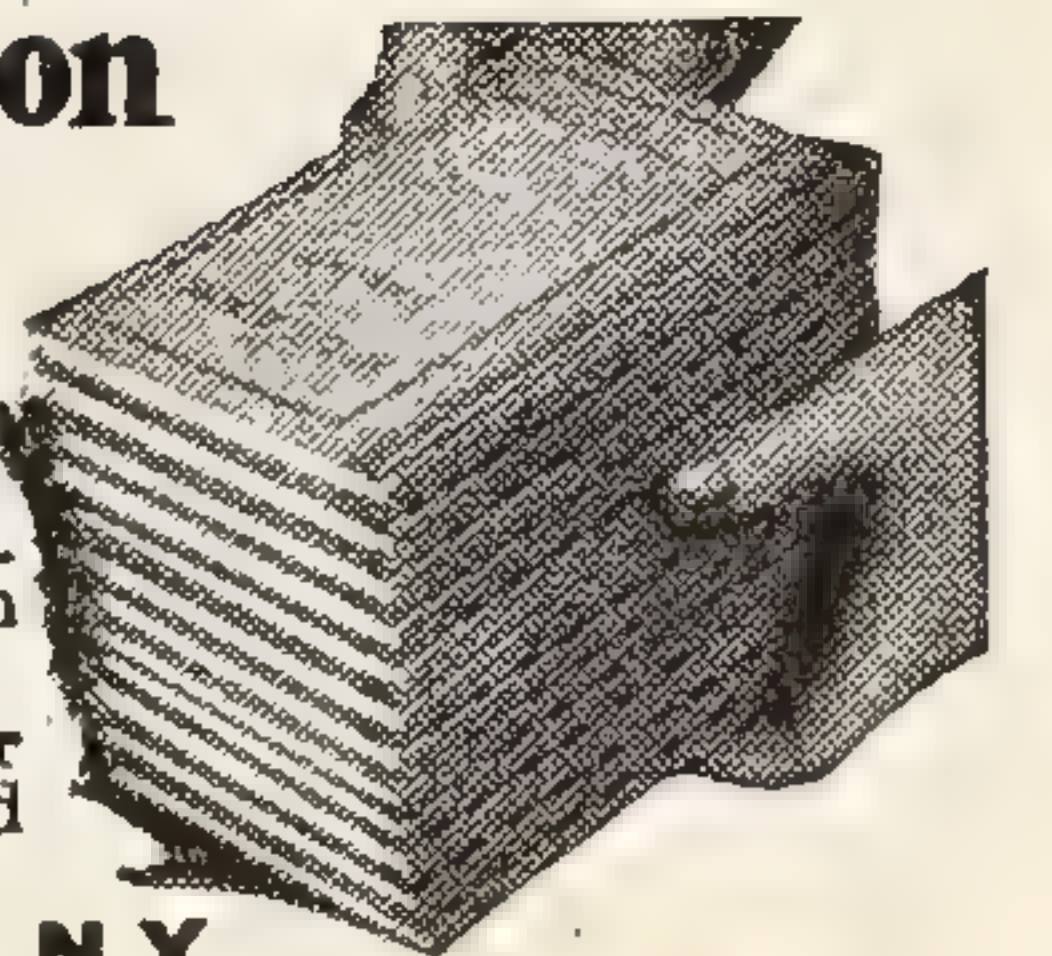
Be sure you get the genuine VANKAI Wave Set. At most 5 and 10c stores (extra-large 10c bottle); 25c size at drug stores. For trial bottle send 10c, stamps or coin, to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

VANKAI WAVE SET

HIGH SCHOOL Education at Home

Here in 15 wonderful texts is the equivalent of a High School Education. Each subject taught by fascinating "Question and Answer" method. Now used in 12,000 high schools. Certificate awarded. It's fun to learn this easy inexpensive spare-time way. Greatest bargain in brain power. Find out how YOU can quickly prepare for bigger pay and social culture. Send this ad with name and address for FREE booklet, "What a High School Education Can Do for Me."

High School Home Study Bureau, 31 Union Square, Dept. 7799 New York, N.Y.



3 Booklets Free

"Roylace Party Book"—how to decorate for novel parties, by Helen Ufford, Hostess Editor, Delineator.

"Roylace for Charming Tables"—smart table settings by Emily Rose Burt, well known author.

"Transforming Shelves With Roylace"—how to beautify your shelves, by E. M. Blondel, Decorative Arts Editor, McCall Publications.

State which booklet you want and address THE ROYAL LACE PAPER WORKS, Inc. 842 Lorimer St., Dept. 312, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Lacy Charm

Smart tables have gone paper

The gay convenience of Roylace paper doilies delights the modern hostess.

The patterns are the rarest of real lace designs . . . sizes from 3½ to 20 inches . . . in pastel tints and white.

Let them add lacy charm to your table . . . let them cut your laundry bills and laundry wear-and-tear.

Roylace Doilies and Roylace Shelf Papers are sold by 5-and-10c stores, department stores and stationers. Look for the name "Roylace."

Roylace paper doilies

Reduce Hips



often 2 to 4 inches
in 10 days

YOU can do it—easily—
with the wonderful new
Perfolastic Reducing Girdle.
Makes you look slimmer
the instant you put it on.
Exerts a constant, gentle
massage that breaks down
the fat cells moulds away
flabby flesh and reduces
waists and hips—often from
2 to 4 inches in 10 days.
Made of finest quality, fresh,
live, pure Plantation Rubber
by the famous Goodrich
Rubber Co. Cool, comfort-
able light—some models
weigh as little as 9 ½ ounces
(garters included)—full of
tiny holes to let skin breathe.

Write today for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET
with full details about this marvelous girdle, also par-
ticulars of our 10-day trial offer and money-back guaran-
tee. No obligation. Just fill out and mail coupon below
to Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 5312, 41 East 42nd Street, New
York City

PERFOLASTIC, INC., Dept. 5312,
41 East 42nd Street, New York City

Without obligation please send me FREE BOOKLET
describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle
also particulars of your 10-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

There's an amazing secret in the life
of the beautiful Marlene Dietrich!
A secret never before disclosed!
A brilliant open letter by Adele
Whitely Fletcher will reveal this
secret in the December issue of
MODERN SCREEN

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS



Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads,
whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin
and other blemishes. I can give you a com-
plexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your
fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My
method is different. No cosmetics, lotions,
salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages,
masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other
implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to
take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin.
Send for my Free Booklet. You are not obli-
gated. Send no money. Just get the facts.

Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Dept. 3891, Chicago

SONG WRITERS \$\$ Big Royalties \$\$

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture
Producers. Our FREE Booklet, "RHYMING
DICTIONARY AND TALKIE SECRETS" des-
cribes the most complete Song Service ever
offered and points the road that thousands have
followed to increase quickly their earning
power and popularity. Send poems or music for
songs for free examination and advice. One of
our Famous Writers who has ONE HUNDRED
SONG HITS to his credit will revise, arrange,
and compose music to your poems or poems to
your music. Publication Contracts Negotiated.
We have just arranged for contract on favor-
able terms of Client's Song entitled, "LOVE
BLUES" with Prominent New York Music
Publisher. United States and International
Copyrights Secured. Next to being a Movie
Star, the successful Song-Writer stands out
more prominently as a big Money Maker than
any other Professional. WRITE TODAY FOR
YOUR FREE COPY.
Mahoney Associates 4-X E. 23rd St., N. Y.

de Madrid in Paris, later, Conchita re-
ceived her Hollywood offer. Mrs.
Hunt Stromberg, a supervisor's wife,
saw her. Shortly, she was working in
the Spanish version of "Way For a
Sailor" with José Crespo at the Culver
City lot, and was heroine of another
cinema Cinderella tale.

When she wasn't working she was
turning down invitations from local
Don Juans. And accepting a few.
Charles Chaplin, Ramon Novarro, Val-
entine Parera, José Crespo, William
Bakewell, the younger Rubio—son of
Mexico's president—are among the
legion who admired the Spanish young-
ster who had never powdered her pale
skin until she came to Hollywood. She

used only lip-stick, señors. They like
the reckless way she tumbles cream out
of the side of the pitcher and into her
spoon to form a rich, thick layer atop
the coffee. They like her enthusiasm
for flying, and the way she tangoes.
But all of this adulation means very
little to Conchita. Determined that she
is a failure, she wants to go home.

Perhaps the Fox officials of the com-
pany, with whom she has her new con-
tract, can dissuade her. At the moment
she is busy with daily, and lengthy,
English lessons. No matter how
"ba-ad" she thinks she is, she has spot-
ted one weakness and is determined to
correct it. That's the stuff from
which success is made.

Refutation

(Continued from page 63)

the President of the French Republic
and of the Minister for foreign affairs.
All this can easily be ascertained if
one refers to newspapers of that time.
There was absolutely nothing secret in
the entire affair, and it would have been
absolutely impossible for an Empress
of Austria to have had a child without
its becoming known. And no one with
the slightest knowledge of Elizabeth's
character, or of the Emperor's and
their relations to each other, could admit
for one moment they would have de-
prived a child of theirs of the privileges
of its birth and have brought it up as
the child of commoners. One must not
forget that they both ardently desired a
second son, having but one heir, whose
health left very much to be desired. The
baby whose birth was supposed to have
been concealed would, if it had been a
boy, have been heir to the Austrian
throne, and can one admit for a single
moment that his father would have
been privy to its rights being ques-
tioned?

I WILL further add that the whole
book shows such ignorance of facts
that it is only laughable to anyone who,
like myself, knew under what kind of
restraint royal personages of those
days lived. Not only that, my family
was allied to the House of Wittelsbach
and would have heard if anything as
fantastical as the tale told us by Count-
ess Landi had ever happened. The fact
of the Empress having had a child
could not have been kept secret one
hour, let alone many years.

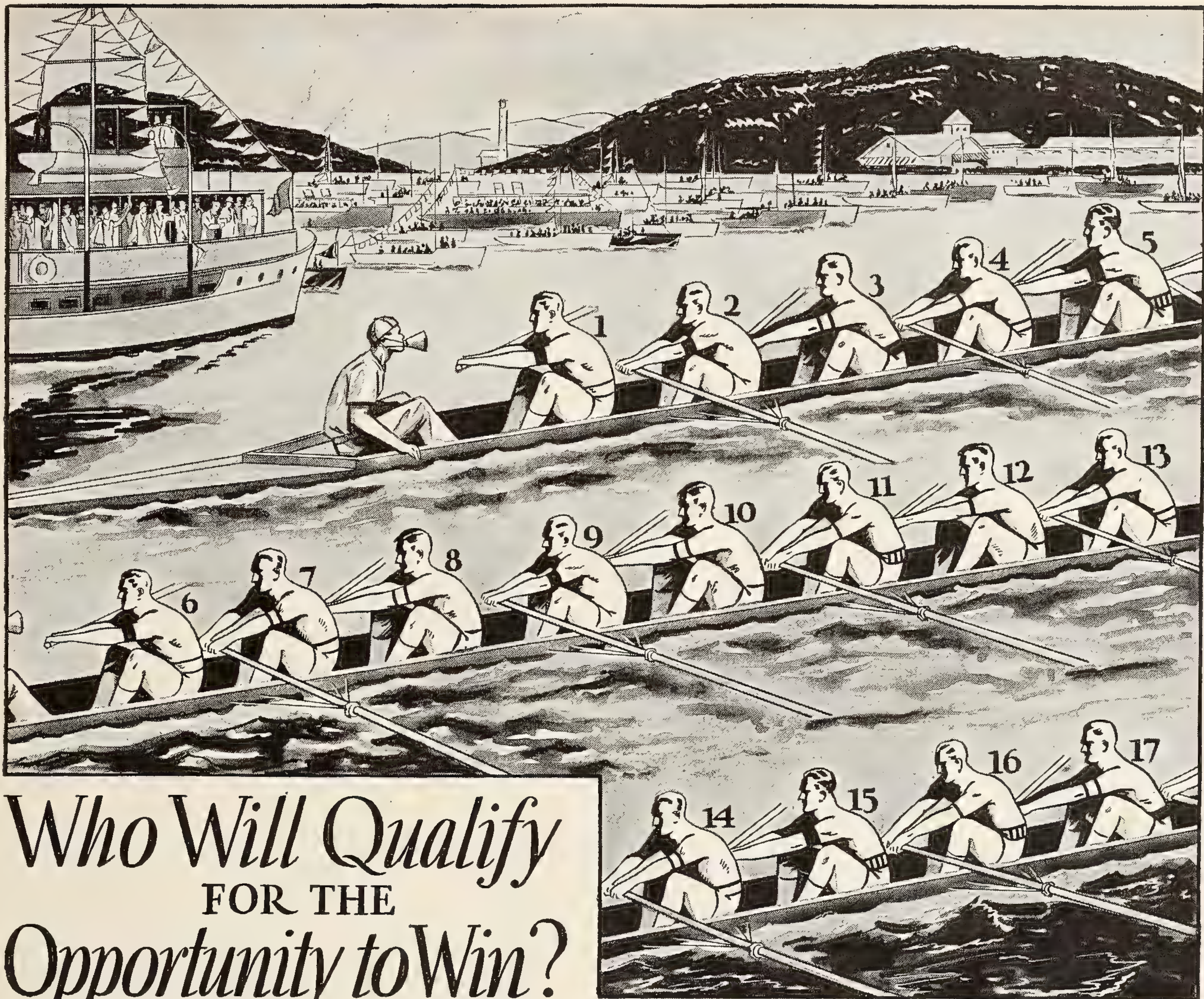
It is said in this book that the child,
supposed to have been given up to the
care of a Frau Kaiser, was brought up
by her in her apartment situated at 5
Opernring in Vienna, in which house
was located the Empress's dressmaker.
That this was done to allow Elizabeth
to visit her supposed daughter while she
was believed to be trying on dresses.
The Empress would never have been
permitted to enter a dressmaker's es-
tablishment. Her clothes were brought

to her to be tried on in her apartments
in the Imperial Hofburg. And Eliza-
beth, although most simple in her tastes
and manners, would nevertheless never
have entertained even the idea of doing
anything else, or being seen in any
store or shop in Vienna, whatever she
might have done while traveling abroad.
Her children were never taken away
from her as the book says, but what
is true is that her mother-in-law, the
Archduchess Sophy, interfered so much
with their education that the Empress
in disgust betook herself away to
Madeira where she spent several winters
in succession. But when the Arch-
duchess Valerie, her youngest child, was
born, she fought the Archduchess
Sophy, and kept the baby beside her.

And also, in 1882 the Archduchess
Sophy had already been dead for four
years. There was consequently no one
to interfere between Elizabeth and her
children.

IT was said in Vienna that about two
years before the World War broke
out an attempt was made to persuade
the Emperor Francis Joseph that he
had another unacknowledged daughter,
but that the latter simply smiled, and re-
plied, "Let them prove it, the thing
is too absurd to trouble about." An
edition of the book absolutely different
from what it turned out to be when
published, was offered to Italian and
French publishers, but declined by them,
not suppressed as the Countess Zanardi
Landi says. It was only during the
World War that people bethought them-
selves the story might be used with ad-
vantage for propaganda purposes,
which was also done. But even with
public feeling against the Central Pow-
ers running as high as it did, the book
had little success and was considered
unauthentic.

I think Elissa Landi is a great
actress. But I do not believe—and do
not see how anyone else can—that she
is the granddaughter of the Empress of
Austria and Emperor Francis Joseph.



Who Will Qualify FOR THE Opportunity to Win?

\$8,275⁰⁰ in Prizes

FOR purposes of publicity, a nationally known \$1,000,000.00 company, founded in 1893, is sponsoring an entirely new and original program of prize distributions. In this one prize offer, Twelve First Prize Winners are to be selected.

If you would like a chance to win one of twelve new Ford Sedans or one of twelve \$500.00 cash prizes which will be awarded at once, simply submit an answer to this question — "Which crewman is different from all the rest shown in the illustration above?"

A correct answer to this question is the only qualification required for this opportunity to become a prize winner. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer, nor will you be asked to buy anything. There is no trick involved, but before trying to solve the puzzle, read carefully the explanation which follows:

The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, and **only one**, is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain — the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send.

Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs—those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs. Notice that some men lean far forward—others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

\$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this present offer. There are many other prizes besides the first prizes and twelve extra awards of \$125.00 each as well for promptness, so that the twelve first prizes will equal a total of \$625.00 each in cash.

Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

W. M. CLARK, Manager,
Room 234, 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Sensible way to lose **FAT**



**Woman Loses 15½ pounds
in 2 Weeks**

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast provides a **GUARANTEED** safe, quick and pleasant way to obtain slenderness.

Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va., writes: "I'm not quite 5 feet tall and weighed 175 lbs. I've been taking Kruschen 2 weeks and now weigh 159½ lbs. and never before felt so strong and energetic."

Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears. (You can hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, fatty meat and pastry). An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS "It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

MOLES and WARTS



REMOVED PERMANENTLY
Rid your face, neck, arms and body of all unsightly moles and warts with "ANTI-MOLE." One application does it. Safe—easy to use—painless—leaves no scar. Used successfully by physicians, skin specialists and beauty experts for 28 years. Write for FREE booklet on treating all kinds of moles and warts. Miller Co., 2447 South St., Lincoln, Nebr.

"HERE'S THE PIN WE WANT"



OUR 36TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL
THIS NEW PIN, SILVER PLATE 35c
EA. OR \$3.50 DOZ. STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE
50c EA. OR \$5.00 DOZ. 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL, ANY
3 OR 4 LETTERS AND YEAR.
FREE—1932 CATALOG SHOWING HUNDREDS SCHOOL,
CLASS, CLUB, SOCIETY PINS, RINGS, MEDALS, ETC.
BUY FROM THE CLASS PIN PIONEERS
BASTIAN BROS. CO. 82 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Let **WYNN** Estimate Your Future

Now you can have a mimeographed astrological service by WYNN that will be of future help in finances, matrimony, occupation, travel, dangerous periods, business and other important affairs.

WYNN offers you choice of three future estimates, each based on your Zodiacal Sun sign. The short one, **Three pages for 25c** explains some of the most important planetary vibrations for your sign from now till the end of 1932.

You may want the more detailed estimate of 19 pages for \$2, covering the same period; or the five year estimate of 23 pages (till the end of 1936) for \$5

FREE

With each of these services I am sending **FREE** the 6,000 word first part of my Reply to Critics of Astrology, as published in my monthly magazine. No strings attached to this offer—you will receive it gratis with the 25c estimate, if that is what you order. Mention your birth date and year when remitting.
WYNN Box 435 Fishkill, N. Y.

About Doug and Mary

(Continued from page 32)

to change after their return. It was all redecorated and made very luxurious and beautiful and French and up-to-date, and all sorts of celebrities and exalted European friends came to stay with them. I used to wonder if they would bring shadows.

BUT when I finally left Hollywood Mary and Douglas were still their own simple selves, still sitting beside each other at meals—and still hating to have to go out into society.

I remember once at dinner at a great oil magnate's in Los Angeles I sat next to Douglas who confided to me that he just hated his honey to be so far from him across the table!

I think one of the few times they ever dined in a restaurant in those days was with me at the Ambassador at a party I gave for one of their guests who was a very old friend of mine, Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland—but they did not dance generally. I remember Mary only danced once with her brother.

They lived in a perfect world of their own, interested in each other's work and the rise of the moving picture business in general—each growing more cultivated as their horizons widened. They were indeed worthy of being looked up to as the King and Queen of Hollywood.

I remember one evening we were out on the veranda after dinner (it was a warm summer night) when we perceived two figures moving stealthily up the side-steps. People who do not know Hollywood, and the desperados who lurk round successful stars, cannot imagine how dangerous this might have been.

Douglas signalled to Mary and me to step back, and, quite unarmed, he went forward gaily to meet them, saying "Hello, boys!—can I do anything for you?"

They were so taken aback that whatever their intentions had been, his charm of manner disarmed them and after a little talk he sent them off with

some money and a handshake—glad to have met the hero, "Doug."

THERE are a thousand pleasant incidents I could tell you of this ideal life the two married lovers led, and of their sweetness to one another, then. For me they were the model of the world.

Nothing ugly or sordid ever entered their atmosphere. Scandals in Hollywood, of which there were beginning to be plenty, were never discussed. The ideal seemed to be work and beauty and goodness. The repose and distinction of the old world seemed to be expressed in that sweet home, where there were no cocktails, and no jokes about people being "plastered." All the years that I have been in the moving picture colony working for either Paramount or M-G-M, Pickfair, and Mary and Douglas, and their little circle of charming friends, seemed a haven of peace and kindness for me.

Mary was so proud of Douglas' courage and magnificent dash in producing "The Thief of Bagdad," a truly glorious achievement—and her ambition then was to make one perfect picture in which they could both star. She never wanted anything unshared by Douglas. And he was so deliciously jealous! I remember standing with Mary in her room one evening in the twilight, looking out on the beautiful peaceful view of their garden, and the far away hills. We were both full of sentiment perhaps, and I said how divine it was to have a husband-lover who could still be jealous of nothing, and Mary said, yes, Douglas had always said there never must be one shadow, so that they could go down the long road to old age together in perfect love, hand in hand.

Then Douglas joined us. He slipped his arm round Mary and held her close—And thus I leave them—

That this vision may still be fulfilled is the deep wish and prayer of their old friend,

ELINOR GLYN.

Loretta's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 70)

onyx and diamond bracelet that my sister, Sally Blane, gave me which is lovely with the dress, and I use white moiré pumps with it.

SPEAKING of black velvet—I saw what I consider the perfect black velvet evening dress yesterday. It was molded to the figure with points that went upward and downward, and a sunburst of brilliants was worked on the right side of the waist and skirt yoke. The skirt swept the floor—you know, in the famous regal manner—and the V-

shaped neck was outlined with brilliants. Doesn't it sound nice? But I couldn't afford to buy it right now."

Which is just as well because—shh!—Loretta's sisters and mother are giving it to her for a Christmas present.

"Still speaking of black velvet (oh, how I love it!) I have an afternoon dress (see page 66) that has several old-fashioned complications, like starched lace trimming the round neck and inch-lower-than-the-elbow sleeves, and the buckle of brilliants that is the only startling feature. The skirt is al-

most straight and very long. As you might suspect, the hat that accompanies the dress is an Empress Eugénie model with a romantic white ostrich feather curling on one side and an equally romantic black one curling on the other.

"I think the coats this winter are more interesting than they've been for some time. My dress coat simply haunted me until I bought it (have you ever had clothes that did that?). Blue fox fur fashions the stand-up collar and then sweeps down to accent the elbow length cape sleeves. The coat itself is of black chongella cloth and it has wide revers in front. My hat is a square crowned French felt with black and white quills crossing in back.

AND the sport coats are quite as smart as those for afternoon. I like the swaggy, comfortable air they have. Mine is a brown and white chevron tweed with a shawl collar, diagonal pockets and sleeves that flare below the elbow. (See page 70.) I can wear it with a number of sport frocks—with a brown, white and yellow jersey, a beige wool that has a brown patent leather belt, and with a primitive green wool crêpe.

"There's something about green that appeals to me strongly. One of my new sport outfits is a grass green flannel jersey. *Grass green*, mind you! It's the first vivid shade I've ever worn on the street. The capelet that accompanies it ties in a bow and it's a barunduki fur, to match the belt. The hat is of green soleil. A pheasant feather, blending in color with the barunduki, is the only trimming. Then there's an angora wool sport suit that I trot out in for football games and morning shopping expeditions. It's an eggplant shade. The vest, lining of the collar and the small cuffs are of Roman stripes. It's the kind of suit in which you feel very gay and people tell you how well you are looking—because the color lightens your skin.

"I'm one of those 'half-blondes' in complexion and I find the colors I can't wear are henna, opaline yellow and opaline green. Midnight blue is most impressive. Especially a wise little black-blue crêpe dress with very definite molded lines. Every girl ought to have one. They're indispensable for work. I have one that's quite terribly plain. It's cut on the bias and the skirt has a restrained flare at the bottom. The long sleeves puff just below the elbows and then are tight to the wrist. The V neck has no collar. Very simple, but you'd be surprised how much enjoyment I get out of that frock." (There's a picture of this dress on page 66.)

I CONFESS that when I went to get a hostess gown I thought, 'Here's where I go ultra-feminine.' And I did! In your own home you can pamper your taste for bright colors and finery in a way you wouldn't dare to do outside . . . and that release from conventional styles is a boon to one's spirit! The gown I finally selected is of pink chiffon with a petalled skirt that shades to

dark rose. The long sleeves are buttoned at the wrist and have butterfly effects in chiffon trailing from the shoulders and dotted with rose sequins. What could be more absolutely and utterly feminine? I like quantities of lace on my lingerie, too. My favorite negligée and nightdress have inserts and borders of Chantilly lace. The material is ciel blue satin." (See page 69.)

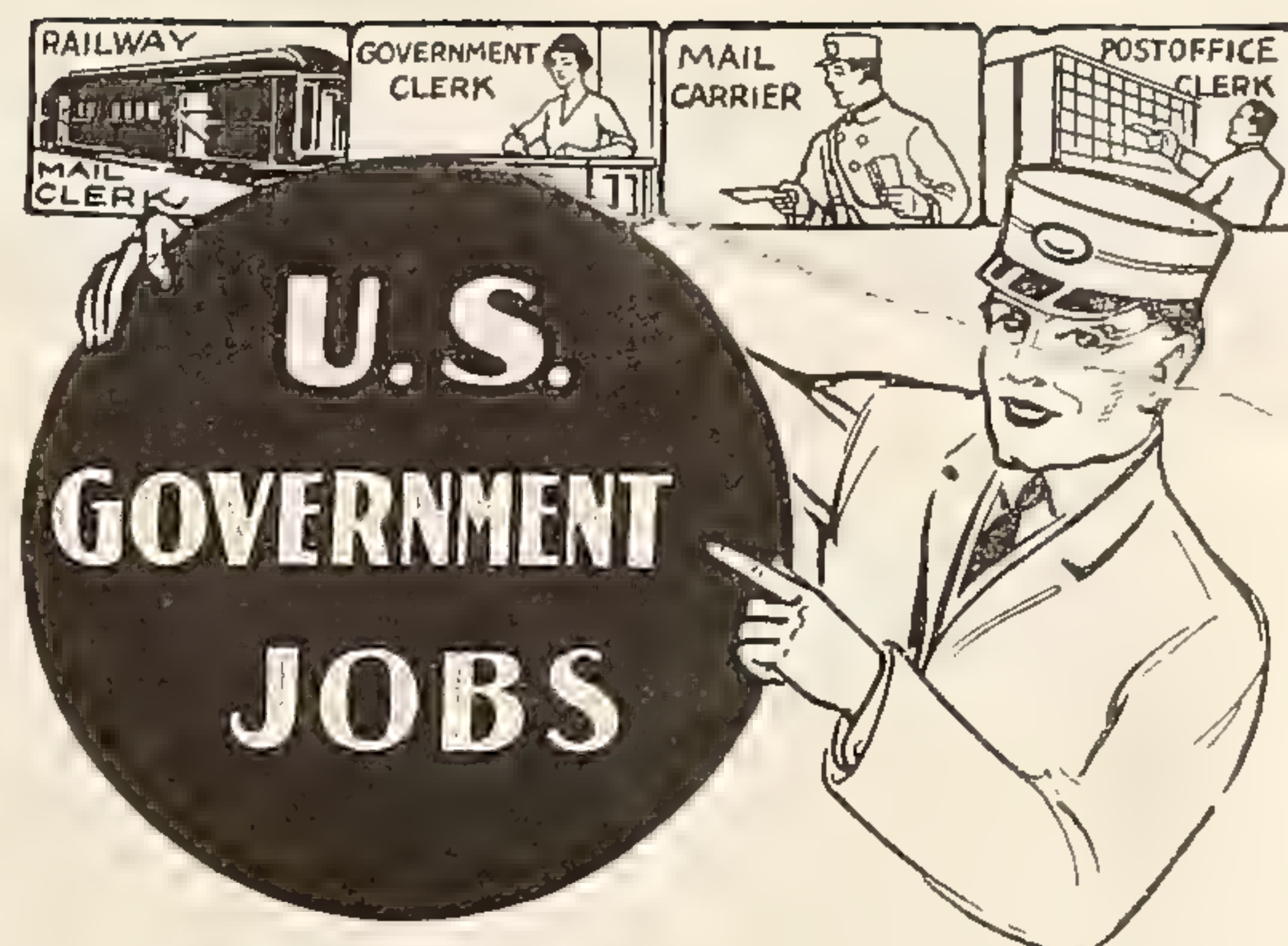
"I think that if a girl, in getting a wardrobe together, chooses *one* outfit for each occasion that looks like *her*, and nobody else, and if she wears it with a graceful assurance, she's bound to have individuality and distinction. The way she wraps her coat—the angle at which she wears her hat—all can be made to express *her*. All she needs is to let her personality assert itself in her clothes instead of trying to look like her companions."

OH, if I could only do a little sky-writing with that last sentence of Loretta's! *Let your personality assert itself in your clothes—don't go in for standardization in style. Be individual!* You'll notice how all the clothes Loretta wears in the pictures illustrating this article express *her*. They're chic, young, smart. And notice, too, all you Miss Moderns, how her dresses achieve that mark of youthful sophistication—they're surprising! For example, the black velvet dinner gown has a very girlish front . . . square neck and wing sleeves . . . and the V-shaped back and molded hip line has the knowingness of a court lady. In her severe black-blue crêpe frock the sleeves are arresting—they give it a piquant touch.

Sleeves, by the way, are a very important item this season. They are as varied as the necklines and they need as careful consideration. Be sure your sleeves are as becoming as your neckline! So many people, in buying a dress, watch *only* the collar.

For afternoon there are the jewelled tulle sleeves coming out from shoulder capes of velvet (excellent if you have thin, narrow shoulders), the long double bell sleeves that are so flattering to the older woman. Sleeves that have a fanciful cut and those with an old-fashioned twist like the modified leg-o'-mutton and the Second Empire puff. Have an eye to these significant features when you buy your new frock!

The woman who intelligently slurs over the bad lines of her figure has taken a long step toward a chic appearance. Out of all the lovely figures no two are alike—each must have individual study. If you're long waisted it's folly to wear the very high waistline of the Empress Josephine type. Your belt usually looks best where the natural curve of your waist is unless your waist dips in too abruptly. Then the solution is to place the belt lower, no matter what fashion decrees. A lady with a tendency toward a fat tummy should never wear a wide belt or in any way emphasize it by trimming at the waistline. No matter what the styles, one can always find lines which suit one's type without resorting to extremes.



\$1260 to \$3400

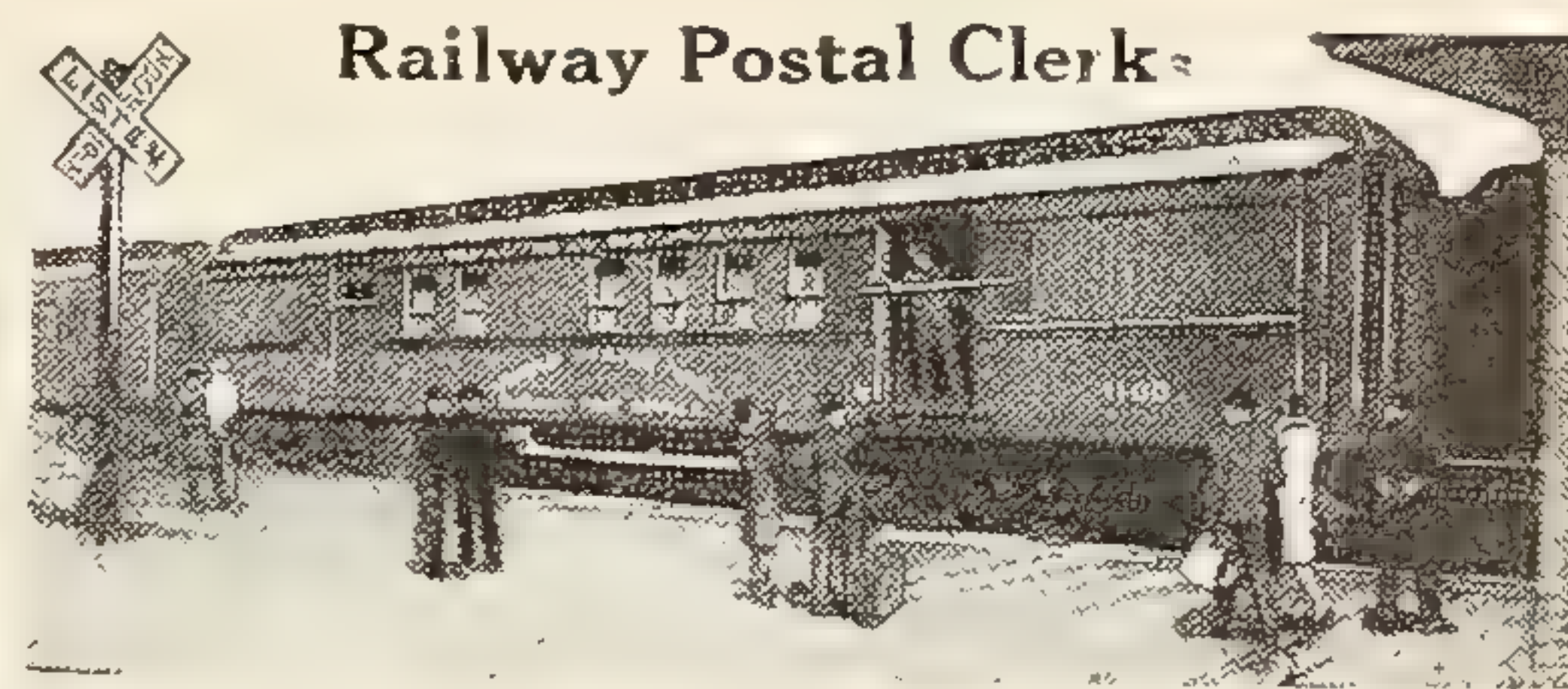
**A YEAR
PICK YOUR JOB**

**Men—Women
18 to 50**

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

\$1,900 to \$2,700 a Year

Railway Postal Clerks get \$1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being \$2,700 a year \$112.50 each pay day.



Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at \$1,700 a year and automatically increase \$100 a year to \$2,100 and \$2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

GOVERNMENT CLERK—FILE CLERK

Salary \$1,260 to \$2,500 a year. Pleasant clerical and filing work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., and other cities throughout the country.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET \$1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET \$2,100 to \$2,700 A YEAR?



YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary, and political influence is not permitted. Let us show you how.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once.

This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. J317, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me how to get a Government Job.

☐ Railway Postal Clerk (\$1,900-\$2,700)
☐ Post Office Clerk (\$1,700-\$2,300)
☐ City Mail Carrier (\$1,700-\$2,100)
☐ Rural Mail Carrier (\$2,100-\$3,400)
☐ Government Clerk—File Clerk (\$1,260-\$2,500)
☐ Inspectors of Customs (\$2,100-\$3,300)
☐ Prohibition Agent (\$2,300-\$2,800)

Name.....

Address.....

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It

Sensible way to lose **FAT**



**Woman Loses 15½ pounds
in 2 Weeks**

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast provides a GUARANTEED safe, quick and pleasant way to obtain slenderness.

Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va., writes: "I'm not quite 5 feet tall and weighed 175 lbs. I've been taking Kruschen 2 weeks and now weigh 159½ lbs. and never before felt so strong and energetic."

Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears. (You can hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, fatty meat and pastry). An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

MOLES and WARTS



REMOVED PERMANENTLY
Rid your face, neck, arms and body of all unsightly moles and warts with "ANTI-MOLE." One application does it. Safe—easy to use—painless—leaves no scar. Used successfully by physicians, skin specialists and beauty experts for 28 years. Write for FREE booklet on treating all kinds of moles and warts. Miller Co., 2447 South St., Lincoln, Nebr.

"HERE'S THE PIN WE WANT"

Says most EVERYONE...

OUR 36TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

THIS NEW PIN, SILVER PLATE 35c
EA. OR \$3.50 DOZ. STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE
50c EA. OR \$5.00 DOZ. 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL, ANY
3 OR 4 LETTERS AND YEAR.

FREE—1932 CATALOG SHOWING HUNDREDS SCHOOL,
CLASS, CLUB, SOCIETY PINS, RINGS, MEDALS, ETC.

BUY FROM THE CLASS PIN PIONEERS

BASTIAN BROS. CO. 82 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Let **WYNN** Estimate Your Future

Now you can have a mimeographed astrological service by WYNN that will be of future help in finances, matrimony, occupation, travel, dangerous periods, business and other important affairs.

WYNN offers you choice of three future estimates, each based on your Zodiacal Sun sign. The short one, **Three pages for 25c** explains some of the most important planetary vibrations for your sign from now till the end of 1932.

You may want the more detailed estimate of 19 pages for \$2, covering the same period; or the five year estimate of 23 pages (till the end of 1936) for \$5.

FREE With each of these services I am sending FREE the 6,000 word first part of my Reply to Critics of Astrology, as published in my monthly magazine. No strings attached to this offer—you will receive it gratis with the 25c estimate, if that is what you order. Mention your birth date and year when remitting.

WYNN Box 435 Fishkill, N. Y.

About Doug and Mary

(Continued from page 32)

to change after their return. It was all redecorated and made very luxurious and beautiful and French and up-to-date, and all sorts of celebrities and exalted European friends came to stay with them. I used to wonder if they would bring shadows.

BUT when I finally left Hollywood Mary and Douglas were still their own simple selves, still sitting beside each other at meals—and still hating to have to go out into society.

I remember once at dinner at a great oil magnate's in Los Angeles I sat next to Douglas who confided to me that he just hated his honey to be so far from him across the table!

I think one of the few times they ever dined in a restaurant in those days was with me at the Ambassador at a party I gave for one of their guests who was a very old friend of mine, Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland—but they did not dance generally. I remember Mary only danced once with her brother.

They lived in a perfect world of their own, interested in each other's work and the rise of the moving picture business in general—each growing more cultivated as their horizons widened. They were indeed worthy of being looked up to as the King and Queen of Hollywood.

I remember one evening we were out on the veranda after dinner (it was a warm summer night) when we perceived two figures moving stealthily up the side-steps. People who do not know Hollywood, and the desperados who lurk round successful stars, cannot imagine how dangerous this might have been.

Douglas signalled to Mary and me to step back, and, quite unarmed, he went forward gaily to meet them, saying "Hello, boys!—can I do anything for you?"

They were so taken aback that whatever their intentions had been, his charm of manner disarmed them and after a little talk he sent them off with

some money and a handshake—glad to have met the hero, "Doug."

THERE are a thousand pleasant incidents I could tell you of this ideal life the two married lovers led, and of their sweetness to one another, then. For me they were the model of the world.

Nothing ugly or sordid ever entered their atmosphere. Scandals in Hollywood, of which there were beginning to be plenty, were never discussed. The ideal seemed to be work and beauty and goodness. The repose and distinction of the old world seemed to be expressed in that sweet home, where there were no cocktails, and no jokes about people being "plastered." All the years that I have been in the moving picture colony working for either Paramount or M-G-M, Pickfair, and Mary and Douglas, and their little circle of charming friends, seemed a haven of peace and kindness for me.

Mary was so proud of Douglas' courage and magnificent dash in producing "The Thief of Bagdad," a truly glorious achievement—and her ambition then was to make one perfect picture in which they could both star. She never wanted anything unshared by Douglas. And he was so deliciously jealous! I remember standing with Mary in her room one evening in the twilight, looking out on the beautiful peaceful view of their garden, and the far away hills. We were both full of sentiment perhaps, and I said how divine it was to have a husband-lover who could still be jealous of nothing, and Mary said, yes, Douglas had always said there never must be one shadow, so that they could go down the long road to old age together in perfect love, hand in hand.

Then Douglas joined us. He slipped his arm round Mary and held her close—And thus I leave them—

That this vision may still be fulfilled is the deep wish and prayer of their old friend,

ELINOR GLYN.

Loretta's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 70)

onyx and diamond bracelet that my sister, Sally Blane, gave me which is lovely with the dress, and I use white moiré pumps with it.

SPEAKING of black velvet—I saw what I consider the perfect black velvet evening dress yesterday. It was molded to the figure with points that went upward and downward, and a sunburst of brilliants was worked on the right side of the waist and skirt yoke. The skirt swept the floor—you know, in the famous regal manner—and the V-

shaped neck was outlined with brilliants. Doesn't it sound nice? But I couldn't afford to buy it right now."

Which is just as well because—shh!—Loretta's sisters and mother are giving it to her for a Christmas present.

"Still speaking of black velvet (oh, how I love it!) I have an afternoon dress (see page 66) that has several old-fashioned complications, like starched lace trimming the round neck and inch-lower-than-the-elbow sleeves, and the buckle of brilliants that is the only startling feature. The skirt is al-

most straight and very long. As you might suspect, the hat that accompanies the dress is an Empress Eugénie model with a romantic white ostrich feather curling on one side and an equally romantic black one curling on the other.

"I think the coats this winter are more interesting than they've been for some time. My dress coat simply haunted me until I bought it (have you ever had clothes that did that?). Blue fox fur fashions the stand-up collar and then sweeps down to accent the elbow length cape sleeves. The coat itself is of black chongella cloth and it has wide revers in front. My hat is a square crowned French felt with black and white quills crossing in back.

AND the sport coats are quite as smart as those for afternoon. I like the swaggy, comfortable air they have. Mine is a brown and white chevron tweed with a shawl collar, diagonal pockets and sleeves that flare below the elbow. (See page 70.) I can wear it with a number of sport frocks—with a brown, white and yellow jersey, a beige wool that has a brown patent leather belt, and with a primitive green wool crêpe.

"There's something about green that appeals to me strongly. One of my new sport outfits is a grass green flannel jersey. *Grass green*, mind you! It's the first vivid shade I've ever worn on the street. The capelet that accompanies it ties in a bow and it's a barunduki fur, to match the belt. The hat is of green soleil. A pheasant feather, blending in color with the barunduki, is the only trimming. Then there's an angora wool sport suit that I trot out in for football games and morning shopping expeditions. It's an eggplant shade. The vest, lining of the collar and the small cuffs are of Roman stripes. It's the kind of suit in which you feel very gay and people tell you how well you are looking—because the color lightens your skin.

"I'm one of those 'half-blondes' in complexion and I find the colors I can't wear are henna, opaline yellow and opaline green. Midnight blue is most impressive. Especially a wise little black-blue crêpe dress with very definite molded lines. Every girl ought to have one. They're indispensable for work. I have one that's quite terribly plain. It's cut on the bias and the skirt has a restrained flare at the bottom. The long sleeves puff just below the elbows and then are tight to the wrist. The V neck has no collar. Very simple, but you'd be surprised how much enjoyment I get out of that frock." (There's a picture of this dress on page 66.)

I CONFESS that when I went to get a hostess gown I thought, 'Here's where I go ultra-feminine.' And I did! In your own home you can pamper your taste for bright colors and finery in a way you wouldn't dare to do outside . . . and that release from conventional styles is a boon to one's spirit! The gown I finally selected is of pink chiffon with a petalled skirt that shades to

dark rose. The long sleeves are buttoned at the wrist and have butterfly effects in chiffon trailing from the shoulders and dotted with rose sequins. What could be more absolutely and utterly feminine? I like quantities of lace on my lingerie, too. My favorite negligée and nightdress have inserts and borders of Chantilly lace. The material is ciel blue satin." (See page 69.)

"I think that if a girl, in getting a wardrobe together, chooses *one* outfit for each occasion that looks like *her*, and nobody else, and if she wears it with a graceful assurance, she's bound to have individuality and distinction. The way she wraps her coat—the angle at which she wears her hat—all can be made to express *her*. All she needs is to let her personality assert itself in her clothes instead of trying to look like her companions."

OH, if I could only do a little sky-writing with that last sentence of Loretta's! *Let your personality assert itself in your clothes—don't go in for standardization in style. Be individual!* You'll notice how all the clothes Loretta wears in the pictures illustrating this article express *her*. They're chic, young, smart. And notice, too, all you Miss Moderns, how her dresses achieve that mark of youthful sophistication—they're surprising! For example, the black velvet dinner gown has a very girlish front . . . square neck and wing sleeves . . . and the V-shaped back and molded hip line has the knowingness of a court lady. In her severe black-blue crêpe frock the sleeves are arresting—they give it a piquant touch.

Sleeves, by the way, are a very important item this season. They are as varied as the necklines and they need as careful consideration. Be sure your sleeves are as becoming as your neckline! So many people, in buying a dress, watch *only* the collar.

For afternoon there are the jewelled tulle sleeves coming out from shoulder capes of velvet (excellent if you have thin, narrow shoulders), the long double bell sleeves that are so flattering to the older woman. Sleeves that have a fanciful cut and those with an old-fashioned twist like the modified leg-o'-mutton and the Second Empire puff. Have an eye to these significant features when you buy your new frock!

The woman who intelligently slurs over the bad lines of her figure has taken a long step toward a chic appearance. Out of all the lovely figures no two are alike—each must have individual study. If you're long waisted it's folly to wear the very high waistline of the Empress Josephine type. Your belt usually looks best where the natural curve of your waist is unless your waist dips in too abruptly. Then the solution is to place the belt lower, no matter what fashion decrees. A lady with a tendency toward a fat tummy should never wear a wide belt or in any way emphasize it by trimming at the waistline. No matter what the styles, one can always find lines which suit one's type without resorting to extremes.



\$1260 to \$3400

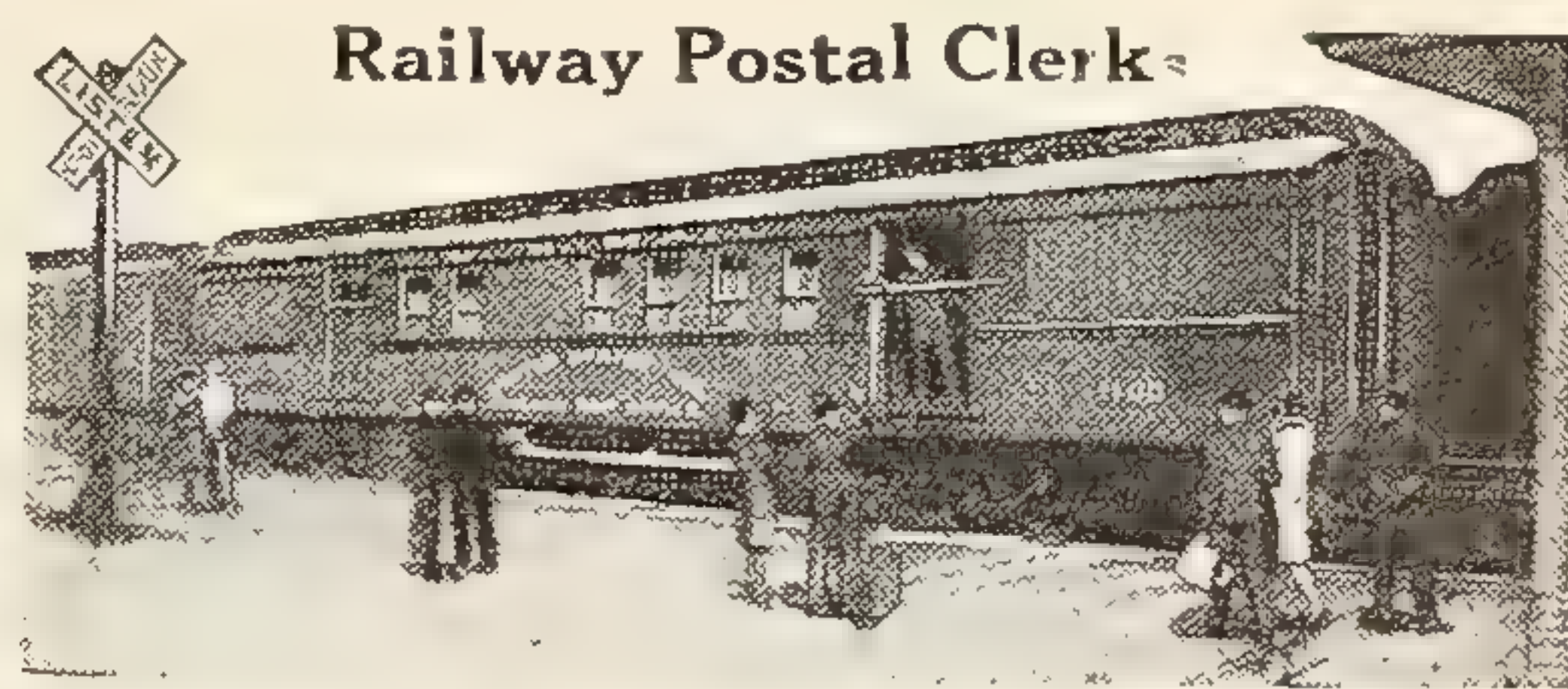
**A YEAR
PICK YOUR JOB**

**Men—Women
18 to 50**

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

\$1,900 to \$2,700 a Year

Railway Postal Clerks get \$1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being \$2,700 a year \$112.50 each pay day.



Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at \$1,700 a year and automatically increase \$100 a year to \$2,100 and \$2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

GOVERNMENT CLERK—FILE CLERK

Salary \$1,260 to \$2,500 a year. Pleasant clerical and filing work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., and other cities throughout the country.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET \$1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET \$2,100 to \$2,700 A YEAR?



YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary, and political influence is not permitted. Let us show you how.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once.

This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. J317, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me how to get a Government Job.

- ☐ Railway Postal Clerk (\$1,900-\$2,700)
- ☐ Post Office Clerk (\$1,700-\$2,300)
- ☐ City Mail Carrier (\$1,700-\$2,100)
- ☐ Rural Mail Carrier (\$2,100-\$3,400)
- ☐ Government Clerk—File Clerk (\$1,260-\$2,500)
- ☐ Inspectors of Customs (\$2,100-\$3,300)
- ☐ Prohibition Agent (\$2,300-\$2,800)

Name

Address

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It

NEW! "INVISIBLE STITCH" Sewing Thread

Black, white and all seasonable colors

2 SPOOLS FOR

5¢

For sewing all dainty fabrics, use the new fine finished

Byssine

- Looks like silk
- Washes better than silk
- Strong as silk
- Won't cut fabric

Introductory Offer
now being featured by all popular priced stores

Dexter-Collingbourne, Dept. 4145A, Elgin, Ill.

DEXTER YARNS—"BEST SINCE 1820"



10¢
Look for the name—buy it—use it today
Save Kitchen-Time and Work
Near the magazine counter you'll find The Mystic Marvel, an all-copper scouring sponge—quick—safe—rinsable—for cleaning all aluminum and glass kitchenware!
The MYSTIC MARVEL
Mystic Mit Makers, W. Orange, N.J.

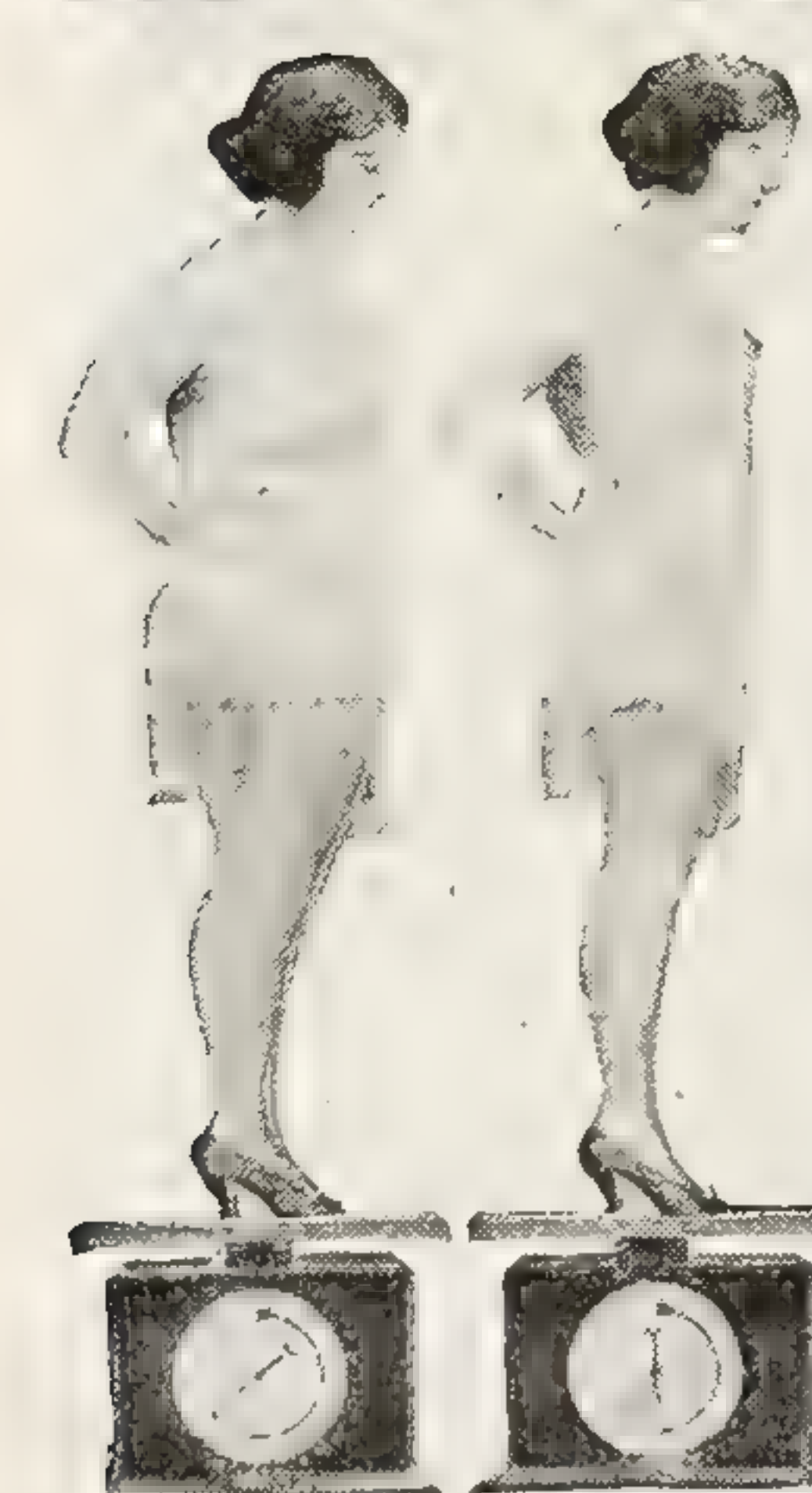
CORNS—SORE TOES

—relieved in ONE minute by these thin, healing, safe pads! They remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Sizes also for Callouses and Bunions

REMOVE FAT This Sure Way



From any part you wish Reduced. A New and Safe Way. No Exercise, Baths, Diets, Medicines or Special Equipment Necessary

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY Thin-O-Creme

a secret product rigidly tested has slenderized thousands of over-stout people who failed through other means. THIN-O-CREME has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any part of the body. THIN-O-CREME, a product of modern science, a creme-like white preparation that is simply rubbed into any fat part you wish reduced. Soon as applied its magic-like reducing action begins and excess fat gradually disappears. THIN-O-CREME sinks deep into the skin and acts as an agent in the removal

of fatty matter without any inconvenience. **LIMITED SPECIAL OFFER** A large jar of THIN-O-CREME at specially reduced price of only \$1.95.

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

THIN-O-CREME CO., 395 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Dept. K-3
Please send postpaid in plain wrapper, large jar of THIN-O-CREME with directions. I agree to pay postman \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

Name.....
Address.....

YOUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS LANE:

I'm going home for the week-end at Christmas time, which means I'm going to a small town in Kentucky about a hundred miles from the city where I work. For a special reason I want to look my best during the three days I am there. There will be parties, of course, and probably long hikes in the country.

Won't you please advise me as to what I should take with me? I'm rather quiet, a "serious-minded" kind of girl. I have brown eyes, a dark complexion and brown curly hair. My height is 5 feet 2½ inches and I weigh 110 pounds.

Thank you so much for any help you can give me.

MARJORIE.

DEAR MARJORIE:

Supposing we begin with your traveling suit. Why not make it a brown wool with decidedly pointed lines? Have a small godet in the front of the skirt and let the hip yoke come down to a point also in center front. The jacket should have very wide, notched revers that narrow to a point at the bottom just above the V in the skirt yoke. This will make you look taller. The overblouse might be of sheer wool in a brown, green and gold plaid and have an Ascot scarf of the same material. Your square-crowned felt hat with its slanting small brim, your suede gauntlets, purse and medium-heeled oxfords should all be dark brown. Then I'd carry a tailored topcoat to match your suit—one that

has four pockets and amusing gold buttons. You'll be astonished what an outfit like that can do for your attractiveness—especially on long country hikes!

For your party frock I'm going to suggest something a little unusual. Something that will give you a new, mysterious air. It's a dress of black transparent velvet that has long, close-fitting lines and falls softly to the floor. The round neck is draped close to the throat in front and drops to a low V in back, the single ornament being a jeweled clip on the left shoulder. The long sleeves have very deep armholes and are trimmed with enormous cavalier cuffs of white stiffened lace. Be sure to wear an oriental perfume with this rather than a flower scent.

DEAR MISS LANE:

Winter parties call for new dance frocks and I want mine to be particularly lovely. Won't you suggest something for me? I'm 5 feet 8 inches, and a blonde. I weigh 140 pounds. What do you think I'd look well in?

Gratefully yours,

MARCIA.

DEAR MARCIA:

A lovely shade of green crêpe roma would be most becoming to you. You might use patchwork to mold the hips and let the skirt be ankle length with a band of gold embroidered tissue worked in circular fashion about four inches below the knees. A draped cape of the gold tissue would also be a delightful note and have a narrow twisted sash of the same material. Wear gold slippers and green eardrops with this ensemble and be very statuesque and regal.

Self-Made Marian

(Continued from page 51)

feel that a great deal of injustice has been done by the publicity given to the story that Marian's start was entirely due to the sacrifice of her sister, who, in pushing Marian forward, herself retreated from the idea of a career. This isn't, they said, true. And the entire family has been upset by the rather melodramatic myth.

Marian's sister is just twenty-two. The impression given of her through the press has been that she is considerably older. But twenty-two she is, and from her mother's and Marian's description, a very beautiful girl. "She has my coloring," Marian explained, "but straighter features. And the most gorgeous figure. She's a little taller than I. And there's something—well, fine about her."

THEY are very close, Marian and her sister. When the older girl was working in the studios and whenever she heard that a test was to be taken, her usual remark (after she had ascertained the type wanted) was "I've a cute little sister I'd like you to meet."

"That was perfectly natural, wasn't it? That was what any sister would do," Marian said to me, soberly.

I refrained from expressing my opinion that it was *not* what any sister would do. A whole lot of sisters would keep their "cute little sisters" in the background. But it is what Marian's sister would do, and what Marian would do herself.

Marian's sister was named Jean Morgan by the powers that be in her first screen experience. She didn't like the name, somehow. Neither did her mother.

"It didn't suit her," Mrs. Marsh told me. "And finally we decided on Jean Fenwick. Fenwick is the name of a very old friend of the family; we liked it—it brought back memories, it made a sort of link. So Jean Fenwick she became."

As Jean Fenwick, Marian's sister expects to have her own career, irrespective of Marian or her success. She not only expects it but her family expects it of her; especially Marian. And Marian repeats that the entire story-book

myth built up about her own career beginnings is not fair to her—and certainly not fair to Jean Fenwick. It handicaps them both from the start; and they don't want to be handicapped. There is nothing unsisterly or unloving about this attitude. It is just plain sense. But some people, at a quick glance, might say that it is ungrateful of Marian to repudiate a mythical, much-publicized sisterly "sacrifice." People, Marian has learned even at seventeen, are quick to establish a false premise and to refuse to believe that sisters can be entirely guiltless of jealousy.

The reason for Marian's attitude is clear enough. The Marsh family is a happy one. There are two boys, Edward and George, and the two girls. "All," said Mrs. Marsh, "in this picture business." One of the boys writes and was given a bit in "The Dawn Patrol." They all live together. They share each other's interests, triumphs, and disappointments. They mean a lot to each other. I found Marian just as anxious to talk about Jean and the boys as she was to talk about herself.

THEIR background is interesting and romantic. Mrs. Marsh's father came out from England and settled in Trinidad, and Mrs. Marsh was born there. Her own husband, the father of these four remarkable young people, was sent out to Trinidad from England, and there married her. The sugar industry claimed him and there, in Trinidad, the four children were born. I have spent some time in the semi-tropics and in the sugar countries myself, so I can easily imagine the life which they led. Blazing skies and suns, and moons as big as dinner plates, and stars so near you think you can reach up and touch them. Blue water and palm trees. Dark faces and bright flowers. The hot afternoon when one takes one's siesta. The cool, lovely dawns. The fields of sugar cane, exquisitely green, swaying in the wind from the water. . . .

The four children were close together in age. "I was glad of that," said Mrs. Marsh. "So was their father. It was nice for them to grow up without many years between them. I had lots of help, of course. You know how it is in the tropics—darkies all over the place. But I supervised. You have to. There was only one I could really trust with the children."

She added that her married life was singularly happy. It terminated, after twenty-five years, in the death of her husband two years ago.

During the war Marian's father was in the States. It was impossible for Mrs. Marsh to join him; travelling with four small children was a perilous thing. She pulled all the wires possible—her brother was Collector of the Ports—and even interviewed the Governor. But on their advice she was forced to stay in Trinidad and join her husband when the war was over. They lived in Boston and in Springfield a while, and then came to California where Marian's father had always wanted to settle.

"Did he approve of a motion picture



SAVE 1 1/2

\$3.98 for all 3

Wool Mixed Blankets

POSTAGE PREPAID

50¢ DOWN 50¢ PER MONTH

4 LOVELY PASTEL COLORS

Not just one, but three, soft, warm blankets in beautiful pastel shades—all three for only \$3.98. Others ask double this price. Only 50 cents Down, 50 cents a month. *Introductory offer to get acquainted. Order on approval. Postage prepaid!*

Greatest Value in our 38 years! Nothing prettier than these fashionable blankets in solid colors. Extra warm; extra long wearing. Woven of soft cotton and wool yarns—firm, downy, colorful. Lovely four-inch binding of lustrous, good-quality sateen protects the ends of blankets from wear.

Important! These wool mixed, single blankets are large size—70 x 80 in. Weight 2 1/4 pounds each. Your choice of four colors, Blue, Rose, Green, or Lavender. (Please specify color or colors desired.)

Order No. KA 1475, Price \$3.98 for all 3 Blankets. Terms: 50c Down, 50c Monthly.

Dept. M-102, Spear & Co., Pittsburgh Pa.

© 1931 Home Furnishers to the People
Spear & Co. of America for 38 Years

SPEAR & CO., Dept. M-102, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me No. KA 1475, 3 Wool Mixed Blankets. Price \$3.98 for all 3. Postage prepaid. I enclose 50c down payment.

Name _____

Box or St. and No. } _____

City _____ State _____

State color or colors desired _____

No orders for these blankets accepted from West of the Mississippi River

It Was the Greatest Shock of My Life to Hear Her Play

—how had she found time to practice?

"WELL, Jim, I told you I had a surprise for you!"

Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before.

"When did you find time to practice?" I asked. "Who is your teacher?"

"I have no teacher," she explained. "That is, no private teacher. I learned to play the piano an entirely new simplified way. You see, some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music. It told how over 600,000 people had learned to play their favorite musical instrument during their spare time without a teacher. And so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing."

"But you didn't tell me anything about it," I said.

"You know I've always wanted to play," she answered. "And I thought I'd surprise you."

"Well, you've certainly succeeded," I had to admit. "And to think that only a short time ago you couldn't play a note! What a surprise it will be to all your friends!"

This story is typical. You too, can learn to play your favorite musical instrument through the U. S. School of Music—at the average cost of a few pennies a day!

Learn to Play By Note

Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
or any other instrument

You simply can't go wrong. First you are told what to do, then by illustration you are shown how, and when you play—you hear it. Thus you actually teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right in your own home.



Book and Demonstration Lesson FREE

Let us send you our free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," which fully explains this remarkable method. Also our Free Demonstration Lesson. Mail coupon today. Instruments supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 14412 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
14412 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation

Name _____

Address _____

Instrument _____ Have you Instrument? _____

And now the perfect HOT WATER HEATER

Snap
WATER-MATIC on cold water faucet, plug into electric socket, zip—**Running HOT Water!** \$3.95 pays everything—nothing else to buy. Works instantly AC or DC; portable; fits any faucet; 1/2 gallon Hot Water a minute! Shock-proof porcelain; **SAFE. GUARANTEED** against breakage. Mail \$3.95 **TODAY** (outside U.S. \$1 extra) — for **WATER-MATIC** with Insulated Cord & Belden Plug, **PREPAID**, ready for use. **WATER-MATIC HEATER CORP.**
1140 B'way Dept. 1126
New York, N. Y.

\$3.95
COMPLETE



AGENTS WANTED

Make \$30 to \$40 daily. Send this ad and \$2.75 (agent's price) for one complete \$3.95 **WATER-MATIC** and Sales Outfit.

Now You Can Have A New Skin In 3 Days' Time!

Visible Ugly Blemishes Disappear!



GET THIS FREE

—And learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time in many instances as stated by legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new treatise called **"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"** which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address to **MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES**, Dept. 398C, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive it by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

LEG TROUBLES VANISH!



Don't suffer any longer. The **LIEPE METHOD** relieves and permanently benefits Varicose Ulcers, Enlarged and Swollen Veins, Eczema, etc., while you walk. A special prescription for each case. 40 years of success! Praised and endorsed by thousands. **FREE!** New booklet **"HOW TO SUCCESSFULLY HEAL LEG DISEASES AT HOME"** sent FREE. Just send name and address. Write today. **LIEPE METHODS INSTITUTE**
3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. N-41
Milwaukee, Wis.

DEVELOP YOUR FIGURE

Possess Those Charming Curves
Style Demands Today



No medicine or special equipment necessary. Developine is a product of modern science. It has satisfied and brought pleasure to thousands of women—This new home treatment has helped thousands to develop arms, neck, bust, legs, or any other part of the body without any inconvenience or discomfort quickly and absolutely harmlessly.

Satisfaction Guaranteed LIMITED OFFER

Send no money unless you wish but mail coupon promptly.

Virginia Pierce, Dept. D
116 W. 14th St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your regular \$3 size (large jar) of Developine and **FREE**—complete instruction how I can develop my figure quickly and without any equipment—I will pay postmaster \$1.65 plus a few cents postage.

Name.....

Address.....

career for the children?" I wanted to know. She gave me an alert, bright look.

"Of course he did," she said. "It was what he wanted for them."

THERE was a question that I had been wanting to ask Marian, but I feared that it might sound prying. I decided to ask it anyway.

"What about romance?" I wondered if, at seventeen, romance had brushed her with its bright, unstable wing. Marian looked at me gravely.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Mrs. Marsh said nothing. She was determined not to interfere with Marian and her interviews. Determined, I felt, not to interfere in anything, trusting to her youngster's level head.

"Don't you want romance?" I asked Marian, persisting hardily.

"Well, yes," she admitted. "So far, though, it's all been one-sided."

That was rather cryptic. On her side? That was hard to believe! On the side of someone else—a lot of someone elses? That was easier to imagine.

"At your age," I told her, "a serious romance is hardly advisable."

The wide, mysteriously hued eyes twinkled at me a little. Then she was grave.

"I don't want anything—serious. Not yet," she said. "You see, my father and mother were very happy. I think of them. I meet someone and I think . . . why, you're not as attractive as my Dad, not as cultured, not as brilliant. My father," said Marian, very sweetly and sincerely, "was a remarkable man."

Lucky Marian—with standards at seventeen!

She explained further. She couldn't, she said, interest herself in a man with whom she could talk on her own level. "I like them," she announced quaintly, "to use words I can't use, and to talk a bit over my head. I don't like them to meet me on my own ground. I—I couldn't be excited over a man unless he was *superior*."

The talk turned on Marian's astounding success, on that excellent picture, "Five Star Final," on the great picture, "Svengali," with John Barrymore. I confessed that Trilby had always been one of my favorite heroines; I always saw her, however, in the terms of the DuMaurier drawings. Marian isn't as tall as DuMaurier's Trilby. But she has the wide eyes, and the sweetly modelled face, and doubtless the lovely feet although I did not ask her to take off her shoes and stockings and prove it to me, then and there.

WE spoke of jealousy, competitive jealousy. Marian had encountered it. It was a little hard to understand, but she was learning. She thought it stupid. "If you are jealous of someone in your own profession," she asked, "isn't it because you aren't very sure of your own ability?"

That was not vanity. That was logic. She likes her work. She likes the pictures she has played in. She is enthusiastic. She is also determined. She knows where she wants to go and she is on her way. And she had help and guidance at home. Not the usual sloppy

sort of stuff which is given publicity and ballyhoo, but the real thing. I think I know the real thing when I see it.

"How come," I asked her, "that you haven't broken away from home and established yourself in your own apartment, as so many girls do, now that you are successful?"

She shook her head.

"Why should I? We're happy. We have a grand time."

I looked at her with envy. Not of her beauty, not of her success, though, heaven knows, they are enviable enough. But of the unseen things and influences which have gone into her make-up, which have created her as she now is. . . .

Look at Marian with me. She has everything it takes. She also has standards, ideals if you wish to call them that. She is not likely to lose her head over every charming young man who comes her way. She has, in addition, one of the rarest of qualities in any walk of life; and that is common sense. Possibly it is not the duty of an interviewer to point out common sense. Common sense holds little glamor. But it will stand its possessor in good stead when glamor has fled.

She doesn't believe in too much sweetness and light. She doesn't believe in babbling courteously all over the place. I remarked that at the start of one's career one had to conform to certain expected rules.

"Yes," said Marian, "I know that. But when you get where you *don't* have to and therefore don't—then they say you have gone high-hat."

There was nothing for me to add to that, for, of course, she was perfectly right.

She's had rather a long spell in her brief career of being "nice" to people and of saying "pretty please." And she is quite sensibly aware that when the time comes for her to insist upon a little occasional privacy and dignity she will be accused of wearing the stove pipe or of being temperamental.

IT is not easy for Seventeen to find itself ascending the cinema heavens, twinkling with a new lustre, becoming, eventually, one of the fixed planets. Too many find themselves subsequently falling, glaring briefly down the dark skies, disappearing. But here, in Marian Marsh, I firmly believe, is the stuff of which very sturdy stars are made. For she has more than the usual accepted equipment of youth, beauty and ability. She has the adventurous blood of pioneers in her veins, of men and women who faced new lives and strange countries with high hearts and without fear; she has had before her, all her life, the example of two people devoted to each other and to their children; she has the wise guidance which is a tie and not a manacle; she has grown up surrounded with healthy and happy affection. And she has within herself, by heritage, and built into that unique thing called personality, the fine, clear-sighted qualities which should take her far—and keep her there. With this heritage she has been enabled to forge her own success without the aid of any

maudlin "sacrifice" from a pretty older sister—a sister whose rightful job lies in looking out for her own career.

AS I was leaving they spoke to me again of Jean.

"She was to have come with us on this trip," Mrs. Marsh said wistfully. "And we would have had such a good time. But she hadn't been very well, and the doctor advised against the change in climate. Nothing serious—just a threatened sinus trouble. But I told her she couldn't afford to take any chances."

I said that Jean Fenwick was a pretty name.

"All the children have artificial names," Mrs. Marsh told me, mentioning her very own name. "It had to be, of course."

"I wish," said Marian, as she gave me a very firm little hand in farewell, "that we could all have the same name."

I like the implications in that statement.

I like her.

Dynamic Woman

(Continued from page 80)

of the red crosses on the roof. Nathalie, pull in your head! Hide!" But Nathalie, cool-headed enough to realize that no seat could fend off an aerial bomb, preferred to stand at the window watching the little black things whiz down. She was equally cool as the train arrived behind the front and stopped to load the wounded, when she stood with shells exploding near her and calmly watched a magnificent charge of mounted Hussars, silhouetted against a scarlet sunset. But her coolness broke when her first wounded soldier died under her hands. After the first one she became hardened to it. Men died in scores and hundreds around her in the next four years. Once two hospital trains set out together. Nathalie rode on the first section. The second section was cut off by the Germans and everyone in it killed, including doctors and nurses.

THE hospital trains, in which no nurse slept for five days and nights, were good training for the shipyards, where Nathalie worked next. She became a draftsman, and later supervised the testing of the turbines for battleships and the cutting-down of Diesel engines for submarines. At this time she became enthusiastic about the second Battalion of Death, just organized. Her parents forbade her to enlist. Nathalie ran away and enlisted. Six weeks later, when she had had her hair cut off with the other new recruits, she defended the palace of Peter and Paul, as mentioned above. She was the first

New Soles in 3 Minutes Amazing Discovery \$2 an hour

OFFERS
AGENTS
CHANCE TO
MAKE

HERE'S an absolutely new, sensational discovery that's a big money-maker. It offers an amazing chance for big, quick, steady profits. Many making \$2 an hour in spare time—\$12 to \$15 a day full time—helping me fill the demand for SHU-SOLE and my 101 other fast-selling specialties. SHU-SOLE is a marvelous new preparation that puts new soles on old shoes in 3 minutes—at a cost of only 9c. No tools needed. Just spread SHU-SOLE over old, worn-out soles with a knife. Fills up all holes, cuts and cracks—dries over night—and then wears like new leather. Makes men's, women's and children's shoes last as long as the uppers hold out. Ends costly repair bills. A sensation everywhere.

\$39.63 in 7½ Hours

If you're looking for quick profits, fill out and mail the coupon. Give me a chance to prove that you can pocket hundreds of dollars in clear cash. Let me tell you how Lennon, of N. Y., made \$39.63 in 7½ hours. Korenblit cleared \$110 in a week. Mrs. Jewel Hackett, \$33 in first 7 hours' spare time. And there's Fredrickson, of Minn., who cleared

\$20 in four hours. Think of the tremendous possibilities. This is a big opportunity for honest, ambitious people. I need about 500 more men and women at once. Help me introduce SHU-SOLE in your locality while it's new and before imitations are put on sale in stores.

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL COUPON

You positively don't need a bit of experience. I don't want you to put up a penny of capital. Under my Profit-Sharing Plan I furnish everything you need and start you off. It's a chance to pocket real money in full time or spare time—right from the start. Don't miss this chance. Get in now and get the cream of the quick profits. Let me send you the facts. Read the proof. Mail coupon now—before somebody else in your territory gets in ahead of you.

Albert Mills, Pres., Zanol Products Co.,
7986 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio



Just Spread
SHU-SOLE
on Old Shoes
and Make
Soles Good
as New.
Economical.
Waterproof.
Long-Lasting.

ALBERT MILLS, Pres., Zanol Products Co.,
7986 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me, without cost or obligation, details of your new proposition that offers a chance to clear \$12 to \$15 a day in full time or spare time.

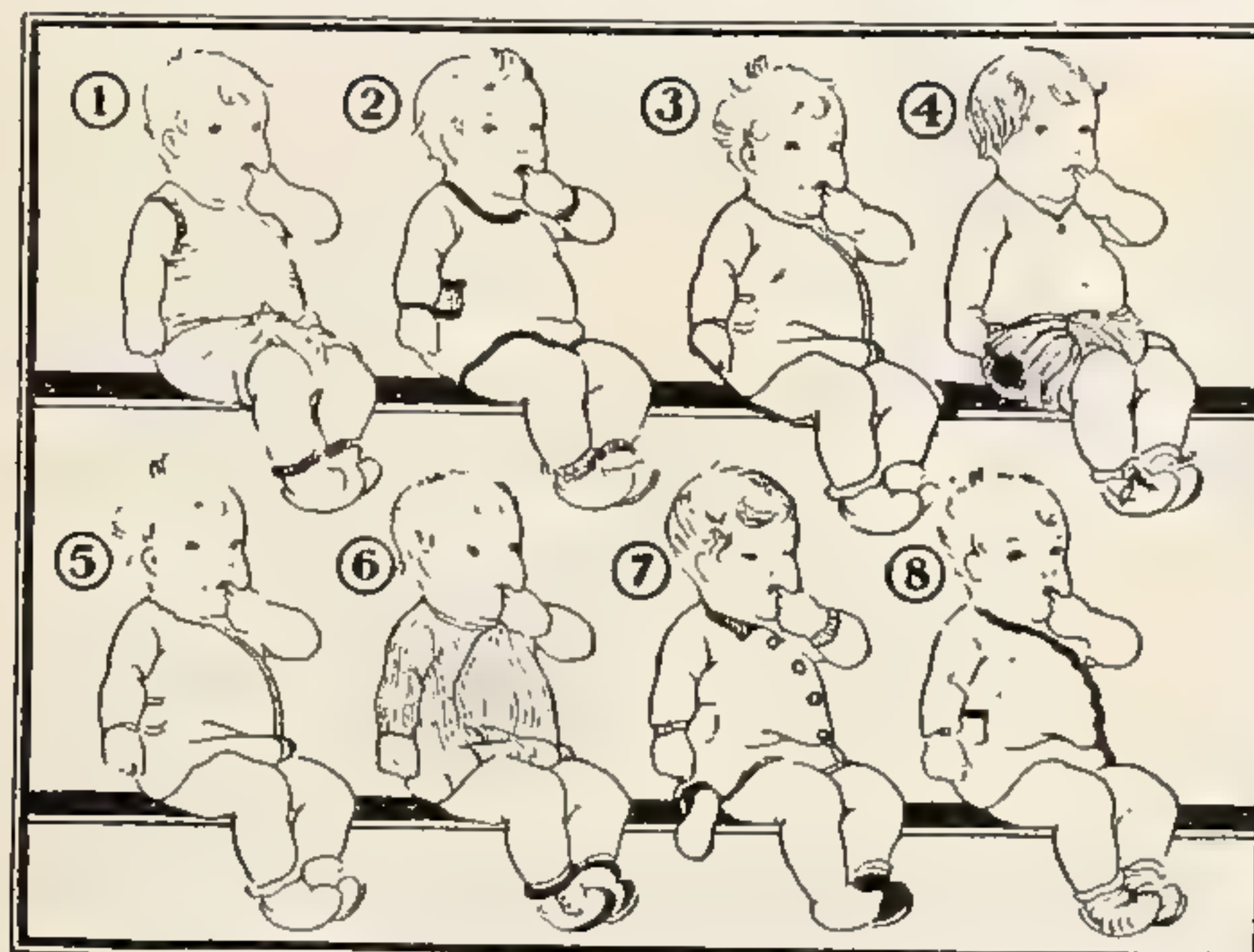
Name.....

Address.....

© A. P. Co. (Print or Write Plainly)

Win a Buick Sedan or \$2,900.00 in Cash

SOMEONE who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a latest model 8 cylinder Buick Sedan or its full value in cash (\$2,000.00). In addition to the Buick Sedan we are also giving away six Ford Sedans, an Eastman Home Moving Picture Outfit, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, Gold Watches, Silverware and many other valuable gifts—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away more than \$200,000.00 in cash and valuable merchandise to advertise our business. Miss Jewel Casey received \$3,720.00; Miss Anna Linke received \$2,320.00; Mrs. Robert Ellington received \$1,750.00; and Mr. E. N. Garrett received \$2,320.00. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is guaranteed by an old reliable company of many years standing.



Find the Twins

Qualify for This Opportunity

There are eight babies in the picture to the left. Each one is numbered. Two and only two are alike. These two are the twins. See if you can find them. The rest are different either in their clothes or in their eyes. When you find the twins, write their numbers on a sheet of paper together with your name and address written plainly and send it to me right away.

\$900.00 Extra for Promptness

If you act quickly and win the Buick Sedan I will give you \$900.00 in cash just for being prompt—making a total of \$2,900.00 you may win. Altogether there are a total of \$7,500.00 worth of prizes to be given and the money to pay the prizes is now on deposit at one of Chicago's largest banks ready to be paid to the prize winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid each one tying, and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won, if so preferred. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle, and send me your answer just as soon as possible to qualify for an opportunity to share in the \$7,500.00 worth of prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

ROBERT HARRISON, Mgr.

Dept. X-641

315 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

Smart Women Pay Their Bills This Modern Way

Here's a pleasant way to get started in a new kind of fascinating work that brings friends, popularity and money. Now the demand for hand-decorated Giftwares is so big that this big art institution wants women everywhere to do the decorating at home at a big profit per piece. No experience needed. Secret "3-step" method makes it easy for you to start at once. No studying or memorizing. We furnish everything so you can make money right away. Big complete Artist's Outfit and assortment of Art Objects included free of extra cost so you can earn while you learn.

NO CANVASSING. You don't even have to leave the house. We furnish new "Automatic Salesman" designed to sell for you. Mrs. Broughel made \$325 in two weeks. Mrs. Schobert made \$200 right before Xmas. Many show \$50 to \$75 in a single week. Big Free Book explains everything. Just mail the coupon. Send no money.



FRESIDE INDUSTRIES,
Dept. 147-W, Adrian, Mich.

Tell me how to do decorating at a big profit per piece. Send Big Free Book without charge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



Bring Back That Youthful Chin Line

Two profiles of the same girl are shown above—one before and one after using the *Corinthian Combination Treatment*. See what a difference the youthful chin line makes.

Amazing results are secured quickly with the *Corinthian Combination* of both medicinal and physical effort. This treatment lifts the drooping chin line by shrinking relaxed muscles and reducing flesh cells.

Apply the *Corinthian Astringent Lotion* at night before retiring. Then put on the net-like head piece with chin strap to hold up muscles and flesh while the astringent lotion aids the shrinking—all during your sleep.

Simple, scientific and certain, the *Corinthian Combination* quickly brings back the fascination of that youthful chin line of girlhood. The complete \$5.50 combination is now only \$3.50. Simply mail check or money order or send \$1.00 bill and pay balance on delivery. Full satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

THE HEALTH APPLIANCE CO.

657-M Union Trust Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



★ **U.S. GOV'T. JOBS** ★

for **MEN & WOMEN-18 to 50**

Salary Range—\$1260-\$3000 **Send for FREE LIST**

Those wanting permanent government positions as Railway Mail Clerks, City or Rural Carriers, Post Office or General Clerk, Customs or Immigrant Inspector, Meat Inspector, Stenographer, or in any other branch of the Service, write at once to **Instruction Bureau, 660, St. Louis, Mo.**, for list of positions, salaries, how to qualify, location, etc.

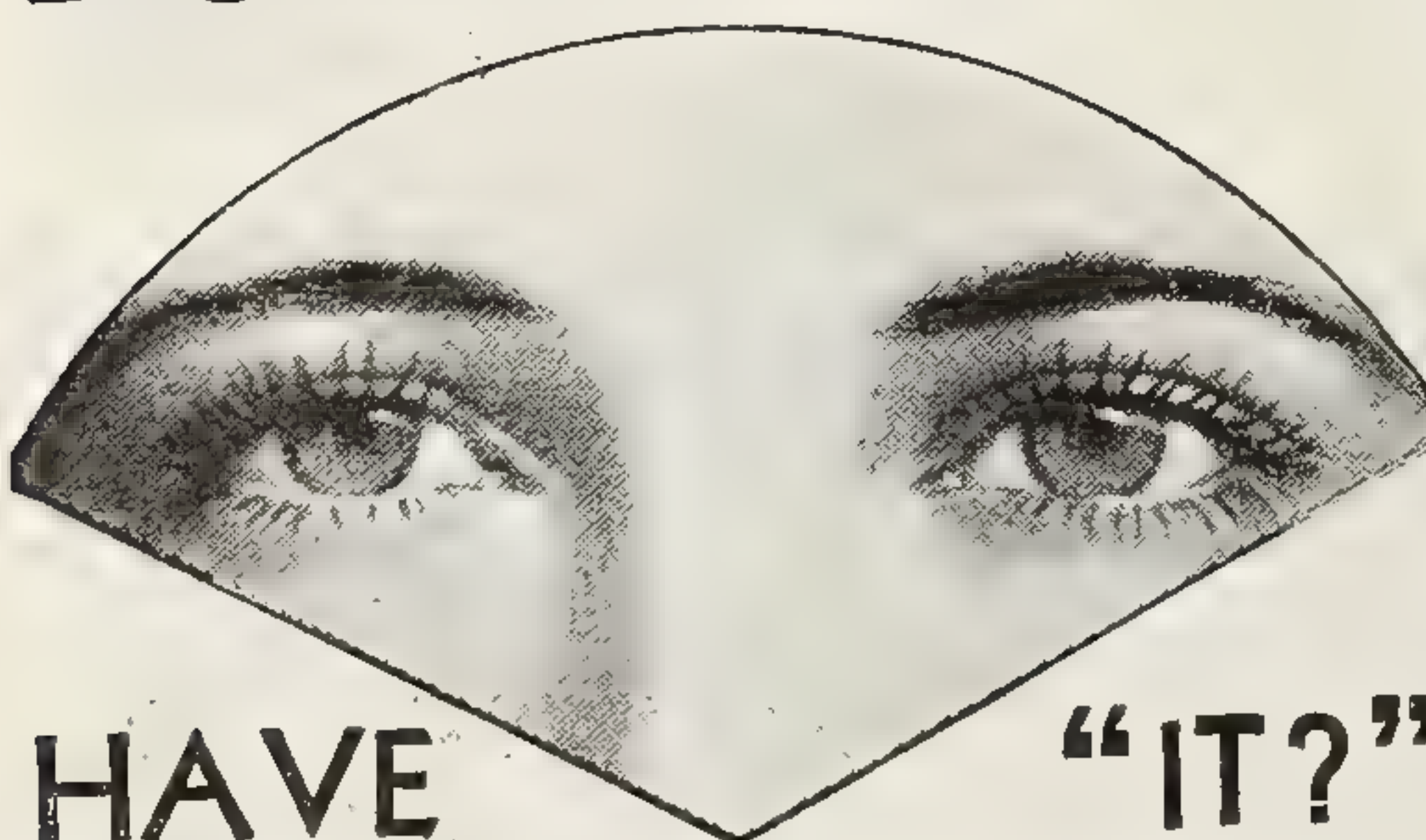
AN EASY WAY TO SHAPE your NOSE

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep or work. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. Gold Medal Winner. 87,000 users. Write for **FREE BOOKLET**.

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

ANITA INSTITUTE, N-97 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

DO YOUR EYES



HAVE "IT?"

Are your eyes clear, sparkling? Do they have "It"? They must have if you want. . . Here's why! Tests prove that men are first attracted to a woman's eyes. Your eyes can have "It" too. They can have that attractive, alluring, come-hither look. Use **MERCOLINE**—a new discovery of a famous New York eye specialist. The use of **MERCOLINE** for 30 days develops long, silky, upcurling eyelashes, beautiful, even eyebrows, clears up red, scaly eyelids and gives the lids that soft, white alluring effect admired by all men. "Special NEW REDUCED PRICE."

Send for this new eye beautifier—bring out the hidden beauty in your own eyes. \$1.00 money order, or U. S. postage stamps (50 two-cent) brings a full sized jar postpaid. Or order C.O.D. and pay postman \$1.25, and remember—money back if not satisfied after 30 day's use.

THE MERCOLINE CO., Dept. M3
Box 120 N. 310 W. 68th St., New York, N. Y.

soldier of the Battalion to marry. In a full military ceremony, with the 1914 War Medal for bravery, the Gold Medal of St. Anne for nursing, the Gold Medal of St. George for bravery, and the Order of the British Empire for special services to His Majesty's forces all glittering on the breast of her tunic, she became the bride of young Lieutenant-Commander George Bucknall of the British Navy. For a whole year she and her husband never slept two nights under the same roof. The war was over, but the Revolution was on. Life was a matter of finding hotels whose managers were friendly and would wake them at night when a raid was on, lest they be shot in bed. The Reds hated the Allies, and at length mustered courage enough to vent their grudge upon those Allied officers whose duty still kept them in Petrograd. One night when Nathalie was with some friends at the British Embassy, the mob broke in. Captain Cromie of the Royal Navy fell dead across her feet. Nathalie was marched to prison with two revolvers digging into her back. Why they were not fired, she doesn't know. The Reds had already imprisoned her father, Ivan de Fedenko, merely because he was Councillor of State and a nobleman, and Nathalie had just received news of his death. She expected no better fate for her husband and herself. Every day Allied officers were being loaded into barges and "taken for a ride"—for the boats had bottoms released by levers, and the rides were nothing less than wholesale drownings. Together with the officers—five men to a one-man dungeon—Nathalie was starved and tortured for days. Released, in the hope that she would lead the way to her hidden supply of money, she disguised herself as a nurse and became the sole go-between between the prisoners and English Secret Service Headquarters at London. Had the letters which she carried daily to and from the prison ever been found on her it would have meant instant death. She took the risk not once but hundreds of times.

At length her husband was released, and they hurried to England, where Nathalie's speeches on the Russian situation elected Oliver Locker-Lampson to Parliament. English soldiers were dying by the score in hospitals in the south of Russia, unable even to ask for water in the foreign tongue. Though the war was done, help was needed. Nathalie rushed to Malta on the first liner permitted to sail after the Armistice; at Malta an English destroyer was placed at her service and took her to Constantinople, and from there a military transport carried her to Novorissisk.

Arriving in South Russia, Nathalie found the hospital for the

entire active British army there to be an old schoolhouse. There were a hundred beds, full of writhing, groaning men. Spotted typhus was rampant. But there was no surgery, no nurses, no operating-room. There was one doctor, half dead from overwork. Nathalie pitched in and organized the whole thing. A thousand ex-soldiers alive today owe their lives to her. For a "vacation" she sometimes went down to the front herself, the front being the scenes of revolutionary fighting, and collected wounded and brought them back by the train-load. On these trips, the railroad guards would say: "Please leave by the rear door, Madame. There is something unpleasant at this end of the station." The unpleasantness was bodies of men hanging from lamp-posts, where the revolutionaries had strung them up. Every trip, there were more dangling bodies.

At length it was all over. Nathalie returned to England with her husband, whom she had hardly seen for months. She could not settle down, could not rest. The war, and all she had seen, were still surging through her. On the spur of a moment, she jumped up from a chair and said, "I'm going to America."

"Why?" friends asked her, astounded.

"To write a book about it." It never occurred to her that the experiences she already had had were exciting, and enough for ten books. Always impulsive, a few days later she was in New York. She visited friends. They spoke of Hollywood. Hollywood? What was Hollywood? She must see it. That was all there was to that. A few days, again, and she was in Hollywood.

ONCE there she decided to find what the inside of a movie studio was like. She found a minor job as reader on the M-G-M lot. In three weeks she was transferred to the research department: in three months she was its head. Having travelled literally in every country of Europe since she was a baby, she knows so much the studio dare not lose her. Her department is admittedly the best in Hollywood. A prop man rushes into her office and asks: "What kind of cups do they use for a five o'clock tea in Rome?" and Nathalie rarely needs to glance into a book for the answer, although the studio sent her to Europe last summer to gather a research library. She went there again this summer to take movies of places she thinks might merit duplication in pictures. Incidentally, she is the first woman in the United States to be an accredited sound engineer. But this is only a side line. Nathalie wants most of all to be a director. . . One can only sigh in amazement, and say: "Well, if she wants to, she'll be one!"

IN THE JANUARY ISSUE, MODERN SCREEN ADDS ANOTHER WORLD-FAMOUS WRITER TO ITS LIST OF AUTHORS

The story this author has written is called

"Hollywood Dogs."

YES, ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE IS THE AUTHOR OF IT

Win . . . \$3,700.00

**or Buick 8 Sedan
and \$2,500⁰⁰ Cash**



Can You Find 5 Faces?

Sensational money-making opportunity for everybody. You may win this handsome latest model Buick 8 Sport Sedan—delivered to your door by your nearest dealer—and \$2,500 or \$3,700 if you prefer all cash. This offer is made by a prominent business house for advertising purposes. Someone is going to win \$3,700—why not you?

I want to send you this prize. Act quick! Send your answer today and qualify to win.

The artist has hidden faces in the clouds, and, in odd places about the girl in the moon. Some faces are upside down, others look sideways, some look straight at you. If you can pick five or more faces, mark them. Clip the picture and send to me together with your name and address in coupon. Sharp eyes will find them. Can you?

**Easy to Win 103 Cash Prizes
Total Cash Prizes \$12,960.00**

We will give away \$12,960 in cash. You are sure to profit if you take an active part. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be given. You get \$3,700 if you win grand first prize. In addition there are 102 other wonderful cash prizes. The winner of the grand second prize may win \$2,200 and the winner of the grand third prize may win \$1,700. Also four other prizes of \$500.00 each and many others. All told \$12,960 in cash. Money to pay you is already on deposit in the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, a big Chicago bank.

Send No Money

Don't delay! Send your answer at once. Make sure to qualify for the \$1,000.00 extra given for promptness if you win the Buick Sedan—a total of \$3,700 if you desire all cash. Tear out the coupon and fill in your name and address now before you forget, or write me a letter.

The main thing is—send in your solution today. You can share in this advertising cash distribution. Hurry! and take no chance of losing the extra reward of \$1,000.00 for promptness if you win first prize. Act now! You don't need to send a penny of your money to win! Just find five faces in the picture above and mail with coupon at once for particulars.

ROGER SCOTT, Mgr. 427 W. Randolph St., Dept. 888, Chicago, Ill.

**\$1,000.00
Extra Prize
for Promptness**

Indiana Farmer Wins \$3,500

C. H. Essig, a farmer, R. R. 3, Argos, Ind., wrote: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of your \$3,500 prize check. I thank you 3,500 times for it! Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands in my life and I am tickled pink over it. When you think of the people who spend their whole lifetime working and in the end never realize such a sum, it is indeed a fortune to win."



South Carolina Minister Wins

Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church of South Carolina, won a cash prize recently.



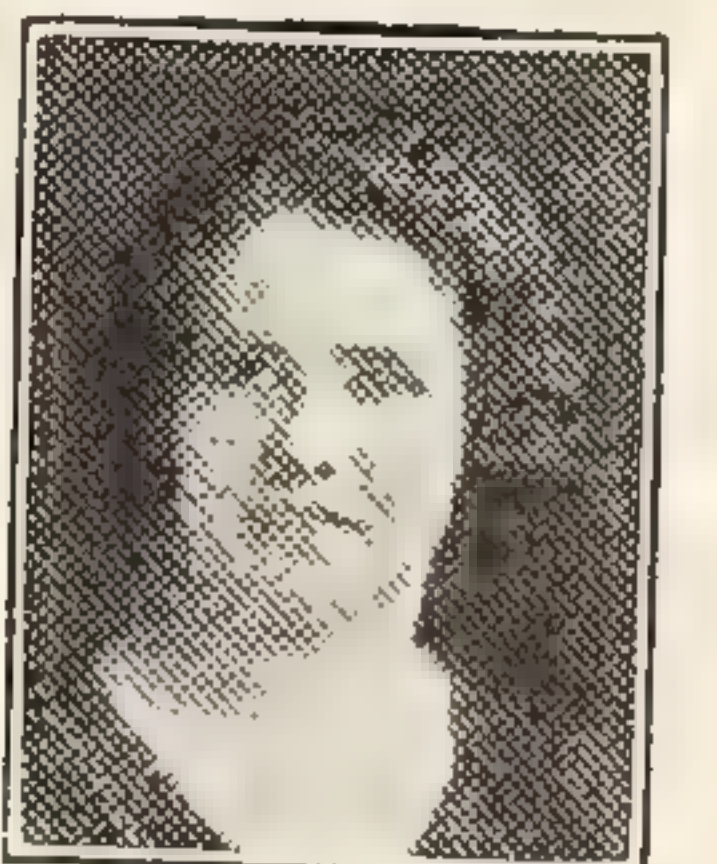
I wish to acknowledge receipt of your prize check and thank you many thousands of times for it. The people who have been buying your products through me all claim the Helen Dawn products are the best that money can buy and they are all very well satisfied and ready to buy all the time. I have a family and I am going to buy a farm and be my own boss from now on.

M. D. Reidman, Eveleth, Minn.



Mrs. Kate Needham, of Oregon, won \$4,705.00. Miss Serene Burbach, of Wisc., won \$1,125.00.

Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls have been rewarded in our past advertising campaign.



ROGER SCOTT, Mgr., 427 W. Randolph St., Dept. 888, Chicago, Ill.
I have found five faces in the \$3,700.00 prize picture and am anxious to win a prize. Please advise me how I stand.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

Broken Hearts of Hollywood

(Continued from page 53)

You'll like the
convenience
and economy of



You can buy Kapak Sanitary Napkins at any S. S. Kresge store in your neighborhood in quantities of twelve, six, eight or three. There is a package for every requirement.

Kapak Sanitary Napkins are made under the most modern sanitary conditions, of finest materials. Deodorant, high absorbent. Easily disposable, with close-fitting oval shaped ends. Kapak Sanitary Napkins are the most convenient and economical sanitary protection you can buy.

Package of 1 doz. Kapak Sanitary Napkins, 20c

Package of 6 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 10c

Package of 8 Junior size Kapak Sanitary Napkins 10c

Package of 3 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 5c

Sold Exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE CO.

5c, 10c, 25c and \$1.00 stores

\$\$ SONG WRITING \$\$

Big Royalties

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U.S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our Sales Department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET
UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 616 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

WILL SOCIETY

ever let a girl live down
her youthful folly? Read
the powerful answer to this
question in WANTON in

January MODERN ROMANCES

Her hands were cupped under her chin as she stared moodily out over the dancing crowd. Her chair was properly in its place. No longer does Lupe cry out with joy at the sight of an old friend. Something has come over the spirit of the little Mexican bonfire . . . and if it isn't caused from a sore heart then I'm just an old sentimentalist.

And they say Gary isn't so happy either. In spite of the glamorous Tallulah. In spite of the newspaper gossip writers who have coupled their names. If "Garree" is very forgetful, then why did he call Lupe long distance from New York? And why do you suppose Lupe cried for an hour after—as they say she did? Lupe has a new romance. And there is Tallulah for Gary.

Gloria Swanson is a great star. So is Constance Bennett. Gloria is a queen of attractive women. And so is Connie. And believe you me, one Queen does not lower her heart-flag to another even when the Queen's Marquis is at stake.

IF Gloria really didn't care about Connie and Hank, wonder why she held her head so high, and laughed so unnaturally as she danced past their table at that first Mayfair party last year? Because she didn't care? Maybe. But here's a funny thing about that not-caring business. It's always seemed to me that when one really doesn't care—one never goes to any particular pains to show it. Gloria was never again seen in public with her escort of that evening. And yet she gazed dreamily into his eyes, and laughed romantically at his *bon mots*, and waltzed in his arms as though he were the only man in the room. That is—until Connie and the Marquis departed. Gloria seemed to grow tired after that.

Loretta Young announced to the press that she was no longer in love with Grant Withers. Soon afterwards she filed divorce proceedings to free her of that tie. And if you want to look at it cynically, Grant started calling on Betty Compson very shortly after he returned to Hollywood. It was a darn good "I-don't-care" gesture—until Betty accidentally spilled the beans about it.

"Poor Grant," Betty said. "He's still pitifully in love with Loretta. He used to come to my house and talk of her for hours. When we went dancing he would look hopefully about to see if Loretta might not be present. When she was there, Grant would perk up and pretend to be vitally interested in me. After she left, he would just sit there and talk about what a swell girl she was."

They say one man died because he believed Greta Garbo no longer loved him. They say another married another woman just by way of showing Greta that life could go on without her. Still another, this Swedish boy, Sorensen, left the country because he could not stand to be so near—and yet so far, from the woman who is the idol of the motion picture world.

This is what Sorensen is supposed to

have told a friend: "I used to wait in my rooms for Greta to call me. Night after night I would wait. When, and if, she did call—I was the happiest man in the world. When she did not I felt that life was not worth living. I could not stay in Hollywood with Greta—and yet so far away from her—without going crazy." Instead, Sorensen went back to Sweden to forget.

DOROTHY LEE makes no secret of the fact that she married one man to try to forget a big heart-break over another. But then heartaches are funny things . . . which is just what we have been attempting to prove all along. They cause people to do even stranger things.

"I went back to see Fred Waring before I married this other man," Dorothy told me. "I wanted to find out if things between us could not be patched up. But Fred seemed so indifferent, so cold. I later learned that he felt that way because he believed that if I could allow my interest in another man to come to the point of an engagement I must really be in love with him. It was a terrible misunderstanding on both our parts. When I thought Fred had forgotten me I rushed back to Hollywood broken-hearted, and into my marriage just to show him—oh, something—I don't exactly know myself. I'm terribly sorry if anybody got hurt in the shuffle. But I never pretended. I never lied. After all, we can't control love." In the meantime there is a heck of a nice young fellow I know trying mighty hard—and none too successfully—to forget the laughter of that funny little girl from RKO who "couldn't help it."

Nancy Carroll became the bride of Bolton Mallory very shortly after her divorce from Jack Kirkland, and now we hear that Jack is "going places" with a pretty little New York show girl. Yet somehow we can't forget the way Jack used to look at Nancy when he called for her at the Paramount studio, or the great pride he took in her work. He tried, even after he must have realized that something important had gone out of their marriage, to make a go of it. At the time of the divorce he grinned for newspaper reporters and said he wished Nancy the best of luck and happiness. I wonder if Jack Kirkland has really forgotten, even in his new friendship with the little show girl. I'd make a bet—my way.

NOW that it is all off between Billie Dove and Howard Hughes you wouldn't think that either of them cared very much—if you judged by the gossip columns. Hughes is seeing a great deal of Dorothy Jordan, Frances Dee and Lillian Bond. Billie, they say, has a new interest in Roland MacKenzie. Somebody started a little story, though, a little story to the effect that Billie felt so badly about Hughes' interest in Lillian Bond that she could not come

to the studio for several days. Lillian Bond is pretty, yes. And charming. But Billie Dove is beautiful—acknowledged to be one of the real beauties of the world. Billie, too may have wondered, as hundreds of plainer and less famous girls have wondered in similar circumstances, “just what he sees in her.” Just an impertinent guess on our part, of course. Billie isn’t showing anything like that to the world. She’s finding new interests herself—and the reasons are quite her own.

Grace Tibbett . . . she doesn’t smile like that because she is glad to be free of the trials of being the wife of a popular idol like Lawrence. That smile is because Grace is going “to see it through” without reproach. She is a wonderful woman, generous and open-hearted and giving—and she isn’t the kind to give to a man who has been the inspiration of her life all these years, the gift of freedom with strings attached to it. “No other woman—no other interest—just the old fame racket,” she smiles. “It doesn’t mix in the home. I hope Larry will always be very happy.” Grace Tibbett doesn’t have to try to be a “good scout” to Hollywood. She is.

You read plenty, too, of how Ina Claire has not come back to Hollywood “to mope about that John Gilbert affair.” Ina has many new admirers, among them, Robert Ames and Joel McCrea. Yet a woman who happened to be at Ina’s house the day before she went into court to get her divorce from Jack Gilbert, said: “She had the strangest look when she talked about him, and the more she talked the stranger she looked. She grew almost hysterical before I left. She kept insisting she no longer cared a row of beans about him, as the old saying goes, and maybe she meant it. Maybe those tears in her eyes were merely from anger. But there’s another old saying that you can only hate people you really love.”

Yes, the broken hearts of Hollywood inspire people to strange conduct.

New romances.

Front page gossip items with new dancing partners.

Even marriages to other people.

But when you stop to think about it, Hollywood doesn’t hide a broken heart much differently than the rest of the world, do you think? And Hollywood has plenty of broken hearts to hide.

I’m Proud to be a Mother

(Continued from page 85)

friends to her “like hoops of steel.”

You feel she is happy and you would know she is if you could visit her beautiful Beverly Hills home some fine early morning and watch little Jane tiptoe from her Mother Goose nursery into her mother’s room for the daily romp.

You would feel it more, perhaps, if you could visit the Harding estate these warm sunny California afternoons and watch Ann and her husband, Harry Bannister, swimming together in the big pool laid down in the garden of their new home. For while they swim, right next in a little wading pool, built especially for Jane, the little girl wades happily and sails boats until it is time for her daddy to take her into the big pool for her swimming lesson. Although Jane has not yet celebrated her third birthday, she is developing into a real little swimmer with no fear of the water.

The way Jane’s father is teaching her to swim is the way both her parents are trying to teach her about life. To train her to understand and compete with living so that she will be prepared for whatever comes, and never have that dark formless fear of the unknown wrap itself around her young shoulders.

EVER since Miss Harding was a child she has wanted a child of her own. The desire first started, perhaps, because the relationship with her own father was so perfect. He was an army officer—handsome and proud. He


used to ride up to the front porch of their army post home on his beautiful black horse. There he would swoop down gently and lift the curly-headed little Ann up to the pommel in front of him. And they would dash away on all sorts of adventurous journeys through the pleasant countryside.

Ann thought she could never be happier. And one day when she was about eight, she told her father so. He looked at her a little sadly and then he said: “Yes, but you will love somebody some day as much—and more—than me.”

If a child’s relationship to her parents has been right, scientists tell us, she will nearly always hope for children of her own. If you hear a girl say: “I don’t want children,” it’s kinder not to criticize her and think she is an abnormal, unwomanly individual. Except in rare cases, there is always some good reason for such a statement. Usually it comes from a girl who has been the oldest of a big poverty-stricken family—a girl who has had to suffer too early under responsibilities too great. Or it may be that one of her parents died, the other remarried, and she was called upon to rear a whole brood of step-brothers and sisters.

Every normal woman wants children. But sometimes the tragedy of it is they are so emotionally purblind, they don’t know *what* it is they want!

If you look around on the crowded streets some evening when the shops, offices and factories are letting out,




An economical way to keep your hair well groomed

Any hairdresser will tell you that you can prolong the life of your wave by protecting it with a snug fitting and fine quality hair net. That is why thousands of women are buying Sensation Hair Nets. They are made of real human hair, fully sterilized. Because of their cap shape, they fit snugly. The double mesh makes them very durable. And Sensation Hair Nets come in all natural shades.

Buy a dozen Sensation Hair Nets today. Keep your hair immaculately groomed.

6 for 25c, Sold exclusively at
S. S. KRESGE CO.
5c, 10c, 25c and \$1.00 stores



Astrology

What do the Stars Predict for 1932?
How will your personal affairs turn out? Would you like to know? Our special 12-page Astrological Reading gives predictions, month by month—with exact days, dates and happenings for 1932 based on your sign of the Zodiac. Consult it before making any change in home or business affairs, signing papers, love, marriage, seeking employment, raises in salary, speculation, travel, friends, enemies, health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthday with \$1.00 for reading.
Franklin Pub. Co., 800 N. Clark St., Dept. 1559 Chicago

ORTHOPEDIC ANKLE REDUCER

Wear our reducer under your hose, practically invisible! It supports the arch, relieves varicose veins and swelling, and since it keeps the skin at an even warm temperature, will help to relieve rheumatism. Made of fine, natural-colored light-weight rubber. Contains no harmful chemicals. Fits comfortably, without stopping circulation; leaves toes and heels free. Send ankle and calf measures and length required. Per pair: 10 in., \$2.50; 15 in., \$4.00; 18 in., \$5.00. Send check, money order, or we will send C.O.D. (Do not send cash.) Representatives wanted to sell our novelties and garments. Write for details.
BREWSTER RUBBER CORP.
Dept. B., 67 Wall Street, New York City



modern girls make money in Art...

As fashion illustrators, interior decorators, fabric designers, show card writers, modern girls are making good money in art. Girls trained in art are needed. Fine incomes are possible.

Through the Federal School of Illustrating you can learn at home. More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons in the new techniques of illustrating, cartooning, lettering, designing, etc. Find out your drawing ability through our Free Vocational Art Test. "A Road To Bigger Things" will also be sent.



Write today for this Free Book and Test Chart

Federal School of Illustrating
12991 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.



PHOTO Enlargements

Wonderful LIFE-LIKE enlargements, bust, full length or part of group, pets or other subjects, now made from any photo, snapshot or tin type at the amazingly low introductory price of 49c each. Send as many photos as you desire enlarged now while this price lasts. Return of the original photos guaranteed.

ONLY **49c** EACH

SIZE OF ENLARGEMENT 11 x 14 inches

Send No Money! Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days your postman will deliver a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay him only 49c plus postal fee or send 50c with order and we will pay postage.

BEAUTIFULLY FREE! To quickly acquaint new customers with the High Quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all Pastel Colored enlargements **FREE**. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames from which to make a choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today.

NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 463 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HAS NEW HAIR



She Used **KOTALKO**

Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair now.

"My daughter's hair would not grow," writes her father. "We thought the roots were dead. We sent for KOTALKO as a final test and thought it would be like the other things she had used without results. But now I am glad to state that after using KOTALKO faithfully, she has thick, wavy hair, as you will see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have believed it possible."

Obviously the roots were alive! Men also report new hair growth after using KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women whose health was undoubtedly good and whose hair roots were not dead.

Is your physical condition equal to theirs? And are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, they may be stimulated into growing hair through the right sort of invigorant. Kotalko is sold by busy druggists everywhere. To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair, the producers are giving Proof Boxes. Use Coupon or write.

Free Box

Kotal Co., E-3, Station O, New York

Please send me FREE Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name.....

Full Address.....

you will see pretty, dashing, smartly-clad girls hurrying from their jobs. But how many of them look happy, rested, satisfied? How many of them have that wonderful shining look in their eyes—that look which so distinguishes Ann Harding—that look which is the true outer indication of inner content?

Not very many!

MISS HARDING says it is her experience that many women are so intent on getting ahead in their careers that they don't take the time or thought to bear children. They think children aren't necessary to happiness.

But they're wrong. For so many women have admitted that when the thirties come, when they see the little wrinkles around their eyes, the first gray hair taking a permanent place among the blond and the brown, they get a sick, unsettled feeling. They feel they have reached the nadir of their careers. And many of them have. For scientists say that childless women are often living saprophytically. That is, they are trying to graft a living career on unquickened sensibilities.

One of these scientists—Herr Professor Doktor Max Fleisch, the eminent German physician, says that many childless women reach this stage of restlessness but they don't realize what the matter is. He finds they lose interest in their jobs; some of them take to a little extra-marital flirting to offset the unrest; some—alas—to drinking; while others just slump and grow morose, ending up with nervous breakdowns, or the more serious cases, in mental sanitariums.

Professor Fleisch further says—and

it's a point not one woman in a thousand realizes—that a woman who bears a child or two is apt to keep younger longer than a woman who has no children at all. For it is normal to have children and abnormal not to have them. And when a woman follows the ordered line of existence, she is more apt to keep the gray out of her hair, the lines out of her face, and the avoirdupois off of her figure. So, quite selfishly speaking, there are physical as well as spiritual compensations for a mother.

THIS theory of Dr. Fleisch's is one with which Miss Harding has much sympathy. "Lately, I've been reading a lot," Ann told me. "One tremendous novel which I re-read a few days ago has made a deep impression on me for it bears out my theory about children." She was referring to "Of Human Bondage," written some years ago, as you know, by Somerset Maugham.

"To me," Miss Harding continued, "it is one of the greatest modern psychological novels." You will recall it is about a young man in bondage to a shallow woman whom he never possesses. She poisons his whole life. And it's only after years of suffering that he finds happiness by marrying a sweet, maternal young girl and settling down in a little English village by the sea with the dream of rearing a family of children in whom he hopes to live again—thus surely soldering his one link in the chain of immortality.

"What the hero of 'Human Bondage' hoped for is what all normal people hope for," Ann Harding said, "but it is difficult to express this desire with meager words."

Most Misunderstood Man

(Continued from page 87)

country is judged by the four following means and checks:

- How does he treat servants?
- How does he drink liquor?
- How does he gamble?
- How does he treat women?

THESE four questions, if answered in favor of a Russian man, are the criterion of his standing. You will notice that nothing is said of the manner in which he treats men! It most likely is presumed that if he measures up in the above respects, he is a gentleman in every sense of the word.

And since I have personal knowledge of Lebedeff that will allow me to answer the above questions for you, I think you should judge him by the standards of his own people and customs. Let us put Ivan Lebedeff on trial in the true Russian manner and ascertain if he is actually wanting.

I believe I have seen every famous person in Hollywood before servants of one sort or another. But I have only seen one person who never fails to:

thank an elevator boy for taking him to his floor . . . thank a waitress for service . . . who invariably remembers those who serve him regularly around Hollywood at Christmas time—and even on many birthdays. He is the most gracious recipient of aid or help of any kind. He says "Good Morning" to every person who works in the café where he breakfasts. The girls who work in the RKO commissary go out of their way to have him sit at the tables they are serving because they are treated with such cordial appreciation and courtesy from him that it is a pleasure to wait on him! He never forgets to tip in the appropriate places and never overdoes this American custom. He is considered a thoroughbred by servants wherever he goes!

HAVING been brought forth in a continental country, Lebedeff enjoys fine wines as a natural heritage. To refuse a proffered glass is the utmost discourtesy. There have been times when his accepted invitations have

kept him awake for twenty-four hours. During that time he has continued to drink in good taste. No one in the world has ever seen him under the influence of liquor! While many at the same gatherings are being thrown in cold showers, Lebedeff goes on his way as though nothing graced his ever-present glass but clear water. He is the same man at the end of the evening as he was at the outset.

I have seen him gambling but once. He was dealing an "Open Bank." His manner was even and calm. He asked each player in turn to name the amount of their bet. One bet was three hundred dollars . . . another five hundred . . . another two. When he was about to turn the cards, one of the women standing behind the seated players asked, "Is it all right if I bet a single dollar?" To which Lebedeff replied, "Most certainly, Madame. With the greatest pleasure I accept your wager." The same courteous treatment to large and small alike. His action was noted and appreciated by every player at the table.

IT has been said (and many times corroborated) that Lebedeff "broke the bank" at one of the roulette tables at Monte Carlo. His winnings were over two-hundred and fifty thousand francs. It is said that he gave away a greater proportion of his winnings to the beggars at the outer gate than any other person who had ever accomplished the same feat at the tables.

Hardly a person who knows him will not admit that he is the "Gallant of Hollywood" with women. True, he has been laughed at for kissing hands . . . but it is the accepted custom of his country. It is the same gesture as our handshake—and just as natural with him. He treats women with a deference and gallantry that is the talk of the film capital. Most women are stunned and flattered by the attention he showers upon them. It is such a rare thing in the hurry and bustle of our age, that it stands out wherever one finds him. Men generally feel at a distinct disadvantage when they are in his presence for the reason that his gracious conduct toward the members of the opposite sex is revealing of their

lack of like attitude. They wish they knew how to do it as well as he.

THEY tried a practical joke on him one night. One of the men escorted Ivan's waitress at his regular restaurant to a fashionable gathering. They wanted to watch his face as he realized that he was being presented to a servant girl socially. They expected him to rage. When he was introduced to the girl, he bowed from the waist and kissed her hand . . . the same as he had done on other occasions. Later they took him aside and attempted to kid him about his conduct with a waitress. He looked them in the eye and said: "I knew who the girl was . . . and the reason for my action was the fact that I respected the man who brought her to this party. I also respect and love the delightful people who are my hosts this evening. I wouldn't do anything to hurt or embarrass them for the world. In Russia, if a gentleman should do this, the lady he escorted would be immediately raised to the level of him who brought her. I so respected the man who brought this poor little girl here that I treated her with the same degree of courtesy I would extend to any socially prominent woman under like circumstances."

And Lebedeff would expect Hollywood to do the same were the positions reversed! He wouldn't receive the same, however, for the reason that in Hollywood, as distinguished from Russia, the man would be immediately lowered to the class of the woman.

Well, how does he stack up? We have had a chance to judge him by the standards of the country that produced him. Has he filled the bill? How does he treat servants? Does he drink with finesse and poise? Does he gamble with becoming modesty and even temper? Does he treat women in a gentlemanly manner?

Ivan Lebedeff stands the test in a big way. One hundred per cent . . . if I'm any judge.

Isn't it a pity that some of those who are prone to make light of him aren't judged by the same means? How many men in Hollywood would stand the inquiry as well as does he? I wonder!

Hollywood Coming to Life?

(Continued from page 76)

divorce, and then making up with him the next day . . . Helen Twelvrees marries the same man three times just "in case" . . . Ann Harding buys an airplane . . . Mary Nolan is coming back to make more pictures . . . Nancy Carroll is walking out every few days and threatening different things . . . Lupe and Gary are all washed up and 'tis said that Lupe is now having a heavy romance with a famous film executive . . . Clara is coming back to make pictures! . . .

You see, it isn't scandal that we need in Hollywood! Everyone realizes that front page headlines of the detrimental

type are not going to help the colony any at all. What we want is just something to whisper about . . . something we can guess over for a while.

The world is sick and tired of reading about movie stars who are "even as you and I" . . . what we want is some more color . . . a bit more vivacity . . . a hot romance . . . a rumored cold love . . . something of the old Hollywood back again.

And Hollywood is going to give it to us! At least all indications point that way. Watch 'em, once they get started! You will see what we mean by saying "Hollywood Is Coming to Life!"

New Beauty Discovery



RAE JUVENAY now presents American women with a great new skin culture discovery that has amazed the most severe beauty critics of the Continent. An ingenious little suction cup moved over the face instantly evacuates the deepest skin pores and leaves the skin immaculately clean. The smooth, rounded flange of this suction cup, at the same time, kneads the nourishing cream deep into the tissue and draws a richer blood supply to the skin surface.

It brings a natural ruddy glow into even the most sallow cheeks and revitalizes the skin with a charming beauty that is almost unbelievable. This revitalizing power of the vacuum suction cup used with RAE JUVENAY cream is so effective that it even smooths out wrinkle lines with faithful daily application. Yet the complete Ensemble is priced at only \$2.50, cream \$1.50; suction cup \$1.00. If your favorite department store cannot supply you, send check, money order, or currency direct to us and your order will be mailed same day it arrives. If you do not instantly agree that this is the finest facial combination you have ever possessed, your money will be instantly refunded without question. **HARRIETTE ARMS LABORATORIES**
566 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

How to Obtain A Better Looking Nose



Improve Your Personal Appearance
My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remodeling the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Nose-shaping Specialist, Dept. 306, Binghamton, N. Y.

BOYS & GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY

Write for 50 sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun. **St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 880 MS, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

No JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That
George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums—his own invention. He wore them day and night. They stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear". Also booklet on Deafness. Address **Artificial Ear Drums GEORGE P. WAY, INC.**
1052 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan



Are You Flat Chested? FORM DEVELOPED in 30 Days

Do you lack the womanly charm of a rounded, shapely figure? Do you want to fill out ugly hollows, lift sagging lines and add inches of firm, youthful tissue? I have shown thousands of women how to increase their measurements and add extra fullness where needed.

Feminine Curves for YOU
Yes! in the next 30 days! A few minutes a day works wonders. See your form fill out to the shapely, feminine silhouette now all the vogue.

New Easy Method

It is so easy! Simply apply my wonderful **MIRACLE CREAM** and follow my special developing instructions.

Special Offer NOW

Send only \$1.00 for large jar of Miracle Cream and instructions, together with Free Book.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-12 816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



FREE

My new illustrated Book that tells how to develop a beautiful form





A grand informal picture of Clark taken while on location.

The Loves of Clark Gable

(Continued from page 35)

had belonged to me—in memory—but the woman belonged to another man! I'm sorry now that I no longer have that picture in my mind . . . somehow I've always given it a great deal of credit for the little happiness I've been able to glean from some very lonesome hours.

"I've often wondered what would have happened to that romance if I had stayed in Hopedale. But I moved to Akron . . . and Akron to me is quite famous for a tall, willowy, golden-haired girl with bright blue eyes. Her name was Norma . . . and we were both fifteen. My memory of Norma is very vivid. But it isn't the memory of a beautiful face or figure. It may sound silly when I say it, but the thing I remember about Norma was her voice! No, she wasn't a singer . . . and she had never had her voice trained.

"I have the recollection of sitting for hours and just listening. It used to worry me that I should have to interrupt—to ask her an occasional question so that she would continue talking to me. And even now, I think a beautiful voice is one of the most arresting and really rare attributes to be found. To me, a woman is automatically interesting if she speaks in a beautiful voice.

THEN, after two years in Akron, I started out on the high road to Broadway. It was a long road . . . one that led me into little towns you have probably never heard of . . . a road strewn with one-night stands . . . twenty-five dollars a week . . . when I

worked (and when I didn't, there were many times that I was hungry) . . .

"All during those years from the time I was seventeen until I was twenty-four were spent in day coaches and on the stage. During all this time I met many women. Many of them have become a part of the past. Only a few remain.

"Elsa . . . a wistful little girl—blue eyes and raven-black hair—five feet tall and quaint as a Dresden doll. She lived in a town in Mississippi. I remember her particularly because she seemed so anxious to prove her sincerity. She was the only woman I met in all those years who seemed to believe that I would amount to something as an actor. She recognized and was quick to forgive the light way in which I looked upon our romance. She showed, in a hundred insignificant ways, that she thought continually of my happiness. I didn't realize this until long after—but it isn't easy to forget now.

"Alice . . . another very small girl. She was from the South and her accent intrigued me from the very start. One little mannerism that I recall was the way she had of puckering up her nose when she smiled. It made her appear so much happier than any other person I had ever seen smile that I couldn't get her out of my mind. She had huge dimples in her cheeks . . . and the corners of her mouth always turned up. And I shall never forget the last waltz we had. It was in a small dance pavilion near a lake . . . there was a colored orchestra playing . . . all the lanterns around the walls had been turned low.

. . . I'll always remember that . . . that smile . . . and those dimples.

YES, there were many others. Some I have tried to forget . . . with just as much difficulty as trying to remember others. Some were friendships. A few reached the point of romance. And then, after I had finally got to playing some of the larger cities, I found myself occasionally with women whose only appeal lay in a rather dubious physical attraction. I've known the cheap little romances of the actor on a one-night stand. I found that it is very easy for a man who displays emotions on the stage for hours every day to allow himself to do the same off the stage during other hours. I have done it myself . . . and somehow I don't regret it. I think the women I've known have taught me a great deal about life.

"But all of that comes to an end . . . sooner or later. I mean that sort of hit-and-miss romance. It finally comes time to take life and love very seriously. It came to me at the age of twenty-four. It was then that I met and married my first wife . . . Josephine Dillon. She wasn't on the stage when I met her, but her life had been the stage until a year or so previous. She gave me something that I had never had before . . . a constant love and inspiration. Our married life wasn't of very long duration . . . and I will take most of the blame for that. After a separation of a few years, my wife obtained a divorce. Some are quick to say that it was the difference in our ages that made the marriage impossible. I am not sure whether they mean to imply that I was too young . . . or that Josephine was older than I. I don't think age has anything to do with the duration of marriage. It has a much deeper foundation.

SINCE I've come to Hollywood, I've married for the second time. My present wife had been married before just as I had . . . she is everything I could possibly desire in a wife and I am sure that this marriage will be the last for both of us." (In this case, as in the case of his first marriage, the woman is much older than Gable.)

"I have nothing to say concerning either of the two women who have done me the honor to become my wife . . . except to say that in both cases I married women who come up to the standards I have set for what I call my *ideal woman*. In just one respect do they differ from the types I always liked as a kid: they are both taller than average. But as far as coloring . . . hair . . . eyes and personality—both are exactly the same as I have always admired.

"That just about finishes what I have to say on the subject of women. I hope, very sincerely, that in answering this call to talk on this delicate topic (so dear to the hearts of the fans) that I have in no way over-stepped the bounds of decent conduct. I like to play the game fairly. I hope I have. This is the first and last time I shall ever talk on this subject for publication. I consider women a real and vital part of my life—but not a part of my career."

His disguise was perfect—did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.



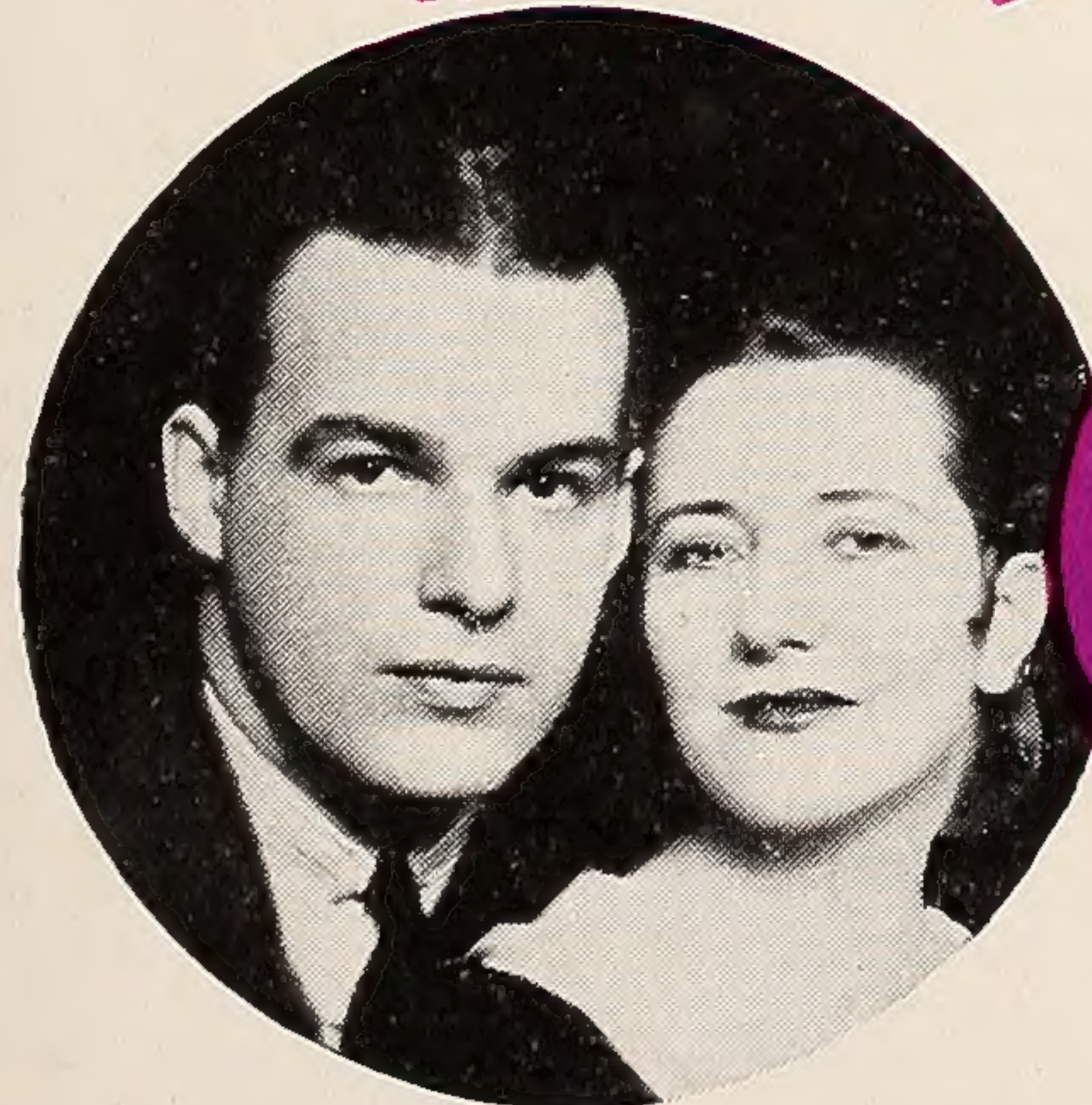
Alfred

LUNT

Lynn

FONTANNE

famous stars of "Goat Song," "Caprice," "Elizabeth the Queen" and other stage triumphs, in



The
GUARDSMAN

with

ROLAND YOUNG — ZASU PITTS
From the play by Ferenc Molnar
Screen play by Ernest Vajda
Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

By Courtesy
of the Theatre
Guild, Inc.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a
LUCKY instead"

What effect have harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos upon the throat? A famous authority, retained by us to study throat irritation says:

"The tissues above and below the vocal chords and the vocal chords themselves may become acutely or chronically congested as a result of the inhalation of irritating fumes in the case of chemists for example."

LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive "TOASTING" Process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. We sell these expelled irritants to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your **LUCKY STRIKE**. So Consider your Adam's Apple—that is your larynx—your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants. Be careful in your choice of cigarettes. Reach for a **LUCKY** instead.

LUCKIES are always
kind to your throat

Hazel Bofinger

NEW YORK, N. Y.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays
Sunshine Mellows — Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



© 1931.
The A. T. Co.,
Mfrs.

TUNE IN—
The Lucky
Strike Dance
Orchestra,
every Tuesday,
Thursday and
Saturday eve-
ning over
N. B. C. net-
works.